

The

NEW MOVIE GAZINE

One of the
Tower
Magazines

OCTOBER, 1932

10¢

15¢ In Canada

KAY FRANCIS



America Needs to Laugh —

**Al Smith's Own Message
to the Movie Industry**

McClelland Barclay

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

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COLOR REMOVER



WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



A crank about dust and dirt
...careless of her teeth and gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

HER husband would probably notice in a minute if she didn't keep the house neat and clean. But don't you suppose he notices how her *teeth* look, too? While she's taking such good care of the house, it might be wise for her to keep her teeth good-looking, too!

Do you realize that while today's foods are delicious, they are too soft to stimulate the gums? Gradually your gums have become flabby and tender. If you haven't

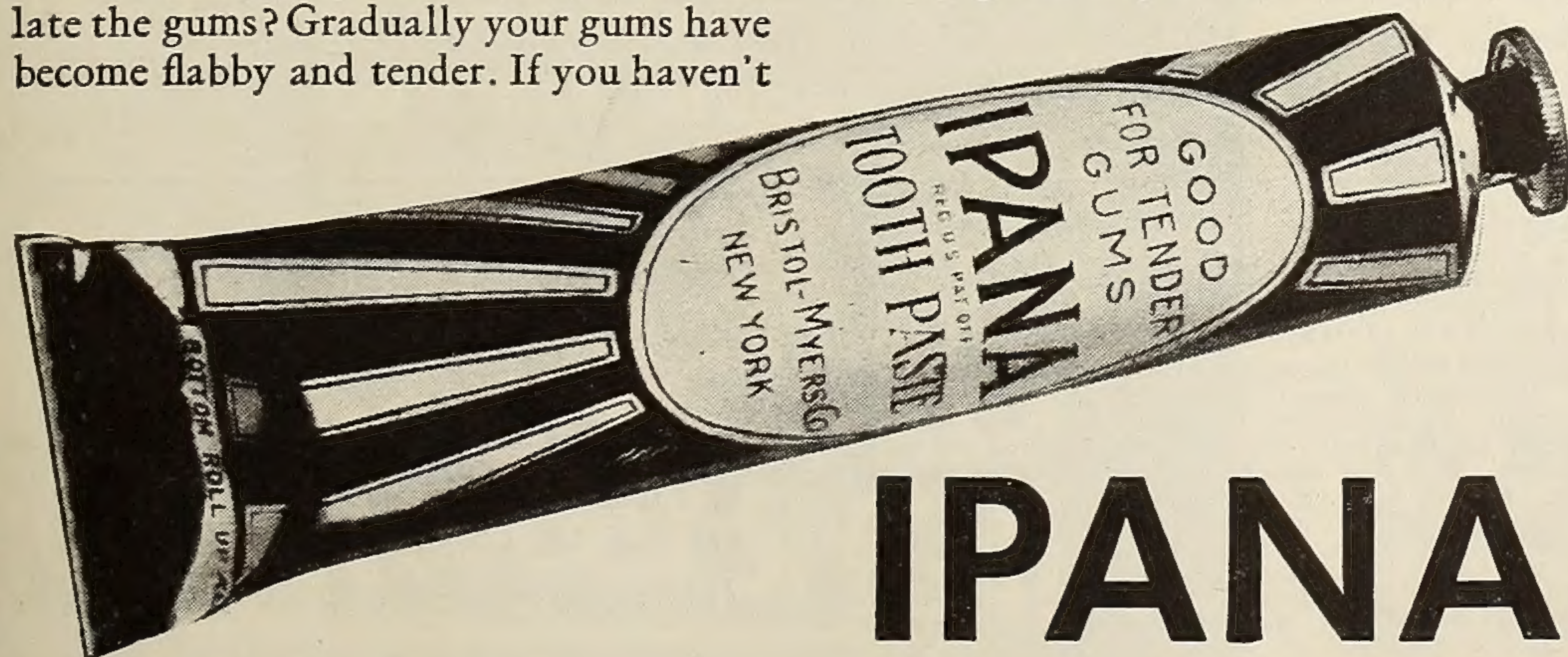
"pink tooth brush" already, you probably *will* have it unless you do something about those touchy gums of yours.

And "pink tooth brush" not only tends to dull the teeth, but it often leads to Vincent's disease, gingivitis, and even pyorrhea. And it may endanger perfectly sound teeth.

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Ipana really *cleans* the teeth! And because it contains ziratol, Ipana with regular daily massage tones up the gums, stimulates the circulation through the walls, and helps bring them back to healthy firmness.

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The New Movie

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

HUGH WEIR, Editorial Director

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Largest Circulation of Any Screen Magazine in the World

On Sale the 15th of Each Month in Woolworth Stores



IN MEMORIAM

When the news came flashing from California that James R. Quirk, editor and publisher of Photoplay Magazine, was dead, the entire motion picture industry was shocked. Jim Quirk was one of the pioneers who built that industry—lovingly, fearlessly—and in doing so he made friends whom he had never seen and who had never seen him. The force of his unseen personality built more than he knew. No man could have a greater monument.

VOL. VI. No. 4

Cover Design by
McCLELLAND BARCLAY

OCTOBER, 1932

FEATURES

America Needs to Laugh.....	Alfred E. Smith	20
Fame's Apron Strings.....	James M. Fidler	23
"Hollywood, Here I Come".....	George M. Cohan	24
Alice in Hollywoodland.....		26
Will Hays—and What the Public Wants.....	Will Irwin	28
Jim Tully's Gallery of Women.....		30
The Crown Prince of Hollywood.....	Elsie Janis	32
What a Gal!.....	Hester Robison	35
A Dizzy Day at the Brown Derby.....	Ramon Romero	36
Tom Mix Exposes Malibu Beach.....		44
I Tried Dieting Once.....	Kate Smith	46
Were Miss Caramel Sweet Kidnapped?.....	Wallace Irwin	51
Around the World in 30 Minutes!.....		52
The Girl Nobody Knows.....	Reginald Taviner	56
Playtime with the Stars.....	Flo Marshall	57

DEPARTMENTS

Hollywood Bandwagon.....	6
Hollywood Cook-Coos.....	Ted Cook 43
Radio Rambles.....	49
Stirring Up the Wild Animals.....	Herb Howe 54
Reviews—What's New?.....	58

The Tall Slim Girl, 40; How Hollywood Entertains, 61; Old Fashioned Charm in Modern Fixtures, 62; Eyes, 63; Strike Up the Band, 64; For Your Kitchen, 65; The Gleasons Celebrate, 66; The Make-Up Box, 92; Box Office Critics, 96.

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"THE PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD"

Be sure to obtain pamphlet containing rules and prize list from your local theatre or from any office of the RKO Distributing Corporation.

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KAREN MORLEY

Anita Louise	•	H. B. Warner
Pauline Frederick	•	Robt. McWade
Aileen Pringle	•	Mary Duncan
Gavin Gordon	•	Geo. E. Stone

TO BE SHOWN IN LEADING THEATRES BEGINNING THE MIDDLE OF OCTOBER

HOLLYWOOD BANDWAGON



All of the inside gossip about the stars at play and at work

"AW bunk!" and the sound technicians meant that heartfelt exclamation! During the scenes of "Once in a Lifetime," Jack Oakie had to crack pine nuts as a part of his role. Every time he would crack a few nuts, faithfully carrying out his "lines," the sound technician would yell "Cut it!" and disconnect the sound system.

Russell Mack finally became exasperated at this constant interruption to the scenes he was directing. The chagrined sound technician finally sheepishly admitted that the cracking nuts sounded exactly like outside static and he would get so interested in listening to the action he would forget all about Jack's nut cracking role—and would think something was wrong with the sound waves!

Remember "The Perils of Pauline,"

"The Exploits of Elaine," and "The New Exploits of Elaine?" How you thrilled, shivered and shook with the hair raising adventures of Pearl White through these early flicker films?

Carl Laemmle, Jr., has bought the screen rights to them and once more our children will shiver and shake to the same adventures that so thrilled us . . . but wait, maybe I'm wrong, for today children do not shiver and shake—they cheer, and clap and shout their pleasure as the lion eats the baby and the train rushes over the recumbent body of the beautiful girl. They know it's "nothin' but a pitcher show!"

JACK OAKIE, always good for a laugh, always with a new story, said: "You know about the undertaker who wanted his son to follow in his footsteps? He said to a friend, 'wonderful the

When Jean Hersholt, Una Merkel and Lew Cody were in New York for personal appearances, New Movie Magazine asked Mr. Cody to direct the posing of an informal photograph of the three. And this is the pose he considered most effective.

advantages young people have today with modern college courses! My son is taking Latin, they say that's a dead language, you know! Think how that will help him when he takes over!"

REVENGE is sweet! One of Vincent Barnett's practical joke victims got even! Barnett is Hollywood's practical joker and professional insulter, you know.

Recently he went on his honeymoon. An "eager to get even" victim found out at which hotel he was staying and had a dozen or so girls call him on the telephone. . . . The new Mrs. Barnett finally wanted to know — "how come?"

(Please turn to page 8)

"AIR MAIL"

A Daring Drama of the Air Mail

GIANT planes roaring through the night . . . battling the fury of the elements so that you and I may receive our letters in a hurry . . . Brave men . . . and braver women . . . Living, Loving, Hating, Fighting.

This picture, dramatic in the extreme, takes you right into the lives of the air-pilots. An exceptional cast with

RALPH BELLAMY

GLORIA STUART, PAT O'BRIEN, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, LILIAN BOND, RUSSELL HOPTON, DAVID LANDAU, LESLIE FENTON, FRANK ALBERTSON, HANS FURBERG, TOM CARRIGAN and WILLIAM DALY.

Directed by **JOHN FORD**

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



NOVEMBER

DECEMBER



Posed especially for New Movie Magazine.
Photo by Fred Henrickson

(Continued from page 6)

Barnett said that wasn't a bit funny!

BEWARE Hollywood! "Thirteen Women,"—"The Thirteenth Man"—and "The Night of June 13th" are all being made at the same time! . . . Phew! . . . Shades of witches, broomsticks and black cats! What will happen to Hollywood now?

TOM MIX and James Gleason met on the Universal lot.

Jimmie was arrayed in true Tom Mix style, ready for his role in a western comedy short he was making for Universal.

Tom stopped him and turned him around slowly, looking over his chaps, jangling spurs, cowboy hats, guns and all. . . .

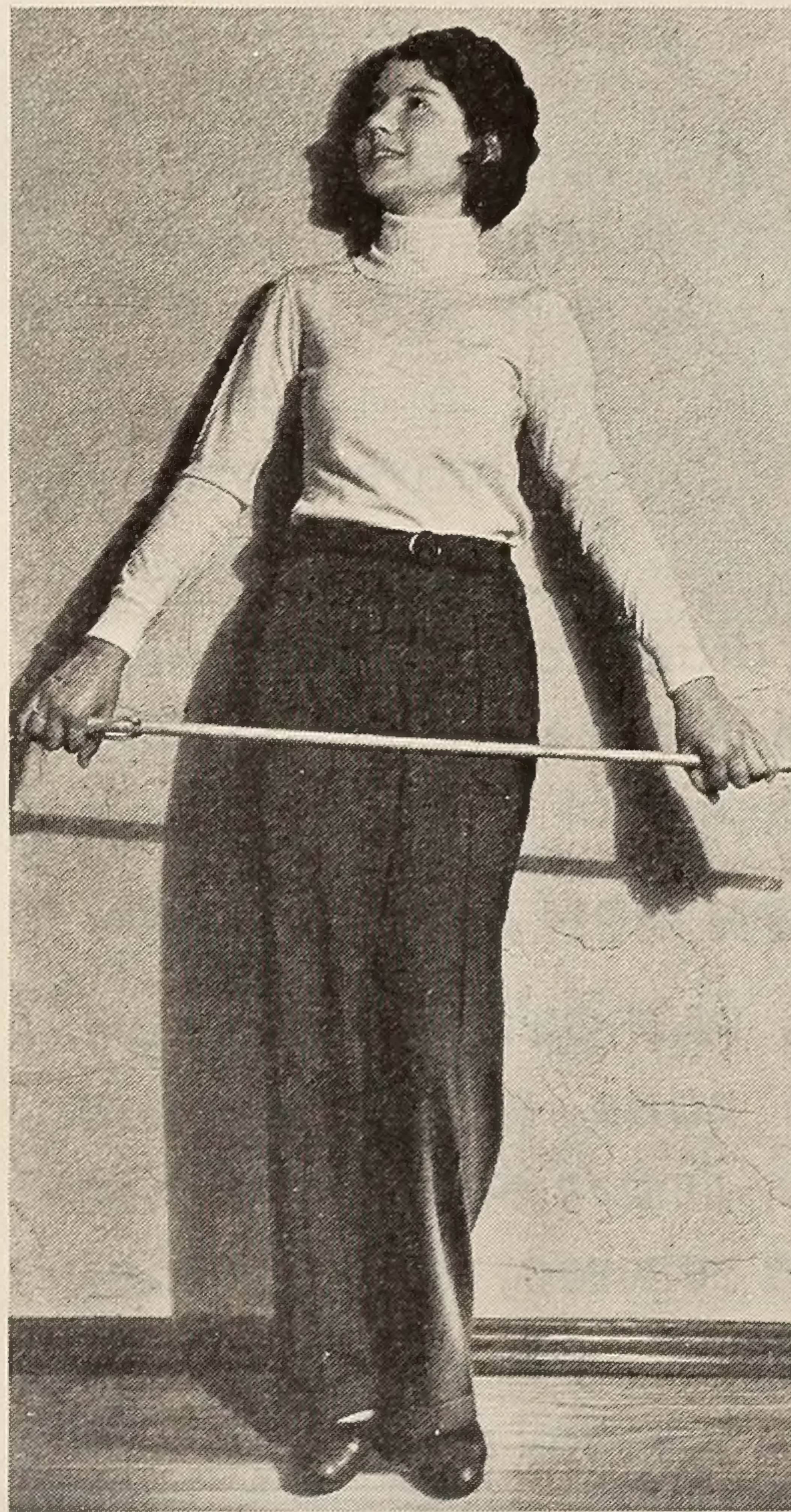
"Not so bad," drawled Tom, with a grin. "You're stealin' my thunder!"

Gary Cooper and Mary Pickford, attending a recent Hollywood premiere together.



Exclusive photo by Wide World

Here's old son Richard Dix, celebrating the fiftieth wedding anniversary of his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Brimmer, in Hollywood. Also present is Richard's sister, Mrs. John Compton. You can see that Richard is the star son of all sons.



"Not me, Tom!" retorted Jimmie quickly, "I'm just borrowin' it to go with my lightnin'!" . . .

Only true Irish wit could work that fast!

WHICH reminds me that Vince Barnett, professional insulter working on the set with Tom Mix in "Tom's in Town" for Universal, tried some of his "funny business" out on Tom.

Tom let fly a hard left straight at his head. Vince felt the force of the blow in the air a sixth of an inch from his chin!

That was the end of Vince's foolin' on the Mix set! He says from now on he is only going to "work on" invalids, children and helpless looking women! He shudders to think what would have happened to him if Tom's fist and his face had connected!

Tom drawled slowly, "I figured as how he was foolin' all right—but I just wanted to be darn sure! He was! . . . So was I!"

THEY'RE trading actors and actresses these days. . . . David Selznick said, "I'll let you take our Radio player Eric Linden for "Merry-go-Round," if you'll let me take your Universal player Tom Brown for Richard Dix's "Liberty Road"—or it was vice versa . . . anyway, the trade was made!

Remember Baby Peggy? This is the young lady herself, except that she's Peggy Montgomery now, aged thirteen, back in Hollywood after a few years on her father's ranch at Laramie, Wyo. She's playing in a series of featurettes being made by the Gleasons, Jimmie and Lucille, called "Jerry of the Journal."

Beware Hollywood the 13th . . . Tom Mix and Jimmie Gleason . . . How the studios are trading stars

Eric Linden busy and popular . . . Is Zasu Pitts the funniest woman in pictures? . . . Lois Moran, capitalist

THAT Eric Linden is a very busy and popular young man these days! There is only one saucy, cocky kid who can get by with a small boy smarty-smarty air—and not be heartily hated by his elders—and that's Eric! Therefore with all the smarty-smarty roles being written around our flaming youths, Eric is a busy young fellow!

THE funniest woman in pictures is Zasu Pitts! Who is there to disagree? Whenever she appears on the screen at previews the cheers and shrieks of approval from the audiences way out-cheer and outshriek the audiences' welcome of the star or featured favorites of the picture shown.

On the "Once In a Lifetime" set Zasu portrayed the startled motion picture secretary with such gusto that Onslow Stevens, playing in the scene with her, broke down laughing and blew up in his lines. They took thirteen retakes before Stevens could control his appreciation of Zasu's art!

SOMETIMES picture making is fun! When the "Wild Girl" company

went on location in the Big Trees at Sequoia National Park, it looked like a family vacation at a summer resort to the casual onlooker for. . . .

Charlie Farrell took Virginia Valli, his wife, along. Raoul Walsh took his wife and their little girl. Ralph Bellamy took his wife and Joan Bennett took Gene Markey and "Ditty," her husband and little girl.

What a time they had! "It was more like the old days of silents when picture making was really fun instead of hard work and a business," said Charlie wistfully.

So many silent players feel this way about talking pictures—they've taken a lot of the free and easy fun out of picture making!

TWO of the Fox favorite romantic leads are going to appear in one picture. John Boles and Warner Baxter are both to play in "Six Hours to Live". . . . This is a feminine fan break.

Recently the Fox Studios entertained the Olympic women athletes in a single body. They fairly mobbed John, who sang several of their favorites for them, and Warner Baxter, of whom they simply shrieked their approval.

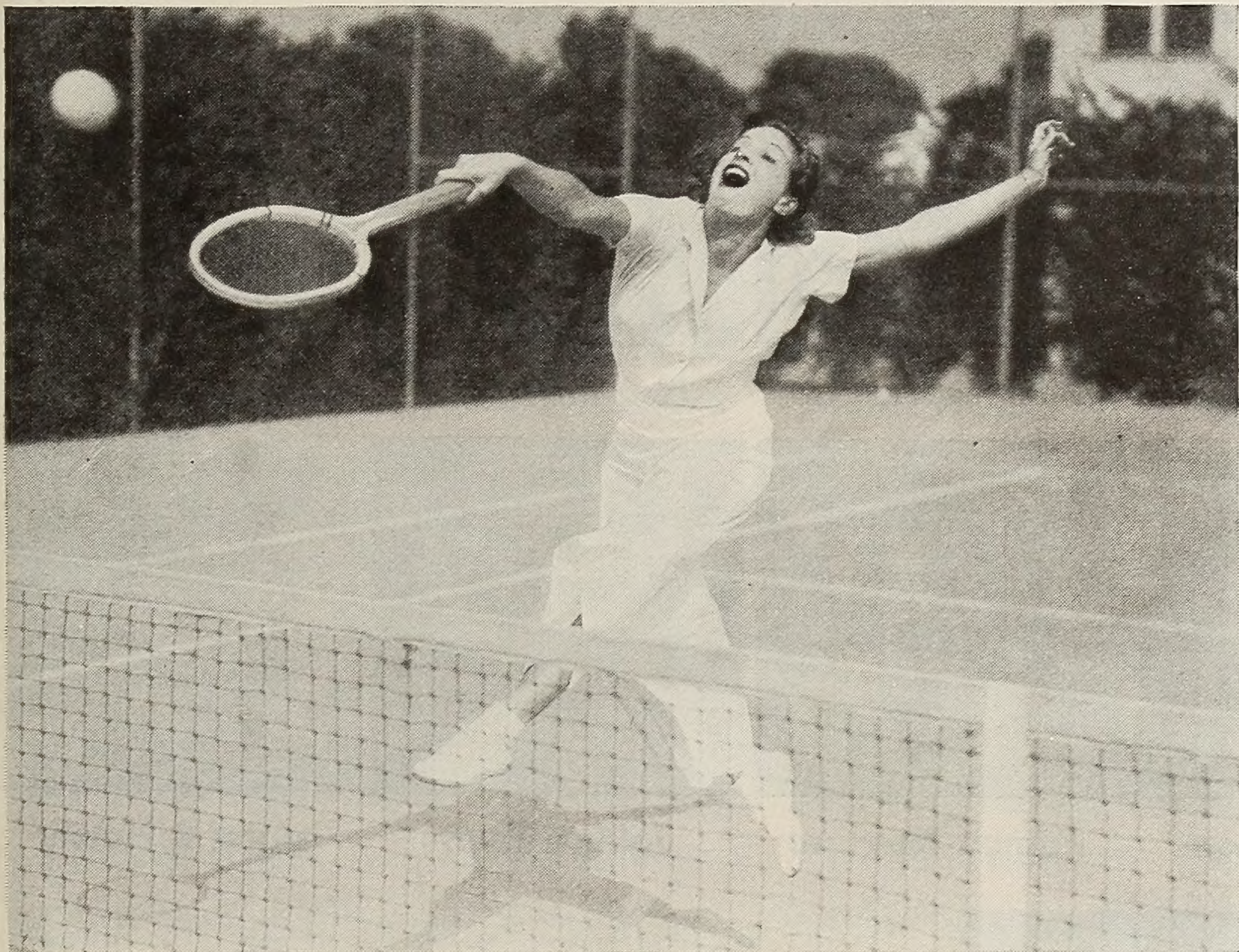
Circulating among them it was found John and Warner were their favorite "heart busters" of the screen.

ZASU PITTS SAYS "NO": Zasu Pitts did a Cameo (Take a Chance) Kirby when she turned down an offer from Paramount to sign a five-year contract at a salary said to be \$150,000 a year, or \$3,000 a week for two hundred and sixty consecutive weeks. It is being whispered that with Marie Dressler's retirement from the screen, temporary or permanent, Zasu may be selected to step into the Dressler shoes. in which case Zasu wants to be free to step into them.

BUSY MAKING MONEY: While Lois Moran draws a non-dieting salary for her stellar share in the Pulitzer prize musical comedy, "Of Thee I Sing," her clever business mother, Mrs. Gladys Moran, continues to squeeze the shekels from a tired Wall Street. Mrs. Moran can be found daily in her New York broker's office and as a "bear" she buys, sells, and profits with the same regularity that long since has (Please turn to page 12)



Exclusive Photo by Wide World



Photographed especially for New Movie Magazine by Wide World

(At Top) Now why didn't Sir Walter Raleigh think of this, instead of ruining his cloak? Clive Brook was brighter. When he found Claudette Colbert trapped on the curb on a rainy day at the Paramount studio, Sir Walter Brook just bundled up his Queen Elizabeth and swung her to dry territory.

(Above) Zam! . . . Guess who? . . . Why, Lily Damita, of course, taking a little easy Hollywood relaxation.

(Right) Richard Arlen, with Jobyna Ralston, posing here especially for New Movie Magazine—recently has been working on two pictures at different studios at the same time. Or, rather, the pictures were being made simultaneously. One was "Tiger Shark," at First National, the other, "Guilty as Hell," at Paramount.



Photo by Wide World

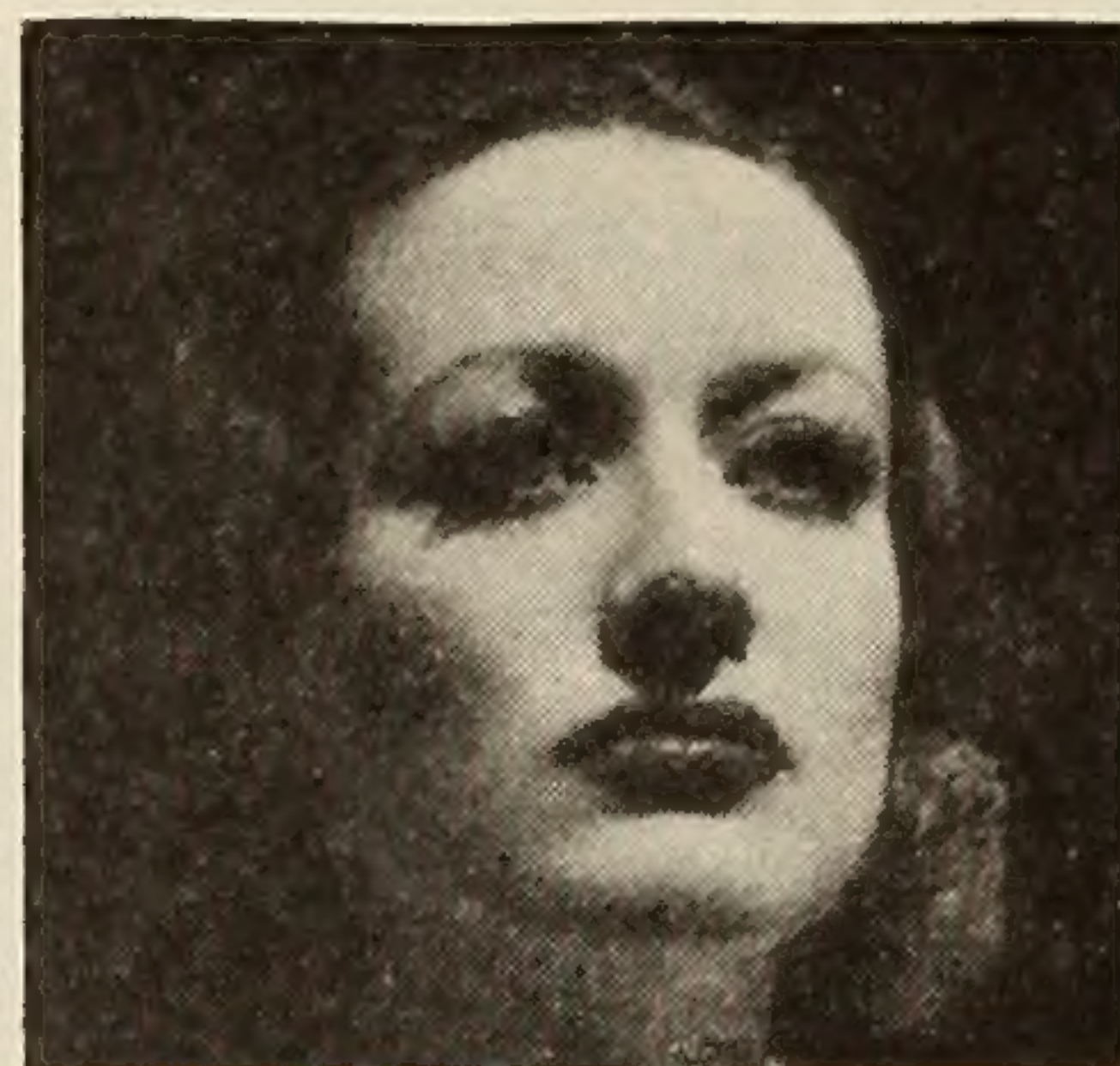
STAR POWER



Marion Davies



Norma Shearer



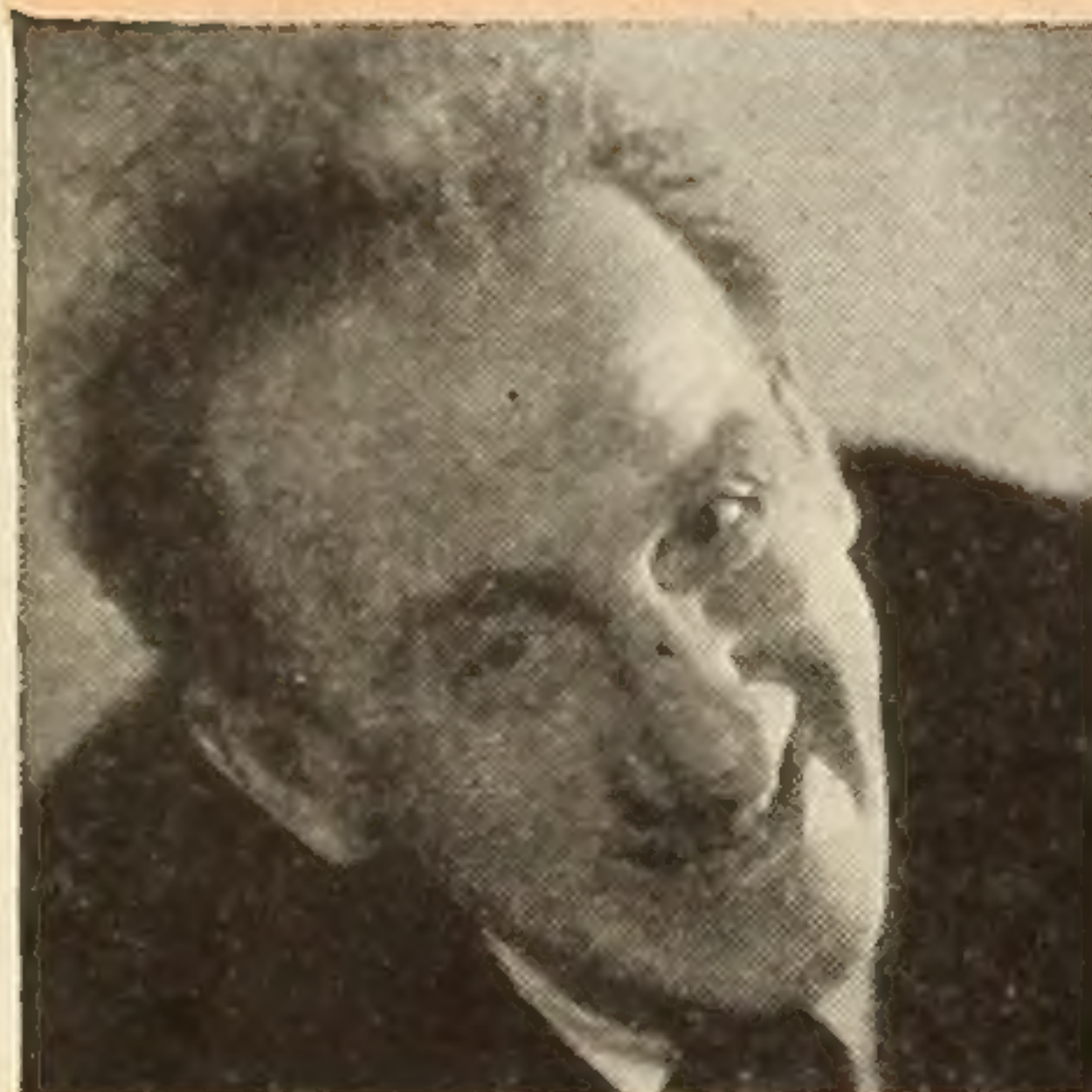
Joan Crawford



Marie Dressler



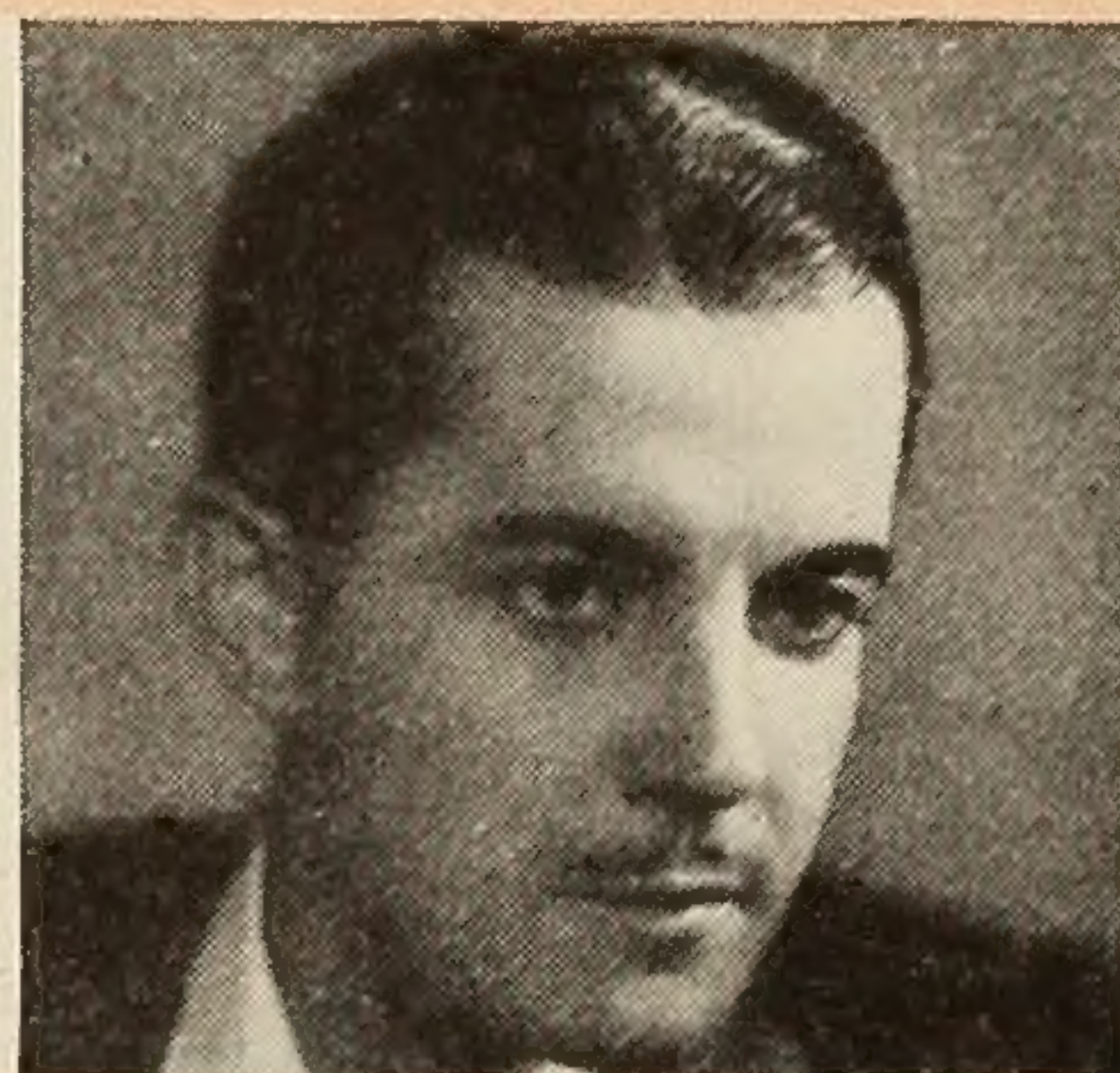
Greta Garbo



Jimmy Durante



Buster Keaton



Ramon Novarro



John Gilbert



Laurel & Hardy



Directed by Edmund Goulding
From Vicki Baum's Play



NORMA SHEARER
CLARK GABLE
STRANGE INTERLUDE

Eugene O'Neill's Prize Play
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

Other M-G-M Personalities:

Lewis Stone
Polly Moran
Jean Hersholt
Jean Harlow
John Weissmüller
Walter Huston
Maureen O'Sullivan
Anita Page
Karen Morley
Dorothy Jordan
Leila Hyams
Joan Marsh
John Miljan

Conrad Nagel
Robert Young
Nils Asther
Wallace Ford
Ralph Graves
Neil Hamilton
Myrna Loy
Una Merkel
Verree Teasdale
Helen Coburn
Nora Gregor
Hedda Hopper
Diane Sinclair

Louise Closser Hale
Ruth Selwyn
Diana Wynyard
William Bakewell
Helene Barclay
Virginia Bruce
Mary Carlyle
Claire DuBrey
Muriel Evans
Lawrence Grant
Gertrude Michael
Kane Richmond
May Robson

METRO-



Lots of people avoided disappointment during the past year by making sure it was an M-G-M show before they bought their tickets. They saw, among other hits, such unforgettable M-G-M attractions as, "EMMA"... "HELL DIVERS"... "POSSESSED"... "TARZAN THE APE MAN"... "MATA HARI"... "THE CHAMP"... "RED-HEADED WOMAN"... *space prevents listing them all!* A new season of motion pictures is here. Again you may safely depend on M-G-M. The welcome roar of the M-G-M Lion awaits you at your favorite picture theatre! Under his banner appear the stars who light the movie sky with joy.



Clark Gable



Wallace Beery



John Barrymore



Ethel Barrymore



Lionel Barrymore



Helen Hayes



Jackie Cooper



William Haines



Colleen Moore



Rob't Montgomery

M-G-M IS PROUD OF THESE!...DON'T MISS THEM!

GRAND HOTEL...STRANGE INTERLUDE...NORMA SHEARER, FREDERIC MARCH in SMILIN' THROUGH...MARIE DRESSLER, POLLY MORAN in PROSPERITY...JOHN, ETHEL & LIONEL BARRYMORE in RASPUTIN, THE MAD MONK...WALLACE BEERY in FLESH...JACKIE COOPER in FATHER AND SONS

—and many others



GOLDWYN-MAYER

Jackie Cooper gets his own way when his mother gives him a lesson in thrift

(Continued from page 9)
glided herself and Lois into the millionaire class.

WHAT A BOY JACKIE: Jackie Cooper promised his mother to be a good boy if she took him shopping with her. He was doing fine until they passed through the gun department.

"Hey, mother, dear," he shouted, pulling her over to the counter. "Look—look! boy! that's a gun. Kin I have it? Kin I?"

Now Jackie dotes on guns and he has quite a supply of them, but Mrs. Cooper was not averse to buying him another if it didn't cost too much. The clerk said it was six dollars. Mrs. Cooper decided this was too much money to spend, but Jackie, his heart set on that little beauty, pleaded, cajoled, offered to do most anything if she'd buy him that piece of hardware.

"Jackie," his mother silenced him sternly. "It's high time you knew the value of money. Six dollars is entirely too much to spend."

Thoughtful, Jackie subsided and his mother went on to a neighboring counter. A few minutes later, she heard laughter and amused voices and, turning, saw Jackie was not with her but over by the gun counter was a circle of people around some attraction. Jackie, as she had suspected, was the center of that interested circle. There he stood, talking a mile a second, the precious gun gripped in his loving hands, his eyes ablaze with excitement.

Mrs. Cooper prepared to swoop down on her irrepressible offspring, but



Photo by Wide World

Maurice Chevalier, in an off-stage scene made especially for New Movie Magazine, demonstrates his bicycling ability by riding around the Paramount studio, cigarette and all. Smiling but silent about his divorce plans.



Photo by Irving Lippman

Patricia Ellis, just seventeen, carrying her school-books to Hollywood and accompanied by her mother, is one of our Hollywood Kindergarten kids for this month. She has been put under contract by Warner Brothers. The daughter of Alexander Leftwitch, New York theatrical producer, she's spent most of her life in and around the theater. She played in stock in Mount Vernon, New York, and then a short engagement in New York City.



Posed especially for New Movie Magazine. Photo by Wide World

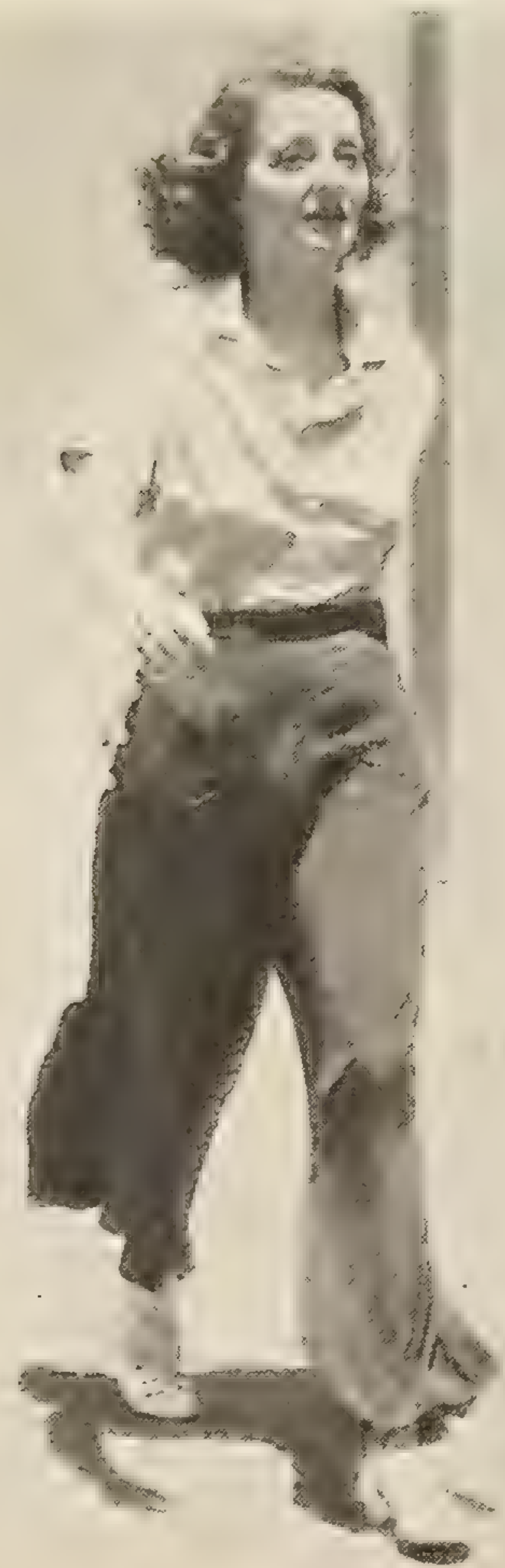
Rumor mongers have been stopped short, for the moment, now that Clark and Mrs. Gable have purchased a handsome mansion all of their own. And further to confound the chatters they usually attend all important functions together. Here they are at a recent picture opening.

the manager of the store intercepted her and smilingly asked:

"Please, Mrs. Cooper, can't Jackie keep the gun as a present?"

Now what could Mrs. Cooper say? You're right. Jackie kept the gun.

(Please turn to page 14)



Photographed exclusively for New Movie Magazine by Wide World

Tallulah Bankhead (at left) met Mae (Diamond Lil) West out at the studio. "Hullo," she drawled, giving Mae the X-ray once-over. "How old are you now?" Mae patted her hips nonchalantly. "Still twenty-one, dearie," she came back.

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NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

Regarding the star who sought simple life . . . Greta Garbo due back to work under new contract . . . Chaplin annoyed when fellow tourists expect him to keep putting on his act



Posed especially for New Movie Magazine—Photo by Wide World

Warren William and Bette Davis snapped at breakfast together while on their personal appearance tour in the East.

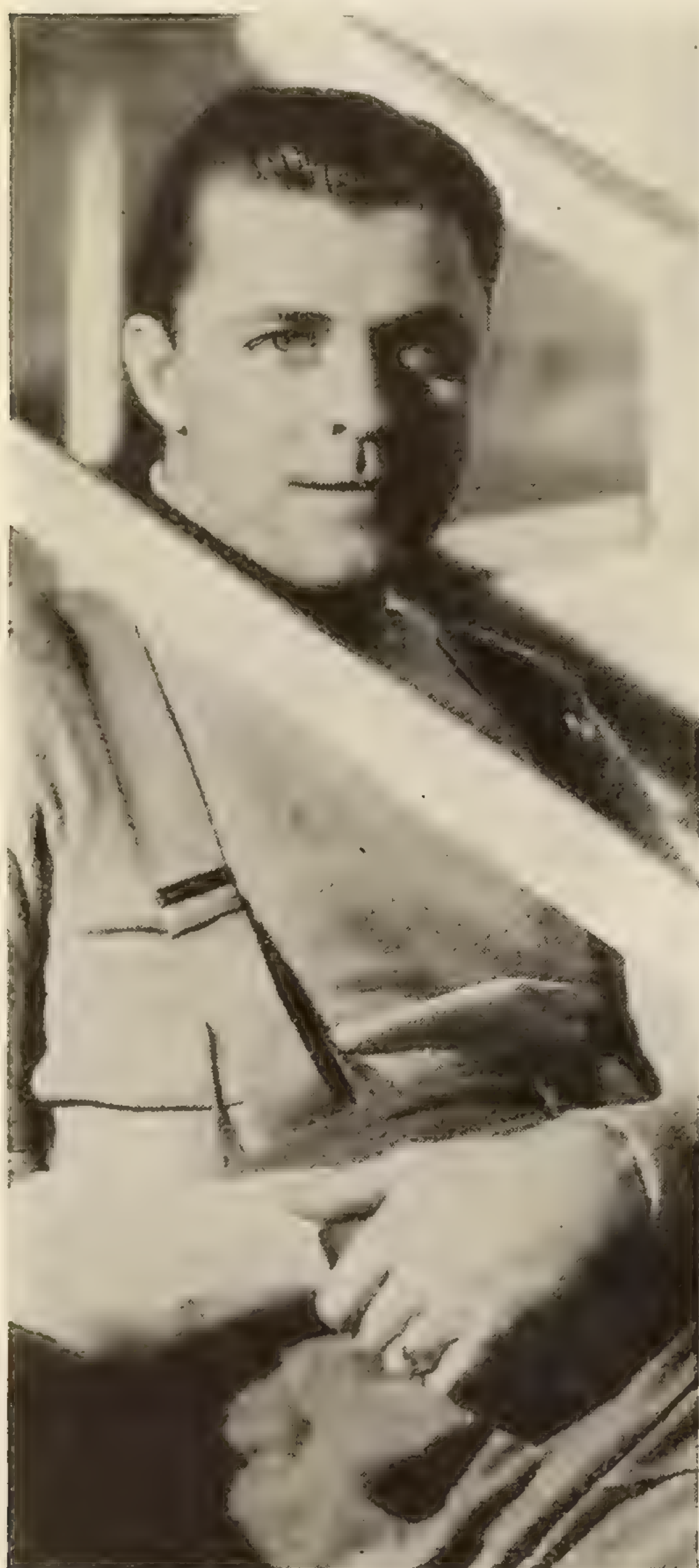


Photo by Elmer Fryer

(Continued from page 12)

PAGE ELINOR GLYN: A well-known actress went to Santa Barbara to week-end in quiet and she engaged a room at the fashionable Biltmore to be certain she would have quiet. For some strange reason, the room turned out to be headquarters for all the noises of Santa Barbara. In high dudgeon, the lessee of the room flounced down to the deserted lobby, discovered a deserted lounge and went peacefully to sleep. Along came the manager, espied her, tapped her shoulder gently. The young lady (we're meanies and we won't tell her name) sat up indignantly and demanded: "How dare you enter my room?" (P. S.—She had her quarters changed immediately.)

JACK HOLT SAD: There's a reason for that shadowy expression in Jack Holt's eyes. Roy Wilson, the young stunt flyer who doubled for Jack in the air scenes for "War Correspondent," crashed to his death in this film. Wilson was to have been married the next day. Though in no way responsible, Jack has taken it keenly to heart.

We quote this choice true story from *Variety*. At a studio where punctuality is the rule, a writer was bawled out by the boss for be-

Hollywood Kindergarten Pupil Lyle Talbot, under contract to Warner Brothers-First National, appeared in "The Purchase Price," "Big City Blues," and "Love Is a Racket." Do you nominate him for stardom?

ing ten minutes late at his desk. "But I worked until two this morning," he explained.

"Shut up," came back the boss.

"Don't change the subject!"



Photo by Wide World

GRETA IS EXPECTED: Sweden's gift to American celluloid, the Garbo herself, is expected in Hollywood

Another meteor in the Hollywood constellation is Cary Grant. And here you have none other, posing especially for New Movie.

any day now. She has been vacationing on the Continent amid the inconspicuity she so loves. Her new M.-G.-M. contract, however, brings her back to the land of the drys and the wets to emote for a salary said to be \$12,500 a week for forty weeks.

CHARLIE'S LAMENT: Charlie Chaplin is recovering from the ardours of his travels. We say "recovering," for give an eye to what Charlie wailed to Gordon Sinclair and *Variety*



Posed exclusively for New Movie Magazine. Photo by Wide World

Joan Bennett on the beach at Malibu. Lovely, kindly, winsome Joan, happy as a lark since her marriage, and working hard.

Johnny Mack Brown does a little footballing as a surprise . . . when Connie's contract ends.

aboard the ship that brought him back to the U. S. A. "All these strangers," gnashed Charlie, including everybody in and out of radius, "expect me to wiggle my feet or pull rabbits out of hats. I'm just a tourist. If I could tell you all the bores and pests and louts who fondle and paw and pester me." Which, of course, is part of the c. o. d. price of fame. Relax, Charlie. We fondle you to a box-office, don't we?



Mary Mason is RKO'S Kindergarten candidate for the month. Watch for her, and if you think she's stellar material, write and tell us. We'll tell the world.



Posed especially for New Movie Magazine

Norman Foster and Maureen O'Sullivan getting themselves a couple of chummy shoe-shines together at the obliging M-G-M commissary.

"ALL AMERICAN" JOHNNY. The "70,000 Witnesses" company, starring Johnny Mack Brown, moved over from the Universal lot to the University of California, Los Angeles, campus in Westwood to shoot a day of football scenes for this college romance. Rigged out in football togs, Johnny high-kneed around the field limbering up in a style reminiscent of the days when he was the All-American flash halfback on the University of Alabama team. The U. C. L. A. football eleven—the same eleven that defeated the strong St. Mary's team last fall—watched Johnny with lazy interest. For a movie star, they reckoned, he put on a pretty good show.

"Mr. Murphy," the U. C. L. A. captain asked the director, "where do you want Mr. Brown stopped in this scene?"

Murphy said: "Any place, but stop him with all you've got. We want this realistic."

The movie "eleven" and the California "eleven" lined up in kick-off formation. The cameras started to grind. Director Murphy yelled: "Action!" As the umpire shrilled his whistle, the California kick-off man jogged forward. His educated boot smacked the pigskin and the ball soared high and far to come down and nestle in Johnny Mack's arms. Johnny started down a field littered with huskies set to tackle him hard. But Johnny strong-armed one California man, twisted, changed pace, side-stepped through the rest of the lunging U. C. L. A. team to a clean, standing up touchdown.

"Boy, oh, boy!" marvelled the awed U. C. L. A. boys. "Say, Johnny," they breathlessly propositioned, "how about

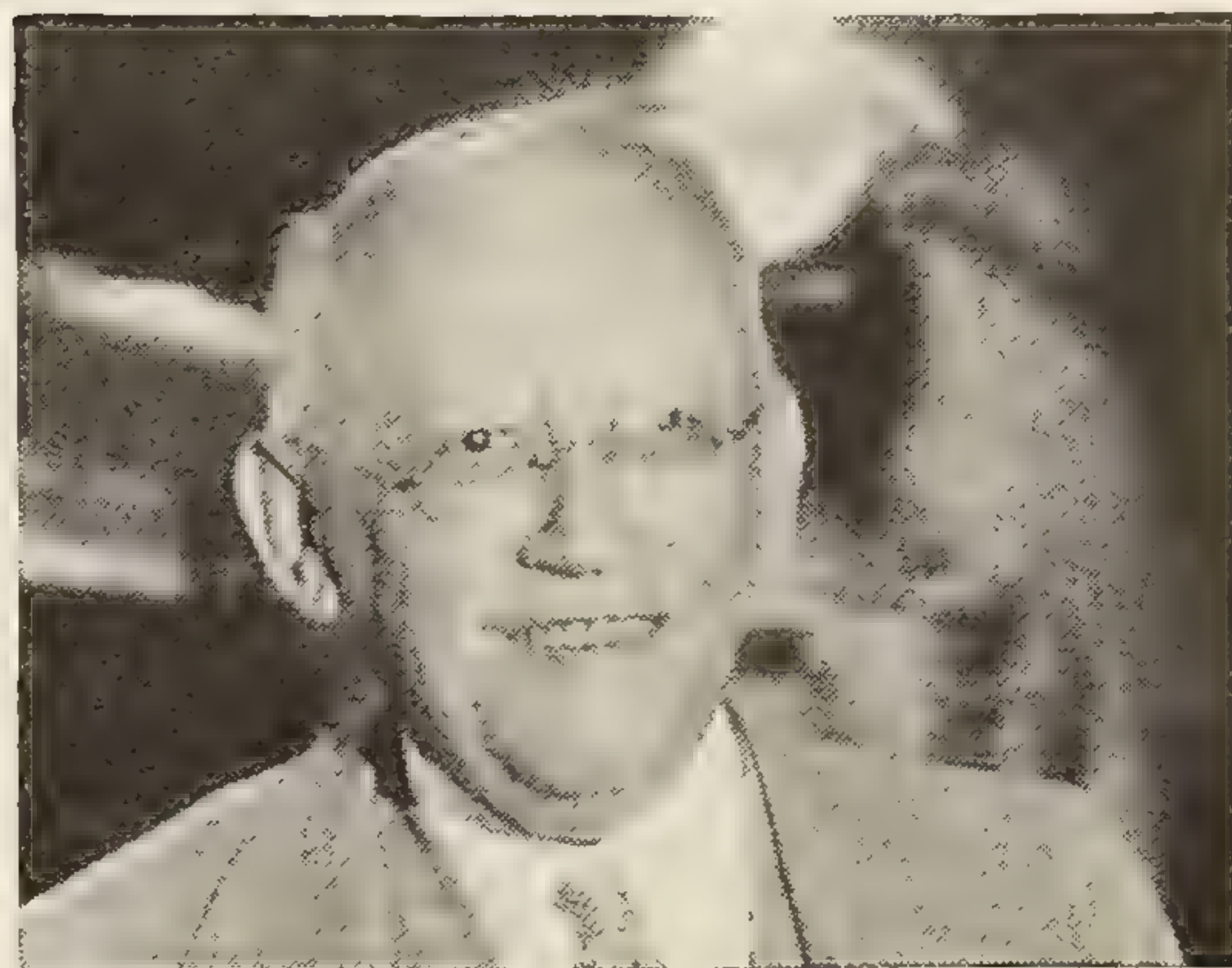


Photo by Wide World

"Uncle Carl" Laemmle, dean of the movies, up and out and at 'em again after an operation at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. Hale and hearty and fighting, and his motto's still, "It can be done!"

a course at U. C. L. A. this year?"

But Johnny, with a wife and a young daughter to support, thinks he'd better touchdown for movie checks and not for college letters.

AMONG the thousands of fan-mail money pleas Connie Bennett has found some really deserving cases. She is sending a young New Hampshire teacher through the final year of normal school because, upon investigation, she found her plea very real and worthy.

"I'll have to be twins, if all the rumors about my retirement are true," says Connie. "France thinks I am going there to live. England telephoned (Please turn to page 16)



Exclusive photo by Wide World

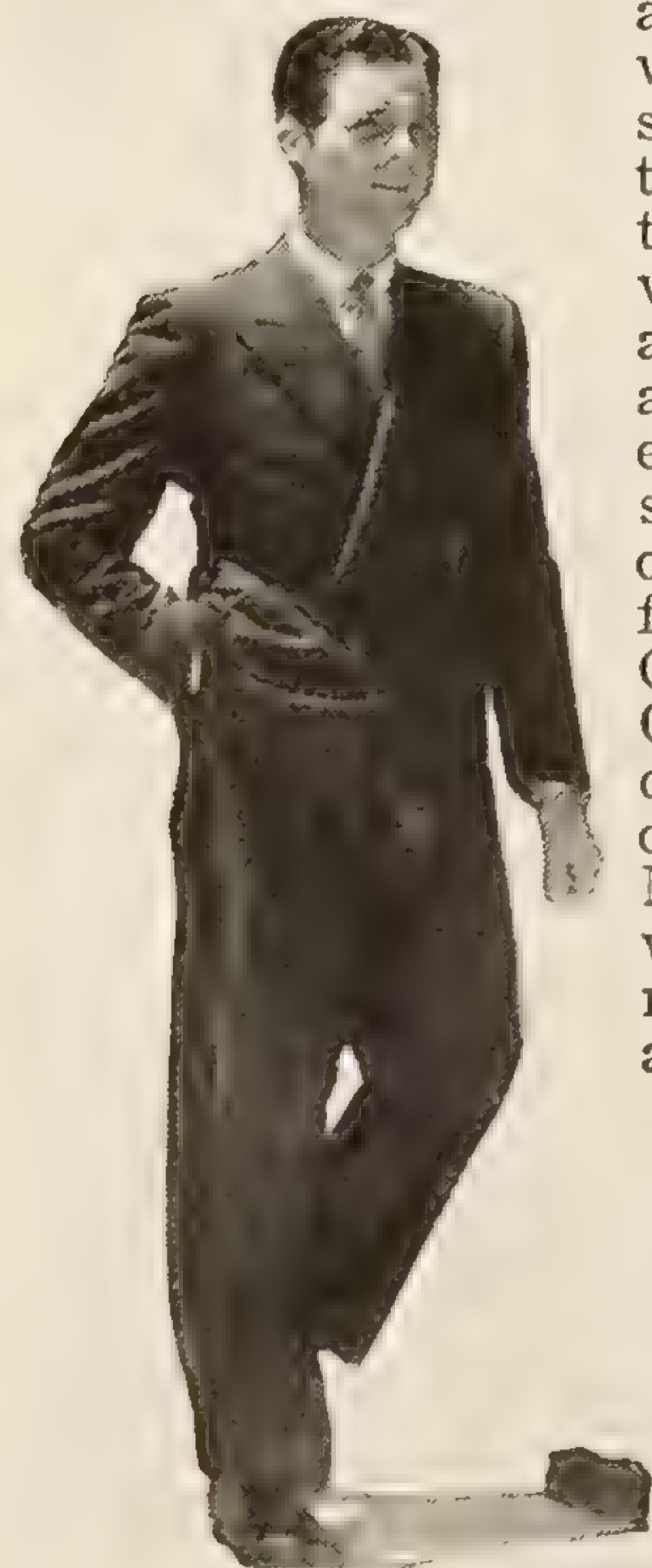
Hoot Gibson, Sally Eilers, his wife, and Marian Nixon, stepping out a bit in Hollywood, posing especially for New Movie.

(Continued from page 15)

me at four dollars and a half a minute to argue with me that I *must* be planning to go there to live because they heard that I was, and where *was* I planning on settling in London, etc. . . .

"I am not at all sure yet, just what I am going to do upon the expiration of my contract. But I am absolutely sure I am not going to live in England. Everyone else seems to be giving the idea of my retirement from pictures much more thought than I have so far. It's two years off and anything may happen in that time!"

O. U. JIMMY: Jimmy Cagney should be in Hollywood now, salary disagreement with Warners settled, ready to do those talkies that his bosses announced he would do early last summer. Jimmy must be restless to get back into grease-paint harness. He has been having one swell vacation, part of it having been spent in New York. The lad slipped into Manhattan with his wife, registered under an assumed name at



an obscure hotel where he used to stay in his lean theatrical days, took in the shows, visited his folks and his lawyers, and undiscovered except by one sleuth, slipped out again into the fastness of the Canadian woods. Great stuff, freedom, but a salary check, croaks Mars' Bandwagon wisely, is not to be sneezed at.

Now you'll have to keep your eyes open for Matty Kemp. You picture-goers sent in such good reports of him in Will Rogers' "Down to Earth" that Fox immediately signed him to a long-term contract. Here he is on his way to the Café de Paris, on the Fox lot, stopping long enough to be snapped especially for New Movie Magazine.



Do you remember Renee Adoree in "The Big Parade" and other successes? She's coming back to pictures after a long illness, and we're asking that every one of you give her a great big hand. Battling for her health at Prescott, Arizona, for nearly two years, she has won, has been pronounced completely cured, and now she'll try to take up her career where she left off. Let's all cheer her.

Before a camera was turned on the soon-to-be-released Al Jolson talkie, "The New Yorker," a six weeks' delay in production checked up an overhead against the picture estimated at \$150,000. And we, in our innocence, puzzle why flickers cost small fortunes to make.

THE YEARS ROLL BY: And are sometimes a little unkind. Vera Gordon, who will never be forgotten as the mother in "Humoresque," is now on tour in a Fanchon and Marco act which has a ghetto background. From vaudeville, stage and screen headliner

Jimmy Cagney, mysterious and elusive . . . something about overhead . . . Hollywood philosophy . . . when the chatter writers tried to get a rise out of Zasu



Photo by Gaston Longet

This is our monthly picture of Arline Judge, posed especially for us. We simply can't help giving you pictures of this little girl that Wesley Ruggles married; she's so real and likable. And what an actress, too. Did you see her in "Roar of the Dragon" and "Is My Face Red?"

to one among many in a movie house presentation bill.

Hollywood Philosophy: "Be kind to every one on your way up," Wilson (local Socrates) Mizner advised a young starlet. "You'll meet the same people on your way down."

SPORTSWOMAN ZASU: Zasu Pitts has a fine set of teeth but she wants it understood that she uses them for chewing and not for back-biting. The writing boys and girls have been beseeching Zasu to explain what she meant when she told a Los Angeles divorce judge that hubby Tom Gallery had been cruel to her and that he topped this with desertion.

"I haven't anything more to say about

Connie Bennett puts on a private showing for us—strange things the stars prefer to eat



Wallace Ford out a-strolling at the M-G-M studio, snapped by one of New Movie's staff of cameramen.

my divorce," stated Zasu to all and sundry questions. "My matrimonial past is my own business."

"But we aren't interested in that," soft-soaped one writer.

"No?" derided the Pitts. "That's what they all say; then they turn around and write articles that make a monkey out of Tom."

"Well," jabbed the writer, "isn't he?" Zasu flicked the query aside. "He's the father of my children and they love him. Print that, if you want to."

We want to. We like her for it.

CONNIE PUTS ON A SHOW: The Boss said: "Go over and see how Connie Bennett is getting along in 'Rockabye' at R.K.O." So we did and arrived on the set to find La Bennett tearing up and down in a blistering rage. Director George Fitzmaurice, worried into wrinkles, was attempting to pacify the blonde cyclone. As Connie tore the script from his hand and hurled it into space, we looked frantically for the nearest exit.

"I'm through," she blazed at Fitz. Then, solemnly, she winked at us.



Photo by Powolny

Three winsome Fox finds, entered in our Hollywood Kindergarten—Vivian Reid, June Vlassek and Janet Chandler, posed in one of the gardens in Movietone City. Keep your eyes on these girls, and see if you agree with the Fox talent scouts who picked them for screen winners.

That wink collapsed us into a convenient chair but nonetheless we viewed the approach of the hesitant assistant director with misgivings. Connie had enough dynamite left for him and she gave it to him before he fled to join the droopy Fitzmaurice in a dark corner. Again Connie turned and winked at us.

"Enjoy it?" she inquired serenely, powdering her expensive face.

"Er—er—yes," we stammered.

"Then darn you, show a little enthusiasm," she demanded, laughing suddenly. "We staged the big temperament act for your benefit!"

STAR PALATES: Just in the way of table small-talk. . . . John Barrymore dotes on salami and cheeses strong enough to run a mile in nothing flat. . . . Lionel is forever munching potato chips. . . . Try to keep Joan Blon-

dell away from ice cream. . . . Marguerite Churchill has never gotten over her bread and butter and jam days. . . . No orchard is safe with Lil Tashman in a hungry mood. . . . Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is a tomato juice imbiber. . . . Joan Crawford will swipe pickles off your sandwich, if you don't watch her, and then startle you by eating mustard on crackers. . . . Helen Chandler likes peanut butter sandwiches. . . . Evelyn Brent has a yen for melted cheese sandwiches. . . . Kay Francis is a licorice chewer. . . . Pola Negri dabbles in trout to the tune of three a meal, when she feels up to par. . . . With Marie Prevost it's hot biscuits dripping with butter—are we getting starved! . . . Ruth Chatterton fancies the avocado. . . . And Greta Garbo—well, if you can believe the luncheon (Please turn to page 70)

CHANDU...He Lives on the Screen!

The sensational CHANDU, The Magician, greatest of all radio mystery thrillers NOW on the screen—thanks to Fox Film. Millions have sat spellbound, listening to the exploits of daring of this super magic maker—NOW you can both see and hear and CHILL with CHANDU and his further adventures in this marvelous Fox Film.



CHANDU

THE MAGICIAN

WITH

EDMUND LOWE

IRENE

BELA

HENRY B.

WARE • LUGOSI • WALTHALL

DIRECTED BY MARCEL VARNEL AND
WILLIAM C. MENZIES

A F O X P I C T U R E



No matter what, Louise Fazenda is irrepressible. And again she has a part in which she should score tremendously. She's to be seen as the chatterbox newspaper girl in Universal's "Once in a Lifetime", the picture that's the talk of Hollywood because it is a broad satire on the movies themselves.



The Seven Smiling Smiths: Former Governor Alfred

"America Needs to

THE HAPPY WARRIOR'S OWN MESSAGE TO THE MOVIES

As told to
ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

A SPINDLY boy of ten, with bright eyes that took in everything and ears that heard everything, wound his legs around a table leg and dove into a plate of chocolate ice cream heaped up before him.

On a platform not far away, a band of lady musicians, dressed in youthful white, but far from youthful, struggled with the heat, the music and the smoke. On the stage, a team of clog dancers jigged through their routine, woodenly. They created a mild stir among the elders grouped around the tables, placidly engaged in drinking their lager beer, talking together, for the most part in German, and half listening to the entertainment.

But the boy listened, laughed, and returned with gusto to his feast. For this was the Atlantic Gardens in New York City and the year was 1884, and the boy of ten, so partial to ice cream, so happy among his friends and neighbors of Christie, Broome, Delancey and Rivington Street, was to be four times governor of the Empire State. Just then he was little Al Smith. He has remained Al Smith down through the years. He still is.

I was a little afraid to meet him. I had loved and honored Al Smith longer than I could remember. He had been a sort of idol to me. In some ways the greatest of our time. And now to meet him!

I waited in the outer office of his suite on the thirty-second floor of the Empire State Building, and finally I was summoned. A wicket gate opened, a door, another door,



Price Studios

"WE need something to lift us out of ourselves. And only the theater and the movies can do it. I'll tell you who is doing more good for the country right now than most politicians put together, and that's Charlie Chaplin. He makes people forget their troubles, forget their empty stomachs, and their emptier pocketbooks. He makes 'em laugh."

"The movies are the one bright spot in a long day for lots of folks. It's what keeps them going, the thought that after supper they can close the door and forget the grind for a few hours. And what do they want when they get there? Murder and bloodshed? Not much. They want to forget. They want to laugh."

"The people of this country are fundamentally clean minded. They don't need a political censor."

Alfred E. Smith

and there, across the room at his desk, he stood.

He was talking to someone when I entered, his back towards me, then he turned. He was shorter than I had expected, and sunburned. There was in his face strength and kindness but there was also a shrewd, steady gaze from the eyes that took in everything, that penetrated sham, that shook off flattery.

"SIT down, won't you?" he asked. I sat down, beside his desk. He had graciously made the appointment with me for THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE in spite of this desperately busy time for him, two days before the Democratic Convention. Every minute was precious. Hundreds were clamoring for him.

"I'm not going to talk about politics," I began. "I'm going to talk about pleasanter things. I want to know what you think the mission of the movies is today."

He smiled. He looks younger when he smiles, and kinder. "What the mission of the movies is today," he repeated. He mused a minute, taking his cigar from between his lips, then he turned, and brought down his fist sharply on the desk. "I think the mission of the movies today is to make America laugh. We need something to lift us out of ourselves. And only the theater and the movies can do it. I'll tell you who is doing more good for the country right now than most of the politicians put together, and that's Charlie Chaplin. He makes people forget their troubles, forget their empty stomachs, and their emptier pocketbooks. He makes 'em laugh."

His face became serious. Perhaps, in that split second, he was seeing again from across the years a shabby, little flat, dark, cheerless,



E. Smith, of New York, Mrs. Smith and their children.

Price Studios

LAUGH" says AL SMITH



cold. And two small children, a boy and a girl, entering slowly, reluctantly, with their mother who was dressed in widow's weeds. His own boyhood.

The boy made a fire in the kitchen stove and they ate what was in the ice-box, which was not much, and sat huddled together, terrified at the thought of the future now that their father was gone, trying desperately to plan some way in which they could keep body and soul together.

Laugh. . . America needs to laugh. . . .

"And that cross-eyed fellow," went on the Governor (he will always be "The Governor"). "What's his name? Oh, yes, Ben Turpin. He was another of my favorites."

"But don't you think the movies have another function, such as helping in the prevention of crime——"

He interrupted, sharply, "I go to the theater to be amused, to relax. So do millions of other people. In many cases it's their one outlet after a day of grinding work. These people see crime all around them. They're surrounded by gangsters, crooks and crack-pots. Why should they spend their money to see more of them? They want to laugh."

Al Smith, second from the left, and one of the casts of his theatrical company that made history appearing in an amateur engagement in New York City many years ago.

HE was on his feet pacing, his cigar clamped between his teeth.

"You don't know what it means to sit down in a quiet theater after a hard day's work. I'm talking

about the little theaters. A quarter admission or less. Truck drivers flopping into their seats after delivering their last load. Wives who've been up since daybreak cooking, dressing the kids, washing the dishes, washing the clothes, cooking some more, cleaning up, getting the babies to bed, and dragging the other youngsters along with them to the movies."

I wondered, as I listened, if he was recalling his own movieless years. Bitter years when he became a man overnight with a man's burden on his shoulders; selling papers, working in a basement candy store, running errands. A penny here, a nickel there, for little Al was quicker than most boys. A smart kid and a good kid too. Gave all his money to his mother and went to school regularly. And won a prize, the junior medal at eleven, in an elocution contest.

That was a great night! Al, sweating and cold, by turns, dressed up in his (Please turn to page 78)



The first photo-portrait of Clara Bow made since her reducing sojourn on the Rex Bell ranch, preparatory to her return to the films in "Call Me Savage." She is variously reported to have taken off from twenty to thirty pounds. After "Call Me Savage," Clara hopes to direct a picture.

Fame's Apron Strings



By James M. Fidler
—the third in the triangle



Peggy Shannon, the wife, and
Alan Davis, the husband, parted
by the public's plaudits.

Photo by Bruno Studio

EVERY argument has two sides; I have found one with three sides.

Alan Davis and Peggy Shannon, husband and wife, have separated. Peggy is a screen star. Alan is an actor who has not yet achieved success. Because Alan is unable to earn as much money as his wife, he cannot afford the household bills of her establishment, therefore he has moved into less expensive quarters.

She is perfectly willing to share his smaller home, but he will not permit that, because he realizes such sacrifice would be unfair to Peggy, who earns fifteen hundred dollars weekly and therefore deserves a lovely home. Neither will he live with her, because he can no longer suffer the disparaging remarks of people who know that she pays the bills.

Since he refuses to live with Peggy, and will not allow her to share his humble apartment, only one thing could follow—they are separated. Today they are man and wife in fact, but not in actuality. Their strange story has three sides: Alan's, Peggy's—and the outsider's. I am the outsider.

By ALAN DAVIS

I HAVE been Mr. Peggy Shannon for the last time. To guard against it, I have separated from my wife. Although we are not divorced, nor contemplate such action, I have my home and she has hers.

I love Peggy. We have been married five years, and I have never ceased loving her. She is and

**The strange situation
that confronts Peggy
Shannon and Alan Davis
told for the first time by
their best friend**

always has been my ideal woman.

But even my love for Peggy does not counteract the shame of being Mr. Shannon. No man with a right moral viewpoint and masculine backbone is content to lose his identity in that of his wife. From childhood, the masculine element hates the thought of hiding behind feminine skirts.

The circumstances of my separation from Peggy, and of my refusal to share her home, are simple enough. We married when we were both beginners; we had hardly enough money to keep us a week, but we looked bravely ahead, for we were young and confident. Success came first to Peggy—a greater and more

amazing success than either of us ever dared dream about.

Peggy can afford a beautiful apartment and all manner of luxuries. Because I have not yet been successful, I must live moderately. If I make my home with my wife, people know that the rent is beyond my means, therefore they know that she pays. What, then, do these people whisper among themselves? I'll answer the question:

"Peggy pays all the bills," they say. "She is the family wage earner. He should stay home and wash dishes."

Before I talked matters over with my wife and moved into a separate apartment—one I can afford—I felt like a cross between a gigolo and a kept man. I have too much pride to be either.

Peggy does not want a (Please turn to page 106)



George M. Cohan

ANNOUNCES—

**"HOLLYWOOD, HERE
I COME!"**

(EDITOR'S NOTE: George M. Cohan, producer - star - writer - composer of Broadway for twenty-five years, is in Hollywood for his talking picture debut. He sees Hollywood for the first time, since his last visit to the Pacific Coast was in 1910 when there was no Hollywood.)

THIS way for a good time, boys. I can cheerfully recommend Hollywood as the Coney Island of the West.

Many a laugh out here.

The fellows who have been here for some little time, start laughing at you the moment you get off the train.

After a few days you get to understand what they're laughing about.

Then you just naturally start laughing yourself.

But you mustn't keep on laughing.

The idea is to take things seriously.

After the first week, you're supposed to "call" your laughs.

The same as you "call" your shots in a pool game.

HOLLYWOOD is a beautiful spot. It's like a week of one-night stands in Pennsylvania.

It takes in that much territory from the hotel to the studio.

It is really an interesting town if you're at all interested.

Not being a business man, I'm not talking about the business part of the town.

The Main Street is much like any other Main street. Looks like a "drop in one." Only this has Belasco lighting.

All the school girls talk and walk like Marlene Dietrich.

All the little boys in short pants are looking forward to the day when

Actor, playwright, producer, song-writer, author—"Yankee Doodle Dandy" George M. Cohan posing for New Movie's photographer while writing the accompanying article for New Movie.



they'll have their own motion picture companies.

The residential part of town is what gets one.

It makes me think of Central Park and every time I think of Central Park I think of Steve Reardon.*

And every time I think of Steve Reardon, I bust out laughing—wondering what he'd have to say about it all.

COLLEEN MOORE'S home looks like Buckingham Palace. Although they claim out here that Buckingham Palace looks like Colleen Moore's home.

Four or five character actors in plain clothes are on guard in front of every star's mansion.

The whole lay-out is a gorgeous stage setting.

Screamingly funny trees and laughing oranges growing all over the place!

And, oh, so many leading men!

And many, many, many leading ladies.

And not a transposing keyboard piano on the lot.**

The big shots all go to the Brown Derby.

That's the big shot restaurant out here.

SOME of these folks never even heard of me. They haven't said so but I can tell.

And talk about wise-cracking; I thought my Japanese valet *** was pretty fast but they stopped him the first day.

All the executives are nice fellows. And awfully well dressed.

Most of them walk around without hats. Some don't even walk around.

The directors are the babies I like best of all.

I love to watch seven or eight directors run into one of their huddle discussions.

I don't know what they discuss but I shouldn't be surprised if it's Chevalier's contract.

I HAVEN'T done much of anything yet.

Made tests—one in whiteface, one in blackface.

After seeing them both, I imagine they'll use the blackface.

Well, anyway I've been to Hollywood.

I'm meeting all the big shots and all the famous people. Too bad Henry Irving, Booth and Barrett and some of the other old-fashioned theater fellows couldn't have got a load of this.

Many a laugh out here boys. They really ought to put them in the pictures!

* Steve Reardon is a retired policeman in New York City with whom Cohan has chummed for years.

** A transposing keyboard piano is of ancient invention. By use of it, the composer plays in his pet key and then, by means of a hand crank, slides the keyboard into another key; playing the same notes, but placing the song in another key. Like Irving Berlin, Cohan cannot play the piano. Also like Berlin, he composes (by chording) only in the key of F sharp. The transposing piano then places his tunes in a more singable key.

*** This valet is one Mike Hirano, who has been with Cohan for eight years. Together, they walk between the Paramount studios and Cohan's place in Beverly Hills—a distance of eight miles—several times a week. This has given rise to Hollywood's claim that Cohan is its champion walker.

"Screamingly funny trees and laughing oranges growing all over the place."

ALICE in HOLLYWOODLAND

Why! whoever heard of a realty place
Bein' inside of a big Sphinx face?



Come with Alice and the
Mad Hatter on a tour
among the strange sights
you'll see on the streets
in Movie Wonderland

The Cast

Alice Rochelle Hudson
Mad Hatter Creighton Chaney

Verses by
EDNA CASS

Whew! isn't this a big piano?
Well, open your ears up wide,
And listen while I whisper it—
There's really a store inside!



And lookit that lady. Why's she there?
A Mother Hubbard stand?
Ooh! a place to eat ice cream? My stars.
Say, I like Hollywoodland!



I'm feeling just like Holland.
Do you see what I see?
Let's ask somebody what it is.
—Ooh, a famous bakery!



Now what do you think . . . a Coffee Pot Inn!
And here's a funny sight!
A Barrel Inn that sells you things
Or am I seeing right?



Photographed exclusively
for New Movie by Wide World



Oh my! Oh me! Look what I see.
A restaurant you say?
Why Hollywood's the grandest place,
No wonder people stay!

WILL HAYS —AND WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

Continuing the most important series of articles ever published in a motion picture magazine

Written by one of America's most distinguished authors—

WILL IRWIN

WHEN Will Hays—then Postmaster-General—became “dictator of the movies,” the nine assembled magnates who put him in that position were thinking, humanly and naturally, in commercial terms.

This great, suddenly grown business was full of unnecessary and chaotic wastes. Its links needed tightening, its channels of communication between firm and firm needed repairing.

While most ardently they wanted him to get them out of the fix into which “Fatty” Arbuckle *et al* and their own publicity agents had plunged them, only one or two or three, I have reason to believe, were giving much thought to what the newspapers called the purification of the movies.

The public, on the contrary, had its eye fixed on that very point. Therein, the shrewd instincts of man-in-mass transcended the wisdom of the wise guy. Really, this was the most important issue of all—for the movie magnates themselves as well as for the people at large.

The motion picture, in contrast with the newspapers,



Photo by Tower Studios

Mr. Hays and Mr. Irwin photographed together while Mr. Irwin was preparing this series of articles.

the magazines and the radio, has no advertising revenue worth mentioning; practically, it depends entirely on the box-office. If its stories, its situations and its stage business offend any large part of the public, revenue drops. That is the Devil on one side.

The Deep Sea on the other is a danger inherent in trying to please everyone—repetition and counter-repetition of safe, stale situations and plots, until audiences grow bored and box-office receipts go down with a gradually accelerating rush.

BETWEEN December, 1921, when he first considered a job with the movies and March, 1922, when he went to work, Hays had been thinking over his problem of “elevating” the motion picture.

Obviously he must do what he could to insure a better supply—better artistically, better in tune with old-fashioned, straight-laced American ideals of morals. Judging from the comments in the newspapers and the results of societies for the improvement of things in general, the public expected him to clean up the motion pictures at the source—and nothing else.

But who had thought of the demand?

“What the public wants” was the working motto of Lord Northcliffe, greatest publicist in our day. That has always stood as the chief canon of commercial success in any entertainment business. Shakespeare doubtless wrote his great blank verse because audiences, starved for music, satisfied their hunger with the music of words; and finding that it filled the pit, Managers Henslowe and Burbage kept him writing blank verse.

What the public wanted, it would in the end get. Wasn't it possible to improve and organize a better demand? More, wasn't it possible to make that demand articulate? But here again Mr. Hays ran against a peculiarity of this most peculiar business.

If a periodical offends a reader, he has only to cancel his subscription; the newscounter in any country drugstore offers him a hundred substitutes.

But at least half of our population lived at the time in small towns. One or two motion-picture houses stood as the sole public diversion. For the radio was not yet born, and the “road show” had stored its scenery and departed this life.

More than that—in the small towns the motion-



oto from Culver Service

Theda Bara . . . “with a talent for portraying women who prey upon the emotions of men.”



MARIE DRESSLER



BETTY COMPSON

of Women

the town that is equally the smallest and the largest in the world, our ways soon parted. We had met while the iron of misery was hot in our souls, and remained friends.

Within a year my first book was published. I soon became known as a writer of features concerning film celebrities. A young fellow from a publicity department came to me and said, "Metro's just hired a good-looking girl and they're going to make her a star. Somebody saw her picture in a crowd of extra girls. She photographs like a million dollars. She's got more sex appeal than the Queen of Sheba and all her sisters. Why don't you do something smart and give her a big yarn right away? It's something you know you could do."

"What are you calling her?" I asked.

"Nothing yet. We're changing her name." He went into further rhapsodies.

I went to interview the new marvel.

In a small, sparsely furnished bungalow, she rose to meet me, langorous as June weather.

It was Barbara LaMarr.

"I've been following you," she said quietly. "You're beginning to go places."



At left: "... as langorous as June weather—
BARBARA LA MARR."

"And so are you," I replied.

"But I'm lame," she returned, "and I'm afraid I won't be able to travel far."

"Why?" I asked, surprised, gazing at her apparently virile young body.

"I'm not as strong as I look," she said.

In a year she was world famous.

I WATCHED her go through the different avenues of fame, always with the haunted eyes of one who saw clearly that she was moving through a

world that would crush her at last.

She was like a rare fruit, over-ripe with beauty. She wore it indifferently, as if it were a string of cheap pearls she had found. And yet, no woman has ever been able to walk across the screen with such golden allure. Voluptuous, caressing, undulating, and fascinating as a beautiful tigress, she was vibrant with life.

Unknown to her associates, she could hide the harsh exteriors of life with the (*Please turn to page 104*)

Brilliant **ELSIE JANIS**, who has watched Doug, Jr., grow from babyhood, nominates him for the title—



Photo by Elmer Fryer

"A lot of people probably know him better than I do now, but I'm sure no one has known him much longer or is prouder of him."—Elsie Janis.

The Crown Prince of Hollywood

One of the most human and intimate pen-pictures of a screen star ever published

IN bestowing the title of Crown Prince on Doug, Jr., I do not mean to suggest that he is going to step into his father's shoes or ascend the throne upon which his dynamic parent fidgets restlessly when not en route from China to St. Moritz!

Doug, Jr., couldn't get those long slim "dogs" of his into the shoes and, as for the crown, he would probably turn up at court wearing that much-adored old green hat, which might well be named as co-respondent if Doug, Jr., and Joan Crawford ever satisfy the "rumor runners" and divorce.

In my opinion the caption fits because, just as the Prince of Wales and the Crown Princes of Italy, Belgium, Roumania, Norway, Sweden and other lands where the crown is still being worn this season attract interest, admiration and publicity for their countries, so I think Doug, Jr., does for Filmland.

Who else is there who writes an amusing article for *Vanity Fair* one week, makes a film in French the next, writes exquisite but virile poetry, draws and paints with originality, becomes the life of a party when he goes into his imitations (Ask the gal who does some!), is a splendid athlete, strips magnificently, dances as well as most professionals, is apparently an ace of a husband and above all is a real actor and not just a type? It would seem that I have flattered the other crown princes by comparison.

Being the son of a king does give a boy an entree, because everyone knows that unless the (*Please turn to page 98*)



Photo by Wide World

Above: Joan and Douglas, Jr., off screen, with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, and Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable.

Right: "Elsie," said Doug, Senior, to me, "I'll give him anything he wants. . . . But I will not lift a hand to help him in our game until he is twenty-one." But he made the mistake of lifting his voice when he made the same statement to his son—and the battle was on.





Here we present four members of the Royal Family, grouped photographically for the first time and posing especially for New Movie Magazine. There's John Barrymore, père, and Dolores, mère, and Dolores Ethel Mae and the latest Barrymore, John, Junior. And not to forget, at the extreme left, Tatters.



"I may as well warn you that I love to talk. I could talk all of the time. . . . Now, let's see, what was I talking about?"

What A GAL!

Interviewing Miriam Hopkins is just one cyclone of words after another—and all of them interesting

By HESTER ROBISON

GIVE us time—plenty of time—and we'll recuperate from the shock of having interviewed What-A-Girl Miriam Hopkins. She could talk a deaf man into hearing and a man with good hearing deaf—so you can imagine what she did to our neat little tin ears.

We came to question—as the saying doesn't go—and stayed to listen.

For one hour we listened to the dulcet voice of a

little blonde girl wearing Oriental green pajamas with jade buttons up to her very chin, and embroidered white Oriental slippers on her diminutive feet. For one hour we waited for an opening to pop at least one of our questions—and left without having uttered any of them. Such is the power, the charm and the lightning speed of Miriam Hopkins' tongue, conversation and voice.

SHE started out by telling us that she was so sorry to have kept us waiting but she had been up since 8 A. M., keeping appointments and had not even had time to greet her hostess. She was spending a few days before going to Southampton, with the Bullens—charming young people who remained out of sight and sound while Miriam kept up with the business of being a public figure.

(Please turn to page 102)

A Dizzy Day at the



Ethel Barrymore, Charlie Chaplin, the Countess de Frasso, Eugene Palette and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., at the Brown Derby.

Illustrated with pictures posed especially for New Movie Magazine. Photos by Wide World



Above: Estelle Taylor having luncheon with Wallace Beery—but why so haughty, Estelle?

At left: Lois Wilson, now playing on the stage, lunching with Danny Danker, advertising potentate and chum of all Hollywood.

Brown Derby

By RAMON ROMERO

Twenty-four hectic hours at the Famous Hollywood restaurant where the stars go on parade

IT'S ten A. M. The Brown Derby No. 2 (for there are several Brown Derbies, each numbered) is practically deserted. There isn't a tourist or a star in sight. A few waiters hover about the empty booths, placing "Reserved" cards. The phone is ringing madly, and the pretty girl at the switchboard, Maxine Beach, is frantically taking orders for reservations for the luncheon hour. From all over Los Angeles' scattered and vast territory come the calls—from Santa Monica, from Malibu, from Universal City, from First National in Burbank, even from far-away Laguana!

"Good morning. Brown Derby Number Two . . . Of course, Miss Daniels, a booth for two . . . Thank you . . . Good morning. Brown Derby Number Two . . . Malibu calling . . . O. K., operator . . . Go ahead . . . Yes, Miss Taylor, this is the Derby . . . The usual booth at one o'clock. Thank you . . . Good morning. Brown Derby Number Two . . . Laguana calling you . . . Put Laguana on, operator . . . Hello, Polly Moran! . . . I suppose you want a booth for this afternoon! . . . What! You're bringing Greta Garbo to lunch! Not really! You'll



Polly Moran told us we needed "atmosphere" for these illustrations—and donned a Brown derby—and the wink—for your benefit. . . . And, directly above, you see Juliette Compton and her husband, James Bertram, at lunch at Brown Derby No. 2.

give me heart failure if you joke with me like that too often . . . You say you're only bringing your little son . . . Why, I never knew you had a son! . . . I'll watch for him . . . Good-bye . . . Good morning. Brown Derby Number Two. . . ."

THE phone rings on and on. Nick, the popular manager of No. 2, comes to the switchboard at intervals to pick up the little slips of paper upon which Miss Beach has written the names of those wishing reservations. In a dated ledger Nick carefully enters the



Bebe Daniels and her husband, Papa Ben Lyon, went all the way from Malibu to Hollywood to pose for us. Ben is telephoning to a friend at another table.



Russell Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason's little boy, lunching with the beautiful Marguerite Churchill.

names of Bebe Daniels, a booth—Estelle Taylor, a booth, one P. M.—Polly Moran, ditto. And so is kept a daily record of the Brown Derby's guests.

Famous voices mean nothing to little Miss Beach. She remains her calm, placid self, until Charlie Chaplin's secretary calls to ask if Mr. Chaplin may have the large corner booth that afternoon. He is bringing to lunch with him Douglas Fairbanks, Ethel Barrymore, and B. S. Moss, the well-known theatrical magnate.

Miss Beach's eyes flutter, her voice grows weak with excitement. Hooray! Hooray! Hollywood royalty is coming to lunch! She shouts the news. The cashier at the desk takes it up. The waiters carry it back to the cooks in the kitchen. Finally it reaches Harry Heckel, the chef!

There is comment and joy and speculation. Chaplin and Fairbanks and the Ethel of the Barrymores! All at one table—all in one booth! What a treat in store for the tourists and the fans today—and even for the professionals . . . for it isn't every day that Charlie and Doug and Ethel appear in public to-



Ginger Rogers, Barry Norton and Phyllis Frazer, niece of Ginger. Phyllis came up from Texas—or may be it was Oklahoma—to visit Auntie Ginger, and before she could yell, "Howdy, folks," her name was on an RKO contract.



Vivienne Osborne lunching with a friend. Our spy reports that Vivienne wore a black silk ensemble, silver fox fur, black straw sailor trimmed with a white lace bow, white gloves, black kid pumps, and ordered wiener schnitzel.



And this, ladies, is your own Bob Armstrong, dining comfortably alone.

gether. From the farthest corners of earth they have come. Doug, just back from the South Seas—Charlie, from two years in Europe and the Orient—Ethel, from a successful theatrical tour of the country. And today they are all to sit together in a booth at Number Two!

SHORTLY after eleven, the kitchen has its lunch. The chef and the cooks and the waiters all sit down together at the long, wooden table, which

is not covered with a cloth—and upon it is spread food fit for kings. There is no caste here. The chef jokes with the cooks and the cooks speak to the waiters. They've never even heard of the Boston Cabots!

Do you begin to wonder why they do not employ beautiful waitresses here? Those beautiful waitresses you have read so much about in the movie magazines? It seems that (*Please turn to page 112*)



Photo by Emmett Schoenbaum

Buck Jones and his horse in a remarkable action camera study. Buck is to be extravagantly headlined by Columbia. His latest picture is "White Eagle," with Barbara Weeks and Jim Thorpe, famous Carlisle Indian athlete. Several hundred Indians take part.



One of the smart coats of the season is this shown on Tala Birell, in old French blue cloth, with epaulet effect broad shoulders, bell sleeves and a fitted line. Large bone buttons close it at the side. The blue felt hat droops on one eye. Designed by Lamberth Williams of Willard George.



TALA BIRELL solves the fashion problems of

THE TALL

SLIM GIRL

IF you are a small girl with a retousse nose, well and good. You'll find plenty of your favorite stars are of that description and their clothes ideas will help you out. But if you have a tall graceful figure, oval face and well-defined features you may have more difficulty in finding a model to work from.

Most of the Hollywood headliners are petite. But not all. Tala Birell, for instance, is close to five feet six—five feet five and a half inches to be exact—far above the general movie average and her clothes problems may well be yours if you are around that height.

Tala Birell was puzzled when asked to explain how she had achieved such remarkable distinction in her costumes. This Universal star, who comes originally from Vienna, is the personification of chic, from the top of her glossy, dark gold head to the tip of her tapering shoes. She has the sculptured, classic appearance that is the envy and admiration of all women and the acme of Dame Fashion's decrees for the fall and winter of 1932-1933.

"It may be that I have made a special study of my many shortcomings," she replied thoughtfully. A modest enough answer, certainly, and somewhat of a surprise; for la Birell has a queenly bearing for her twenty-three short years.

"In America I think that the women and girls make a mistake in all trying to wear the same styles. It is death to individuality," said she. "For instance, I am five feet, five and a half inches tall. Why should I try to dress

Blue cloth is chosen again by Miss Birell for a short jacketed suit shown at the far left with a blouse and scarf of blue and green print crepe. A green beret, pull-on suede gloves and a dark hand bag complete the ensemble from Willard George.

Over an ivory satin evening gown, the lovely Viennese star wears a short ermine jacket with leis of white fox fur over each shoulder. The wrap is fastened by two sets of draped ties. Furs from Willard George.

Photos by Ray Jones



Photo by Ray Jones

Blue crepe-back satin trims itself by reversing sides to make an informal lounging robe for Tala Birell. The sleeve fullness at the elbow is obtained through the cut rather than gathering and the five-inch wrist bands button tightly. The sandals of shiny satin match the gown. From Bullock's-Wilshire.

like the little girls? Here in Hollywood I am considered 'too tall,' but in Europe height is an asset. Of course, I am not what you call the 'cute' type," she smiled, "so I do not try to look petite."

This brought up the subject of fads in clothes. Miss Birell shook her head.

"So many times they are bad. For example, I believe I am the only woman in the United States who didn't wear pajamas. Not that I dislike them, but they do not suit me. I had a divided skirt that was made of lace and which might just as well have been a dress—but it was not pajamas.

"Then perhaps you object to the wide-shoulder fad?" I inquired, but she shook her head again.

"On the contrary, I like it very much—on myself. It is not good on small girls though, especially if they are the least bit broad. It makes them look top-heavy. But for me—I have had my coats made this winter to accentuate the shoulders; my favorite is a Japanese ermine with a cape. Two cloth coats are also made with wide shoulders; one has been widened by means of short pieces that extend out beyond

the sleeves and the other has fur banding near the top of the sleeve. However, I do guard against shortening my neck by using much trimming on the necklines."

This was a new idea and a bit startling from one of the "tall" girls and I hastened to ask for information.

"Broad bandings, deep ruffles or wide fur when placed directly around the edge of a neckline tend to thicken the appearance," said she. "It makes the neck, which should be graceful and slim, look awkward. Also, it detracts from the slenderness of the figure."

Glancing at her chiseled silhouette, it seemed incredible that Tala Birell should need to take such precautions, but she apparently knows all about the subject of lines—is an artist, in fact, and takes no chances with too much material of any sort.

"For the sake of health and strength, I must weigh at least one hundred and fifteen pounds," she told me. "That looks like more when it is photographed, unless I am always careful about the manner in which I dress. See?" and

(Please turn to page 101)



Photo by Freulich

No color note relieves the true black of Miss Birell's satin evening gown with a sheath-like skirt and a surplice bodice. The only trimming is a long knotted sash of the material.



Photo by Ray Jones

Designed especially for her statuesque type is the black velvet tea gown shown on Miss Birell above. The long sleeves have a deep puff at the wrist, echoing the train at the back.



Photo by Hurrell

Cheers! For Ruth Selwyn! Sort of slipped into the limelight, instead of with the usual hullabaloo and hurrah. But now she's on the ladder to stardom. Because of her excellent work in Buster Keaton's "Speak Easily," she will henceforth be featured by M-G-M—and that means they regard her as star material.

The famous humorist makes
notes on his cuff while saun-
tering down the Boulevard

Hollywood Cook-Cooks

By TED COOK

"HOLLYWOOD," says Will Hays, "faces its darkest hour with courage and determination." And may we add, with peroxide.

AUTOGRAPH hunters are certainly being put in their place. An item in *Variety* says: HOLLYWOOD—Marlene Dietrich and Josef Von Sternberg, with Miss Dietrich's young daughter, attended Pantages Sunday night with two plain-clothes officers, each carrying sub-machine guns.

THERE was a lot of tearing of wigs and gnashing of gears when the First National Bank of Beverly Hills folded up. "I fooled the bank," chirped Harry Ruby. "I had my money there. But it was in my wife's name."

Garbo's manager issued a denial that the bank was crippled by her sudden demand for \$300,000 in deposits. A month before he denied that she lost a fortune in the Ivar Kreuger suicide crash.

Wallace Beery had \$80,000 in the Beverly bank. Robert Montgomery had \$40,000. And John Gilbert had a \$200,000 trust fund.

JUST before the bank crash, Will Hays had asked the studio to pipe down on publicity showing movie stars wallowing in wealth. No more publicity stills showing a film star with his mallet tangled up in his polo pony's tail. No more stills of (or on) private yachts. A United States Senator, after being entertained in Hollywood, had gone back to bellow against the luxuries enjoyed by film actors. Politicians never indulge in polo. Therefore it was all outrageous. The idea of Hollywood comedians getting such money when a Washington comedian only gets boos.

So don't be surprised if the press agents start sending out stills showing the sheriff sitting on the porch of your favorite actor's cottage.

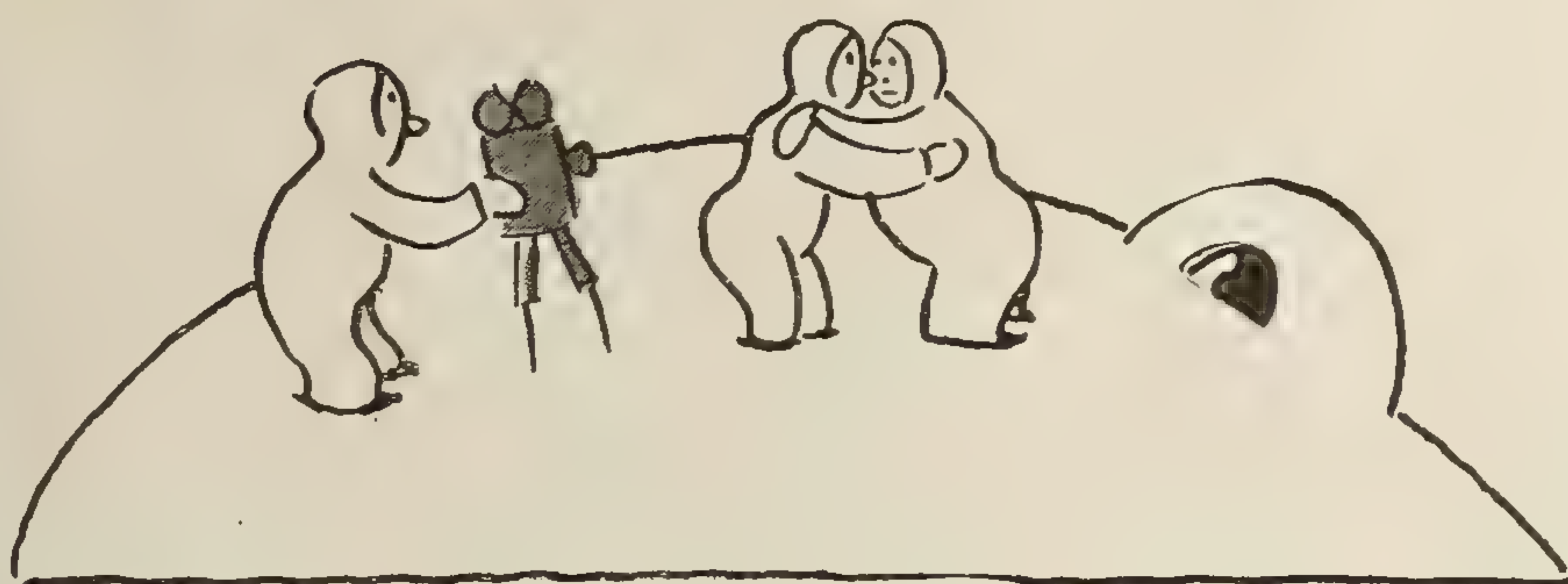
Or a still showing Constance Bennett, with a shawl over her head, ducking into a pawn shop.

Be that as it may, Jules Furthman recently paid \$10,000 for a first edition of "Huckleberry Finn."

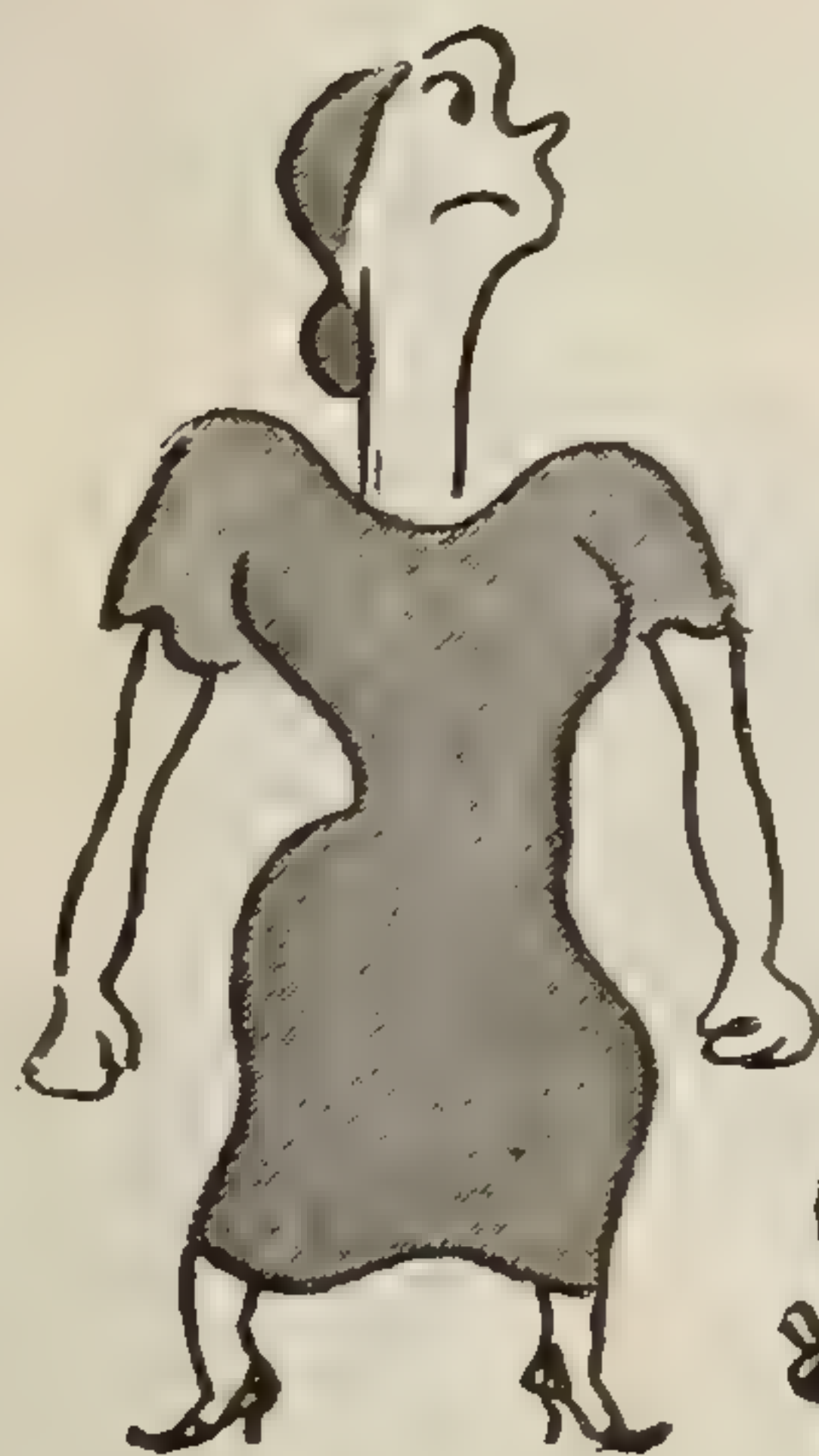
And Zeppo Marx charged into the
(Please turn to page 108)



Autograph hunters are certainly being put in their place.



Three Chinese girls and thirty-seven men are shooting scenes on the top of the world for "Eskimo"



There are very few things that are quite so emphatic
As a star in a pose she considers dramatic.



Among the things that make life somewhat tougher
Are photos of stars who are trying to suffer.

Tom Mix EXPOSES Malibu Beach

"I APPRECIATE the honor, gentlemen, but I regret to say I cannot accept your very flatterin' offer," said Peter, the famous Hollywood Hermit, facin' the committee.

"An' why?" pressed Buddy de Sylva, Eddie Cantor an' Fred Beetson, committemen. "It ain't every days a man is offered the opportunity of bein' the Head Hermit of so exclusive an' thrivin' a cloister as Malibu Beach. The pay is good, the hours almost union, an' think of the power you, as Head Hermit, will have. . . ."

"An'," interrupted Fred Beetson, being of the Hays office, "you would be the Will H. Hays of Malibu, an', I ask you—is that an honor to be passed over lightly?"

"There are certain exactions which the dignity of my profession demand," returned the white-haired Peter, bowin' gravely. "An' while I, Hollywood's greatest an' outstandin' recluse, would enjoy spendin' a summer with so many widely known hermits as you gents, still I can not make my home where all the folks are in bed and lights out by five A. M.—where at two-thirty in the afternoon the milkman is permitted to come prowlin' around with the breakfast cream, disturbin' the populace—such a place is too slow for any self-respectin' hermit. Even if I do live in a cave in Hollywood, I gotta have a little excitement—an' Malibu ain't got it."

SO sayin', Peter the Hermit shook the dust of Malibu from his bare feet, stroked his long, white whiskers, an' followed by Groucho, his burro an' Sid, the goat, bettok himself an' his outfit back to his cave, high, high in the hills of Hollywood.

"Why, say," Peter told me, after he had rested from his three-day Malibu pilgrimage, "them movin' picture folks down there just roam aroun' all night, a-goin' nowhere an' comin' back again. An' listen, they don't have more'n five hundred visitors down there on a Sunday. Why, I got a better box office value myself than them Malibu hermits all put together. I can do 600 up here in my cave any Sunday it don't rain; an' I can't sing, I can't compose, I can't act, but I sure can hermit."

Many columns have been written about Malibu, but very little told, due to the fact, I discovered, that the motion picture folks who live down there, an' who, as anyone knows, don't like to talk about themselves, won't give out much information. An' in addition, the leadin' citizens control the records of the Malibu police department. But havin' spent a week-end there last Sunday, I'm prepared to give you all the result of my observations.

MALIBU BEACH is a sort of public playground operatin' on a commonwealth basis. Every one there is either "Mr." or "Miss"—an' the housekeepin' is kinda general—leastwise it would so look to a casual visitor, not knowin' who was married to who, or how fast the brides change hands in some sections.

It's a bleak spot, about twenty-five miles up the coast from the Hollywood studios, where the more prosperous ones of the industry an' others too new as yet to know what it is all about, have built themselves homes on rented property.

Malibu is a thrivin' community of about 1200 souls an' 600 actors. A recent census, taken by three local finance an' mortgage companies, shows an average of one an' a half dogs an' two an' six-tenths servants to each paid admission or inhabitant. The average car equity, includin' personal property, is 8.9866 per cent. per capita, includin' interest carryin' charges of approximately



Photo by Adelbert Bartlett

TOM MIX, our special correspondent



Photo by Freulich

Our cowboy society reporter spends a week-end one Sunday down the oceanside where the stars turn to the simple life. This is the Newport of the Movie Great—with the reputation of being the gayest village in the world

14.5624 per cent., which, all things considered, is fair enough an' shows a nondepressionable an' distinctly prosperous type of motion picture citizen.

The little village, which for some unaccountable reason is not as yet within the city limits of either Los Angeles or San Francisco, is policed by the Malibu Beach Seaside Patrol, a force of seven men an' one especially good lookin' policewoman. Every member of the Patrol has either an A.B., or an L.L.D., degree.

NEW YORK cops, who complain that their duties are too diversified, might with interest, glance over the daily report turned in by Patrolman Aloysius Eisenfeldt of the Malibu Seaside Patrol—just an ordinary day's work, so Aloysius told me. He used to be a supervisor for Fox in the old silent days, overlookin' the comedies, but he flunked on his Greek verbs an' the efficiency man fired him. I made a copy of Aloysius' report. It read:

10.30 A. M.—Answered roll call an' distributed the mornin' papers from Wayward Avenue to

Volstead Place.

10.50 A. M.—Buried a dead seal near Amarillio de la Caliente's bungalow.

11.15 A. M.—Responded to lost child complaint—took one of Eddie Cantor's kids home. Refused one drink.

12.30 P. M.—Answered Buddy de Sylva's telephone—no one up.

12.50 P. M.—Investigated lost dog complaint from Vivian Duncan—found it at Lew Cody's.

1.00 P. M.—Responded to lost child complaint. Took three of Eddie Cantor's kids home.

1.30 P. M.—Helped the early milkman.

2.00 P. M.—Helped Miss de Soto find a nurse girl for her baby. Lil Tashman's second upstairs maid knew one looking for work.

2.30 P. M.—Investigated lost child complaint. Took two of Eddie Cantor's kids home. Refused two drinks.

2.45 P. M.—Helped Miss Rowland Royce's maid borrow three eggs and a pint for breakfast.

3.30 P. M.—Chased Brynie Foy's baseball nine away from in front of Lil Tashman's bungalow. Said they were keeping her awake.

4.00 P. M.—Let Buster Collier try my recipe. He thinks the one he's been using calls for too much juniper and glycerine.

4.15 P. M.—Chased two white rats out of Billie Dove's kitchen.

(Please turn to page 80)



Kate Smith gets more fan letters than Garbo—usually about 35,000 a week. She says that the only reason for her success is that she is a "vocal stylist."

"I Tried Dieting....

By DOROTHY HERZOG

KATE SMITH, radio's singing favorite, grew rich and famous by being dissatisfied and discontented and telling the right person about it. That was two years ago, when she was twenty-one and appearing on Broadway opposite Bert Lahr in the musical-comedy hit, "Flying High."

She's twenty-three now, and she has sung her way through hundreds of thousands of ears to hundreds of thousands of hearts. What is of equal importance to her is that she is content.

Kate Smith likes to call herself a "fat girl." She weighs two hundred and ten pounds and is five feet and

nine inches tall. She tried dieting once, but . . .

"It made me irritable," she recalls, "so I gave it up. It's bad enough not to get everything you want in this world without making it worse by depriving yourself of what you can get."

She's easy-going and cheery, this young woman who is in the millionaire earning ranks. She has no burning ambition to be other than she is. The notion of studying for an operatic or concert career is far from her mind. Her simple, sentimental songs have found a place in the public heart and that is enough for her.

"I never took a music lesson in my life," she says. "And I can't read a note of music. I just happen to have a perfect ear. My accompanist plays a new song

Kate Smith's Favorite Recipe

A Three-Layer Chocolate Cake

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter	2 teaspoonsful of bak-
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sugar	ing powder
3 eggs	2 teaspoonsful of
1 cup of milk	vanilla flavoring
2 cups of flour	A pinch of salt

Preparations: cream the butter and sugar together. Separate the whites from the yolks of two of the three eggs. Put the yolks and the third egg in cake. Cream that with the above. Add a pinch of salt. Take a cup of milk to which the vanilla flavoring has been added and add alternately with the two cups of flour into the cake batter. This method keeps the batter from getting lumpy. To the very last of the flour add the baking powder.

Divide the batter evenly into three cake pans. Put into hot oven and let bake for ten minutes, then turn oven down a little. After five minutes more, you can take a peek at it. When browned evenly, stick a straw in it. When the straw comes out dry, the cake is baked. Let layers cool before icing.

ICING: Beat whites of the two eggs until stiff. Add teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring and then while continuously beating add about four tablespoonsful of confectioner's sugar and also two ounces of melted Baker's bitter chocolate. If you find that icing isn't sweet enough, add sugar to suit your taste. This will make a nice, sticky, chocolate frosting. When cake is all iced, you can put, as I do, half English walnuts on top to make it decorative. Then eat—as I do!

KATE SMITH.



twice. After the second playing, I know it."

Life and career are as simple as that for Kate Smith.

When she first stood in front of a microphone, she accepted the "little box" as a friend. We were astounded to hear this. Our experience among motion-picture players is that when they are introduced to a microphone their knees knock together and their teeth chatter. Kate says:

"No, I never feared the 'mike,' I saw further than it. I saw thousands of rooms and thousands of people listening to me come over the air to them."

She "sees" even more listeners today, for her fan mail averages 35,000 letters a week. This outdistances even the great Garbo's record.

IN the summer of 1930, Miss Smith made her radio debut over the Columbia chain. The Columbia executives were searching high and low for some one

ONCE!"

to go on at seven P. M. (Eastern Standard time) in competition with the popular Amos an' Andy team, which is heard at that hour over the National Broadcasting chain. They found their person in Kate Smith. The "right person" in Kate's life arranged for her to broadcast, the man who is her manager today, Ted Collins, and who in 1930 was vice president of the Columbia Gramophone Company, for whom Kate made records.

Columbia found successful competition for the Amos an' Andy team in Kate Smith, but not for long. Commercial advertisers, always on the alert for new and unusual talent, heard her and went a-running to offer her a (*Please turn to page 81*)

"It's bad enough not to get everything you want," says Kate Smith, "without depriving yourself of things you can have."



Exclusive photo by Wide World

Rudy Vallee, posed especially for New Movie Magazine. Besides appearing in musical comedy, vaudeville, on the radio and—at odd times—leading his dance orchestra on summer roofs, Rudy is studying law. He's preparing for the time—if it ever comes—when his radio popularity wanes.

Radio

Rambles

The latest intimate gossip about the Great and the Near Great of the Air



BUDDY ROGERS is a swell fellow to work for. He held his band rehearsals on board his yacht until the yacht exploded with Mary Pickford on board. The boys gathered every morning and rode up the Hudson while they played.

The boat was a 38-foot launch and belonged to Lawrence Schwab, who named it "Follow Thru" after the Schwab and Mandel musical success of some seasons ago.

YOU'VE heard, of course, about the pact Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers had, not to go out with anybody else whenever they both happened to be in the same town. Well, Mary broke it first. Buddy was waiting in line one day at the Mile Sky Chaser in Coney Island when he spied her a few feet ahead of him with Fred Waring, his rival band leader.

"Why, Mary! How could you?" cried Buddy surprised.

"Oh," said Mary, reddening. "Is Brooklyn part of New York?"

And as a matter of fact she still insists it's a different city.

Particular, these Southerners! We thought the Pickens girls were trying to fool us when they said they could not find any hominy grits to suit them in New York and had to have them sent up from Atlanta every

Bing Crosby, Stuart Erwin, Grace Allen and George Burns in "The Big Broadcast," a radio screen opus that Paramount recently completed. Leila Hyams, borrowed from MGM, heads the cast with Stuart Erwin. The Boswell Sisters, Kate Smith, Guy Lombardo and many others are included. Directed by Frank Tuttle, the picture was adapted from the story, "Wild Waves," by William Manley.

week. But that was before we tasted the strange coffee at the Boswell home and heard Connie tell how it came from all the way down home in New Orleans. In fact, she said lots of Southerners bring their own coffee up with them because they can't stand our Yankee brand. And that goes for mint leaves, too. Connie said the girls hadn't been able to find any good mint leaves in all of New York.

The Boswells have moved again, this time to the Eighties way up over New York's Central Park. The lady who subleased the apartment to them left her portrait hanging over the fireplace to reproach them every time they might feel playful and want to repaint the walls the way they did in their last apartment.

Martha said she came to feel so ashamed of having to confess all of the time that she did not go in for sports that she spent the whole summer redeeming herself. She

learned how to swim. A man held her up at first, but when they reached deep water he cruelly let go of her and she just struck out on her own. She says it's easy.

With golf her main trouble was the caddy. He watched her with such wide open eyes that she couldn't even touch the ball. So her escort paid the boy and sent him home, after which she made some beautiful drives—so to speak.

Most of this happened up on Justice White's estate near Poughkeepsie where the girls have a standing invitation. Connie had a lot of fun fishing and rowing and Vet, of course, was no novice at any of the sports.

The girls seldom go to night clubs because their mother does not like it. Nor do they serve drinks in their home. Mamma Boswell came up to see them last Christmas and they wouldn't let her go back.

Men are so helpless: Billy Rose, the composer-producer, wanted to call up his wife, Fanny Brice, in Europe the other night but was afraid she'd bawl him out for spending so much money. He is furnishing their new penthouse apartment, and wanted to ask her if linoleum with eighteen-inch black and white squares would be too hard to keep clean.

A good girl: People who watched the roof of the Windsor Hotel in New York too closely were disappointed. They found that June Pursell wears a cream colored bathing suit when she suns herself on the roof.

(RIGHT)

Morton Downey, posing especially for New Movie Magazine, the day before he sailed for his vacation on the Continent. And was he excited? We'll say so.



Photo by Wide World



Photo by Wide World

Over the bounding main: Kate Smith showed the slim girls a couple of things when she went aquaplaning with Mrs. Guy Lombardo at Long Beach. Kate is still hard to beat in the water, even though her wind isn't what it used to be in the old days back home on the Potomac.

Kate—or Katherine, as her close friends call her—is very much of a home body. She keeps a completely equipped kitchen in her Park Avenue apartment and cooks special meals herself for her intimate friends.

The Swanee Singer has the strangest hobby of any radio star—collecting perfume bottles. She doesn't use

Margaret Livingston (Mrs. Paul Whiteman, now that she's retired from the screen) put Paul on a special diet and made him stick to it. Here she is shown, in a photograph especially posed for New Movie Magazine, watching over the Whiteman trough to see that Herr Paul doesn't surreptitiously slip in some fat-makers. Paul's writing a book on his prize diet.

perfume herself, but she thinks the bottles have the prettiest shapes and colors. There are three hundred of them now in her bedroom.

(Please turn to page 85)

XTRA!!

WALLACE IRWIN

projects Togo, the Japanese Schoolboy, into his most hectic and hilarious Hollywood adventure



till it sound like Mayor Walker talking politicks with Judge Seabury. "Hooley!" she howell. "Balloony sausage!" she yall.

"Gal of my dreams," he revoke with gentile smiling, "what can I do to make you still more happy on this sunkissing day of So. California?"

"You know well & so do I," she corrode, "since I come to this Talkative Photograph Headquarters my Art have been steadily slipping backwards like a pair of skates. When you marry me did you not promus to make me famus? So ha!!! My last flim 'O Passion, Passion' were a complete failure.

Were Miss Caramel Sweet Kidnabbed?

To Editor Tower Magazine, from which I learn the American Language.

DEAREST SIR:

A FEW days of your Miss Caramel Sweet approach very madly to her husband, Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, Mussolini of Hollywood. She stand there looking proud and hotty. She would of lifted up her eyebrows, but a Beauty Dr. done that already, so she only got 12 hairs to lift.

"Geo!" she holla baffably. But he did not give her any tension. He were in his Thinking Studio, inventing a new seedless firecracker for Hon. Jackie Cooper. "Geo!" she pronounce again with her voice full of eagles.

"Yes, ma'am, my bunny hunch," he dictate sweetishly like Hon. Will H. Haze.

"This are an outrag!" she howell and yall. "I will not N. Dure it longer." She go onwards like that



For why? Because my name do not get plastered on front pages of newspapers. Even when I go out with green complexion and blue hair I find all reporters looking at Norma Shearer to find what she do to her fingernails. Poor axcuse for a husband that you are! You know what I need?"

"Maybe you need yeast," he dictate.

"I need Publicity!" she yellup.

"You should not come to Hollywood for that," he blurb. "You should be shamed. O fi & tutt!"

"Don't you fi me any of your tutts!" she aggreivate. "I demand to get my name on Page One, or I shall move to Poverty Row & starve on 80,000 \$ per yr."

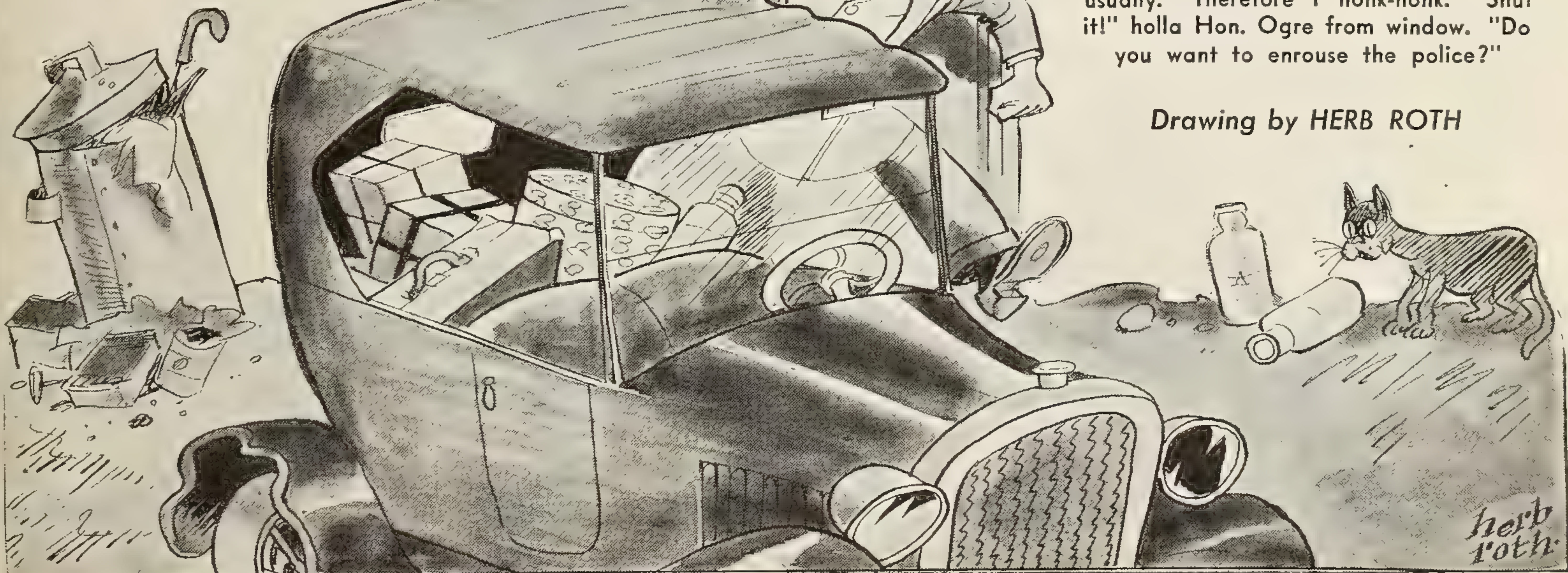
Hon. Geo. F. Ogre stood uply and walked in his boots to make his brain go faster.

"Can do it!" he say inside himself, making his teeth look like Napoleon. "Can do it! Dolling, by

(Please turn to page 93)

Miss Caramel Sweet were late, as usually. Therefore I honk-honk. "Shut it!" holla Hon. Ogre from window. "Do you want to enrouse the police?"

Drawing by HERB ROTH



Around the WORLD...



Gloria Stuart and Tom Brown start out for a stroll in "New York" at Universal studios. And (below) Tom serves refreshments to her in an Alsatian courtyard.



*Photographed exclusively for
New Movie Magazine by Wide World*



Then Tom and Gloria stroll through an old English prison near London (above) and after, without a moment's loss of time, they step on the magic carpet and pay an inspection call on a quaint little tavern (below) on the slopes of the Austrian Alps.

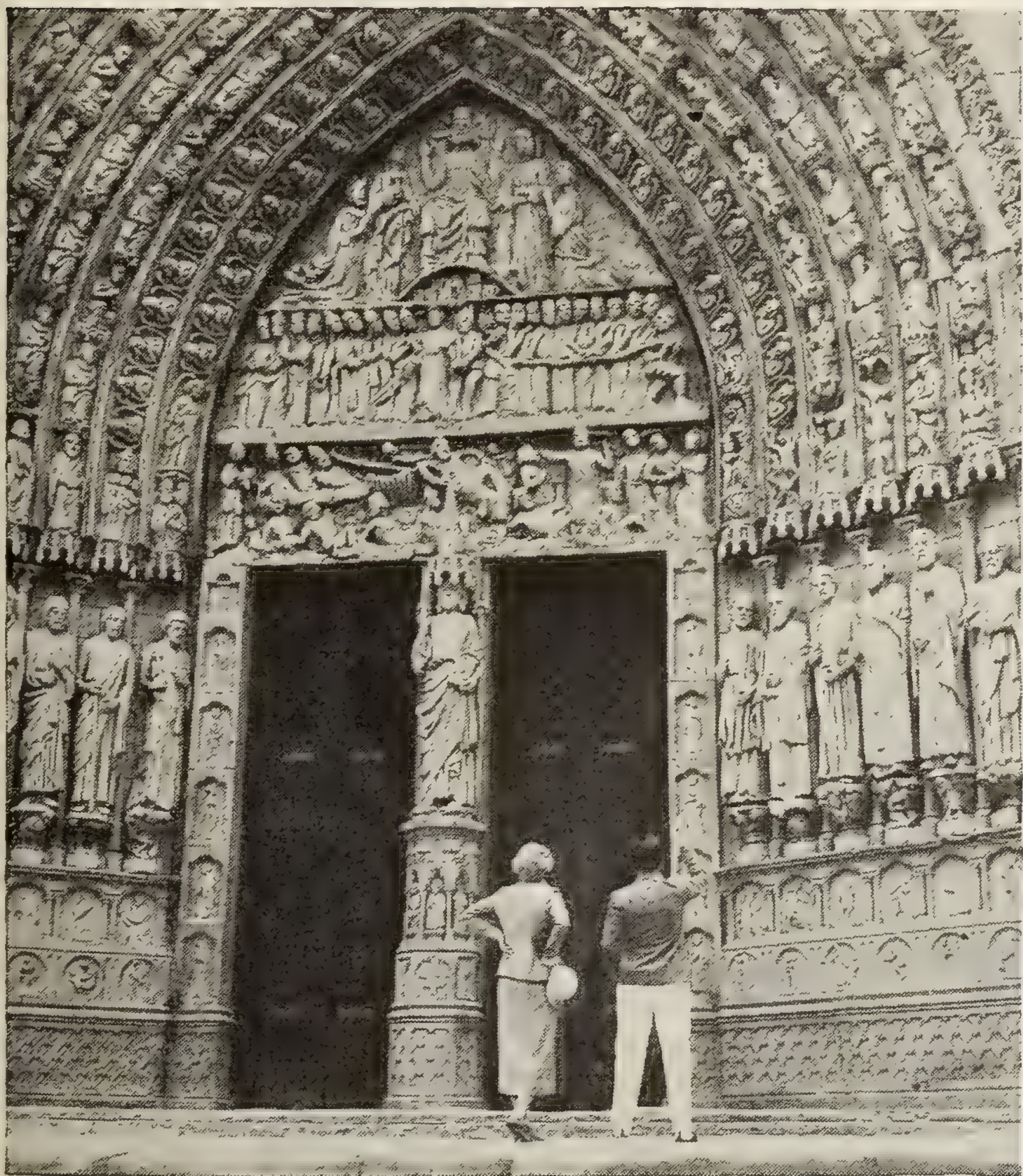


Only in Magic Movie Capital of Hollywood Can You Circle the Globe



Next, Gloria and Tom inspect a little church in the hills on the eastern border of Germany—but the preacher is away.

Below: Gloria and Tom at the Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, and (right) taking a casual look around in the streets of Tunis.



in the Span of a Few Short Moments



Stopping for a moment at a Norwegian fishing village (above) before completing their tour of the world, which—and we'll let you in on the secret now—consumed only a half hour in all, in a walk through some of the permanent sets at the Universal studio.



**in 30
MINUTES!**

Stirring up the Wild Animals



Drawings by
KEN CHAMBERLAIN

By HERB HOWE

Adventurer, Explorer and Big Game Hunter

HOLLYWOOD

THE screen is entering upon a new cycle. It promises to be a great season for ape-men, jungle beasts and all wild things. Lupe Velez should come into her own. (This is your astrologer speaking.) Incidentally, if you happen to be a tiger or python I urge you to lose no time in taking a film test. This is *your* opportunity. The latest screen triumph was scored by a python and tiger, co-starring, in "Bring 'Em Back Alive." All producers are now turning to the animal kingdom for material.

But don't be fooled by that picture called "Animal Kingdom." There are no animals in it, just the usual Hollywood vegetables. I do not mean to infer that the vegetable kingdom will be totally abandoned during this cycle. We all love our old garden favorites too well. But I *do* say that the beasties of the jungle



Already I have asked for the rôle of the lion.
But mustn't tickle, Lupe, or bite ears!

If you catch a stranger eyeing you up and
down, don't get haughty and turn away.

will have the vogue for some time yet.

However, do not be discouraged if you are not of the snake or cat family. Who knows, you may be an ape-man or ape-lady. That's a question too delicate for anyone to decide for you but yourself.

IF you should catch a stranger eyeing you up and down, don't get haughty and turn away. He's probably a producer. They're all out looking for new faces, they say, though their glances may stray somewhat further.

This resurgence of the prospecting fever is due partly to hard times and partly to a recent run of rich finds. The uncovering of a prize like Johnny Weissmuller was sufficient alone to start a safari. Now every studio is beating the

Joan Blondell

Paul Muni

George Raft

Johnny Weissmuller

Ann Dvorak

Warren William

Leslie Howard

Claudette Colbert

Lyda Roberti

If you happen to be a tiger or a python, take a film test. This is your opportunity.

Our Hollywood Boulevardier strolls nonchalantly through the Movie jungles

jungles for *Tarzans*, male and female. To say they are looking for new faces is perhaps a trifle misleading. No one succeeds by face alone these days. Our artistic appreciation has been whetted and we demand our money's worth. Old-fashioned "discoveries" are of the past; this is the cycle of screen uncoveries.

I, PERSONALLY, have always been a primitive. Maybe I was just ahead of the times. Lupe Velez, for instance, has long been my favorite. Now the studios are after her to play a mademoiselle Tarzan. No one could wrestle lions and spank tigers about more effectively than Lupe-Whoopee-hotchacha.

And it certainly would be a break for the beasties to have Lupe to play with. Already I have asked for the rôle of the lion. I feel I could do a lot more with it than the last man did. I mean with Lupe tarzaning. But musn't tickle, Lupe, or bite ears!

APE-BOYS have it on ape-girls in popularity right now. Maybe it's the masculizing influence of the Olympic games and elections. But I think the boys have Al Capone to thank. Gangsters shoved the gold-diggers out of the picture. Cagney and Gable sky-rocketed by slapping the fair sex down.

Surveying the newcomers I find a flock of boy-apes swinging upward: Johnny Weissmuller, George Raft, Paul Muni, Richard Cromwell, James Dunn, Leslie Howard, Eric Linden, Warren William, Tom Brown, Robert Young, Lee Tracy, George Brent, Nils Asther, Gene Raymond, Gary Grant, Joe McCrea, David Manners, Bruce Cabot.

NOT so many females: Jean Harlow, Gwili Andre, Ann Dvorak, Sally Eilers, Joan Blondell, Anna Sten, Claudette Colbert, Sari Maritza, Lyda Roberti, Karen Morley, Bette Davis, Louise Closser Hale.

BUT the leadership is female. No man swings as high as Garbo. And Marie Dressler can still out-run the fast-sprinting Cagney. Maybe even out-box him.

WE all know that success in pictures is due to hard work and work alone. Here is my choice of successes and the reason why: Jean Harlow—because she doesn't depend on mere prettiness of face—not by a long-shot!

Johnny Weissmuller—because the kiddies are crazee for him and the mammas too.

George Raft—because he is part Italian, has those suggesting eyes and—not that it matters—is a very good actor. (Please turn to page 89)

The Girl Nobody Knows

Hollywood's greatest mystery is
IRENE DUNNE—who is simply herself

There's an old saying that still waters run deep.
And that, perhaps, best describes Irene.



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach. Posed exclusively for New Movie Magazine

By **REGINALD TAVINER**

IRENE DUNNE made her first bow on the stage of life exactly at midnight. Perhaps that's why, so far as she is concerned, Hollywood is still much in the dark.

Ordinarily, when a new star flashes across the cinema sky like Irene did in "Cimarron," and then "Back Street," the whole colony knows all about her at least by the next day. But the quiet, enigmatic Miss Dunne has been on the screen for almost three years now, and still Hollywood hasn't been able to figure her out.

On the face of it, there wouldn't seem to be anything so mysterious about such an essentially normal person as Irene. Her biography is simplicity itself, and she appears at first blush to be as typically a homegrown product as sorghum or sarsaparilla. Yet the planets must have had their wires crossed or something, for it was a most complex personality that they ushered into the world at Louisville that night.

What other motion picture star, for instance, would dream of singing over the radio *incognito*, just to keep in practice? Irene does it often, and so the next time you hear a full mezzo-soprano warbling under a trick name, listen carefully and see if it isn't the same voice

you heard in "Back Street." That's just one of Irene's unique ideas.

AS a youngster along the Ohio River, where her father was a steamboat captain and she lived until she was ten years old, Irene was pretty much of a mad-cap—the exact opposite of what she appears to be now. Then she was a terror to the neighbor boys, her chief delight being to sit on the bank of the old swimming hole so that they couldn't come out until she went home. Incidentally, when she did go home she left their clothes behind her—all tied up in knots. We called it "chawing raw beef," when I was a kid.

Once, when her father was ill and couldn't take his boat on the daily run, she took command and made the trip for him. Whenever she thinks of that episode now it gives her the chills to realize the risks she ran—not on her own account but the boat's—but it still remains the highlight of her life.

It was on that same river that she first became stage-struck. Fate, she believes, must have had a lot to do with that, for it was on the old floating showboats that she saw her first play. And it (*Please turn to page 107*)

Playtime with the Stars

Many and varied are the games
that attract the stars, after the
days work is over

By FLO MARSHALL

FAY WRAY, John Mack Brown, Gloria Swanson, David Manners, Bob Montgomery, Marian Nixon, Constance Bennett, Ann Harding, William Powell, Carole Lombard, Neil Hamilton, the Gleasons, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey, as well as dozens of others, are addicted to games. And many and varied are the ones they play.

"Tables aren't used for service any more, but for games," David Manners exclaimed to me, "and if you get tired of them, you try table tipping. I've never played so many different games in my life as I've played here the past year. If this is the 'wicked Hollywood' one hears about, kindergarten must be a den of iniquity!"

Some of the tables are devoted to games of chance and technical knowledge. Historical and geographical knowledge, quickness of mind and vocabulary all play their part, while other tables are surrounded by players enjoying games of intelligence and logical reasoning difficult enough to crack any brain.

Bob Montgomery is responsible for the braincracking entertainment. This favorite game of his is called *Murder* and is anything but easy to play.

He and Betty Montgomery, Eddie and Suzanne Nugent, Chester and Sue Morris, Elliot and Norma Nugent, Dorothy Jordan and Donald Dilloway were playing it like this when I called to Watson for the step-ladder, and peered through the transom for you, gentle reader.

"How do we play it Bob?" someone was asking.

"I give you the story, circumstances, details and situations of the murder and you solve the mystery by questioning me," Bob explained. "I have to be any character you want to question and I have to tell the truth, unless it is the guilty one, who may lie to save himself. Here is one to try.

"A theatrical troupe was giving a final performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin. In the company were the manager (Little Eva's husband), Little Eva, Sinclair (her brother), Marks, a lawyer, Legree, Uncle Tom, a stage manager, Topsy and three assorted darkies.

"The company manager is seated in the front row of the theatre when the play ends. Curtain is lowered by stage manager for a curtain call with the entire company on stage, except Uncle Tom. As the curtain is lowered and raised again Sinclair walks off, Uncle Tom comes on, walks to the footlights, shoots the com-



Dolores Del Rio (above) introduces a new game that is played with a milk bottle.

Bob Montgomery's favorite party entertainment is a game called — Murder.



Carole Lombard, left, and Bill Powell have their own special game for the entertainment of guests.

pany manager then runs off-stage. In the confusion lights go out and on, everybody runs to Uncle Tom's dressing room, where they find him bound to a chair,

gagged and just coming out of ether. Mystery —WHO KILLED THE COMPANY MANAGER?"

AS Bob finished the questions flew thick and fast.

"Was Eva's brother, Sinclair, aware of any trouble between her and her husband?"

"Why did Sinclair leave the stage?"

"Did Eva have an affair with any other man in the troupe?"

"Where was Uncle Tom during the first curtain call?"

"Where is the gun?"

By working along these lines, the plot was solved. They considered fingerprints, the way people had moved on the stage, who had stood near the exits, what the motive could be and every possible clue. Finally, it was learned that the stage man- (Please turn to page 110)



WHAT'S NEW?

News and pictures of forthcoming films and advance information on what Hollywood studios are doing

RONALD COLMAN'S next talkie for United Artists, to follow "Cynara," will be an original by Sydney Howard as yet untitled. It is a U-boat yarn in which Colman will play a submarine officer.

MAURICE CHEVALIER'S next offering will be an original story by Gouverneur Morris, "Pied Piper of Paris." Chevalier returns from Paris for this in December.

MARLENE DIETRICH is to appear next in "Deep Night," directed by Josef Von Sternberg.

ERIC VON STROHEIM returns to directing when he begins "Walking Down Broadway" for Fox with James Dunn, Minna Gombel and Zasu Pitts. This is from an un-produced play by Dawn Powell.

CONSTANCE BENNETT'S next for RKO will be an original written by Adela Rogers St. Johns, who also authored Connie's recent hit, "What Price Hollywood."

MARY PICKFORD'S successful silent film, "Tess of the Storm Country" is to star Janet Gaynor, soon, with Alexander Kirkwood in the lead, directed by Al Santell.

RKO will bring Ernest Hemingway's famous novel, "The Sun Also Rises," to the screen shortly.

"NO Man of Her Own," co-starring Clark Gable and Miriam Hopkins has gone into production at Paramount.

FOLLOWING "Wild Girl," the talkie she is now making, Joan



A scene from "A Farewell to Arms," made by Paramount, with Gary Cooper, Helen Hayes (borrowed from M.G.M.), and Adolphe Menjou as the principals. From the popular novel by Ernest Hemingway. Likely to be outstanding. Originally Claudette Colbert and Fredric March were to have played the two younger rôles. Menjou refused Gloria Swanson's offer to be her leading man in her English-made picture, to play in this. Helen Hayes cut short her European vacation not to miss the chance for the part of the girl.

At left: Aline MacMahon, Jack Oakie and Russell Hopton in Universal's "Once in a Lifetime," the New York stage success that satirized the movies so hilariously. Written by Moss Hart and George Kaufman, the play had a long run. When it was sold to Universal for picturization, the news set the whole film colony to speculating on whether it would ever be actually produced. But here it is.



Bennett will star in "Pier 13" for Fox, direction by Alfred Werker.

M.G.M. has purchased "White Sister," the story that once starred Lillian Gish, for Helen Hayes and as soon as Helen completes "A Farewell to Arms" with Gary Cooper for Paramount, she returns to M.G.M. for this talkie.

"RED DUST," from a play by Wilson Collinson, is to co-star Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in a soon-to-be-produced M.G.M. offering.

CLIVE BROOK goes to Fox to enact the name part in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's popular story, "Sherlock Holmes," direction William K. Howard. Later Clive will be starred in Fox's screen version of Noel Coward's successful stage spectacle, "Cavalcade," directed by Frank Lloyd.

WALLIE BEERY is scheduled to appear in "Flesh" for M.G.M. The title may be changed.

Katharine Hepburn, Billie Burke and John Barrymore in RKO's "Bill of Divorcement," from the play by Clemence Dane, being directed by George Cukor. Miss Hepburn, the New York society girl reputed to be worth several millions, plays the rôle in which Katherine Cornell made her first American stage success. John Barrymore plays the insane husband. Billie Burke comes back to the screen after an absence of ten years.



Edmund Lowe and Irene Ware in a new Fox production, "Chandu, the Magician," adapted from the radio broadcasts written by Harry Earnshaw and Vera Oldham. Bela Lugosi, who was last seen in "White Zombie," is in the cast. Irene Ware is the New York secretary who was acclaimed Miss America at the Galveston beauty contest in 1929. Co-directed by Marcel Varnel and Cameron Menzies, with every promise of being a star thriller.

At left is a scene from M.G.M.'s new picture, "Father and Son," showing Lewis Stone as the father, and Jackie Cooper and Maurice Murphy as his sons. Others in the cast are Lois Wilson and Conrad Nagel. Directed by Charles Reisner, it is the story of how children are affected by modern divorce.



INTEREST is running high in "Madame Butterfly," with Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant, Paramount's talkie version of the John Luther Long story adapted by Zoe Akins and Harry Hervey.

THERE are whispers from M.G.M. that Jean Harlow, who became one of the screen's most enticing sirens when she covered her platinum locks with a red wig, may undergo still another metamorphosis, when she is assigned the part of the black-eyed, raven-haired Lulu Belle.

BORIS KARLOFF will be the latest to don the drooping whiskers of the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu. "The Mask of Fu Manchu" has been acquired by M.G.M., and the versatile Boris has been borrowed from Universal for the leading role.

At right: Richard Dix and Tom Brown in "Liberty Road," a picture of Southern prison road camps and convict labor. Directed by Rowland Brown, one of the authors of the story. One of RKO's specially exploited productions.



Lew Ayres and Maureen O'Sullivan in Universal's newspaper drama, "Okay, U. S. A.," written by William Anthony McGuire. Walter Catlett plays the rôle of the city editor. It is the story of a newspaper columnist, basically somewhat similar in idea to several pictures that have gone before. Directed by Tay Garnett.



Above: A scene from "Guilty as Hell," from the stage play, "Riddle Me This,"—with Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, Richard Arlen, Adrienne Ames and Noel Francis. An unusually interesting story, in which circumstantial evidence almost sends an innocent man to the electric chair, the audience knowing all the while who the murderer really is. A Paramount release directed by Erle Kenton. Hollywood is watching to see what Lowe and McLaglen do together as a team away from their parent studio, Fox. They'll have to put on top speed to beat some of their former successes.

Above: Showing action from Columbia's latest, "Polo," featuring Jack Holt, Evalyn Knapp, J. Farrell MacDonald, Walter Byron and Hardie Albright. The story is laid against the backgrounds of a Western army post and the swankiest part of Long Island. Admirers of Jack Holt, feminine beauty, and horses will all find gratification in this picture.

WHAT a party month this was! It was hard to pick out the parties which would be most interesting to tell about.

Ernst Lubitch's party, Harriet Parson's party, Lucille Gleason's tea, Una Merkel's party—and oh, there were simply dozens of beach parties, teas, buffet dinners, garden parties, and a variety of novelties. Think it'll be the novelty parties I'll write about this month, however.

"RIDE 'em cowgirl!" . . . "Ketch that cow!" . . . "Rope 'em, cowboy!" . . . YipPEE! . . . And so started the George O'Brien western party at his new ranch on the outskirts of Hollywood.

Marguerite Churchill was going back to the New York stage and George decided to give a party in her honor. It started out to be a nice little, quiet breakfast party for about eighteen.

"Come on out early Sunday. We're going to go for a ride and come back for an outdoor breakfast," said George. "I have a string of eighteen horses that are darbs, and we'll have us a lot of fun!"

That sounded marvelous—but about two days later, George called again and said: "Will Rogers just came back and is all excited about my western party. He insists on having his boys give a roping exhibition, putting on one himself, and sort of making it a big hullabaloo. Marguerite thinks it'd be fun to have a bang-up western party—so instead of our ride and outdoor breakfast we'll have a barbecue lunch and a real hoop-la western party. . . . You'll still be comin' along though, won't cha?"

Well, they began arriving about 9 o'clock. Will Rogers came with the stock for the bull-dogging and roping contest, and with his troupe of honest-to-goodness cowboys. Eric Pedley, Gwinn Williams, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers all came early, too, determined not to miss the start.

So George put them all to work preparing the long tables for the "brunch" guests. . . . Marguerite said you couldn't call what they were going to have "breakfast"—still it wasn't lunch; so the only thing to do to be proper was to call it "brunch". So "brunch" it was called for the rest of the day!

Marguerite is always on the watch for a "gag", so the day
(Please turn to page 83)



Photographed especially for New Movie Magazine

George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill at the cowboy "bruncheon" George gave in honor of Marguerite. But Will Rogers stole the show.

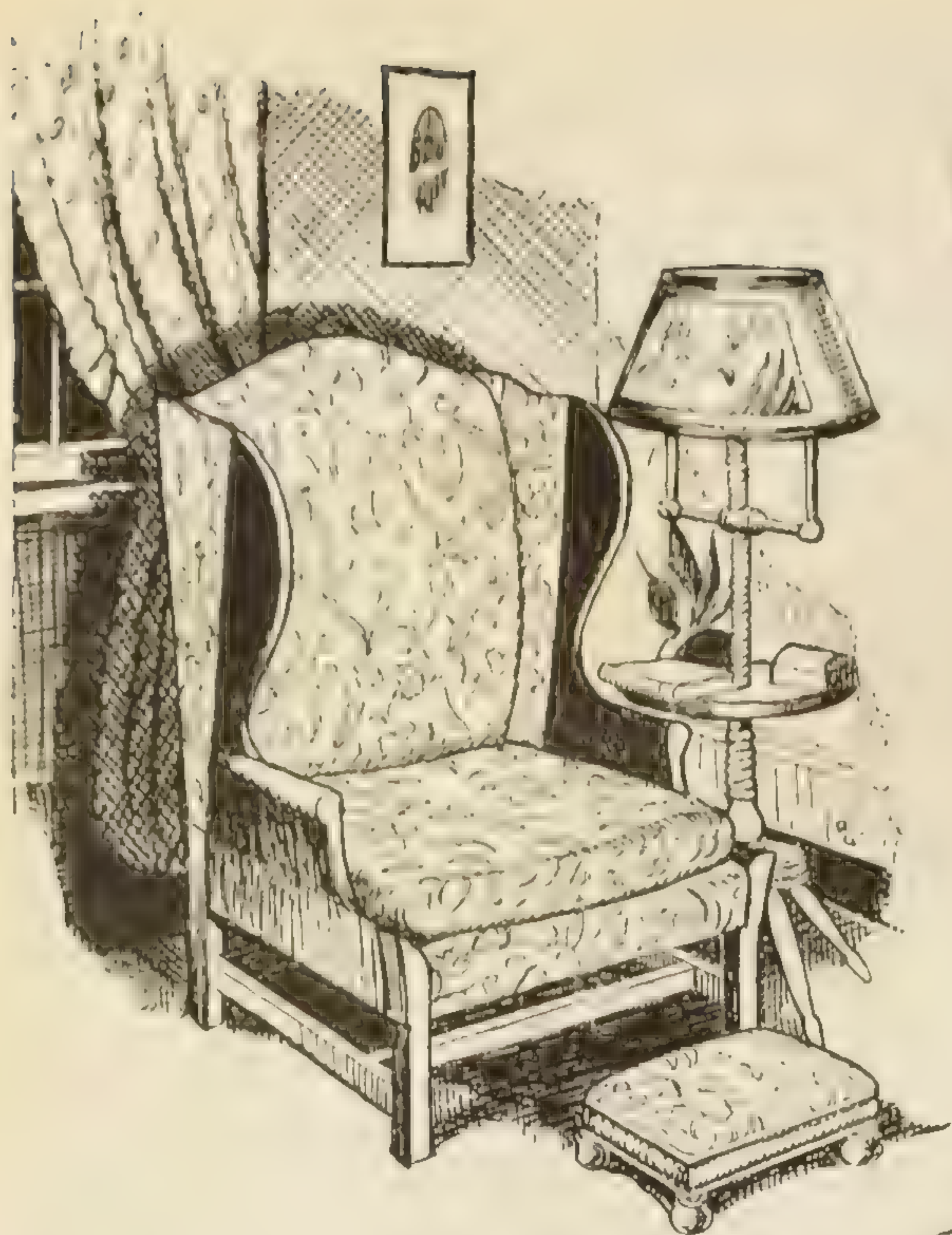
Parties Galore

First-hand gossip about this festive month of gaiety and revelry among the stars and near-stars in Hollywood and Malibu Beach

By DORIS DENBO



Marian Nixon, the hostess, and Vina Delmar, the writer, guest of honor at Marian's party.



Old-Fashioned Charm

IN MODERN FIXTURES

**Lighting fixtures typical of Colonial days
can be easily adapted to modern needs**

A comfortable wing chair and an old-fashioned candle-lamp table make a cosy fireside corner in the living room.

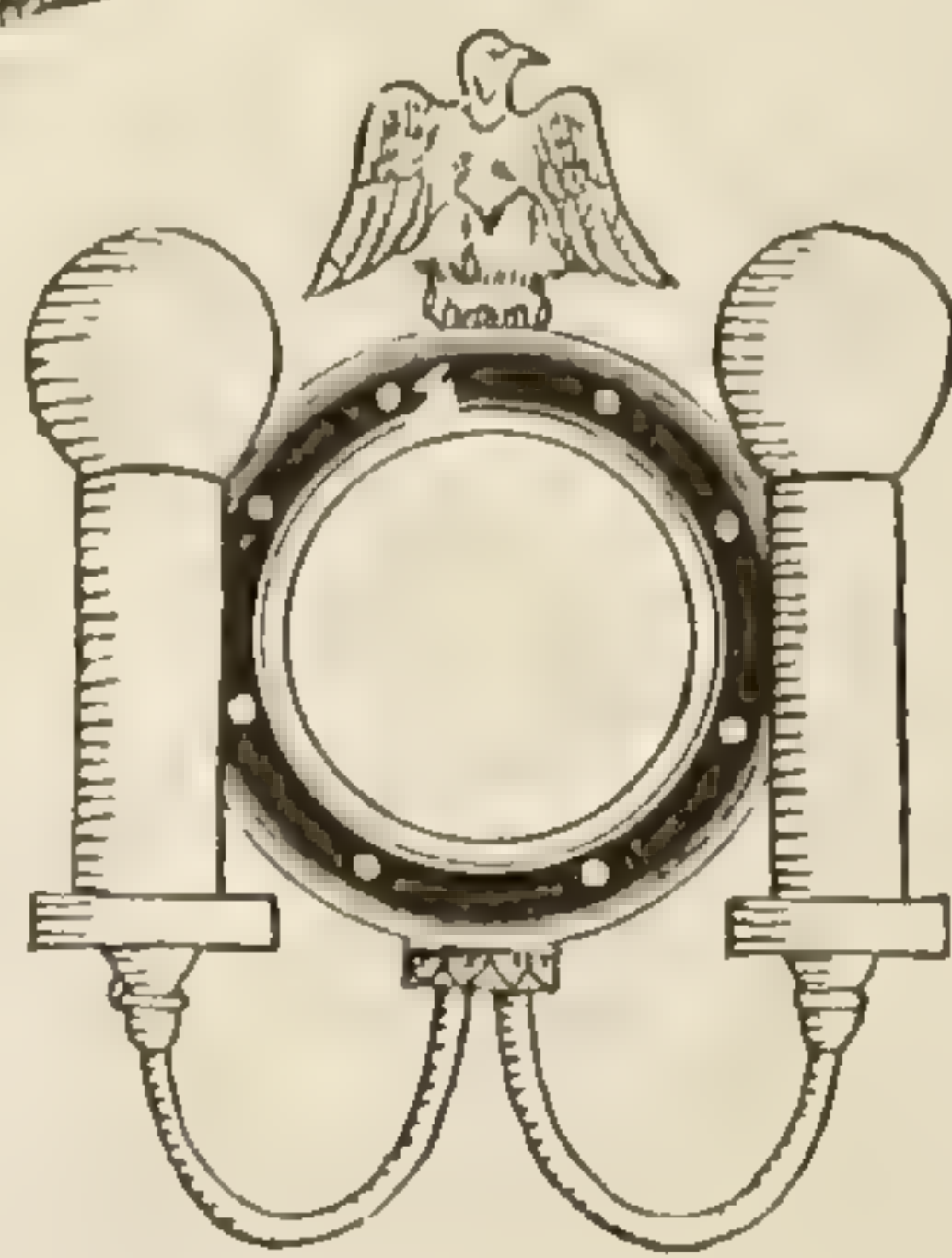
AMONG the many inconveniences of the early Colonial days were the means of illumination. Whale oil and candles had to be depended upon and while their soft light was very effective it was not sufficient. Great changes in lighting have been effected since those early days and now by merely pressing a button our rooms may be flooded with light.

Wall lights, ceiling lights and lamps of all kinds have been designed to harmonize with the style and decorative scheme of our homes. Therefore, in reproducing our Colonial house we can keep as close as possible to the charm of the old when selecting our lighting fixtures and still have the convenience of the modern.

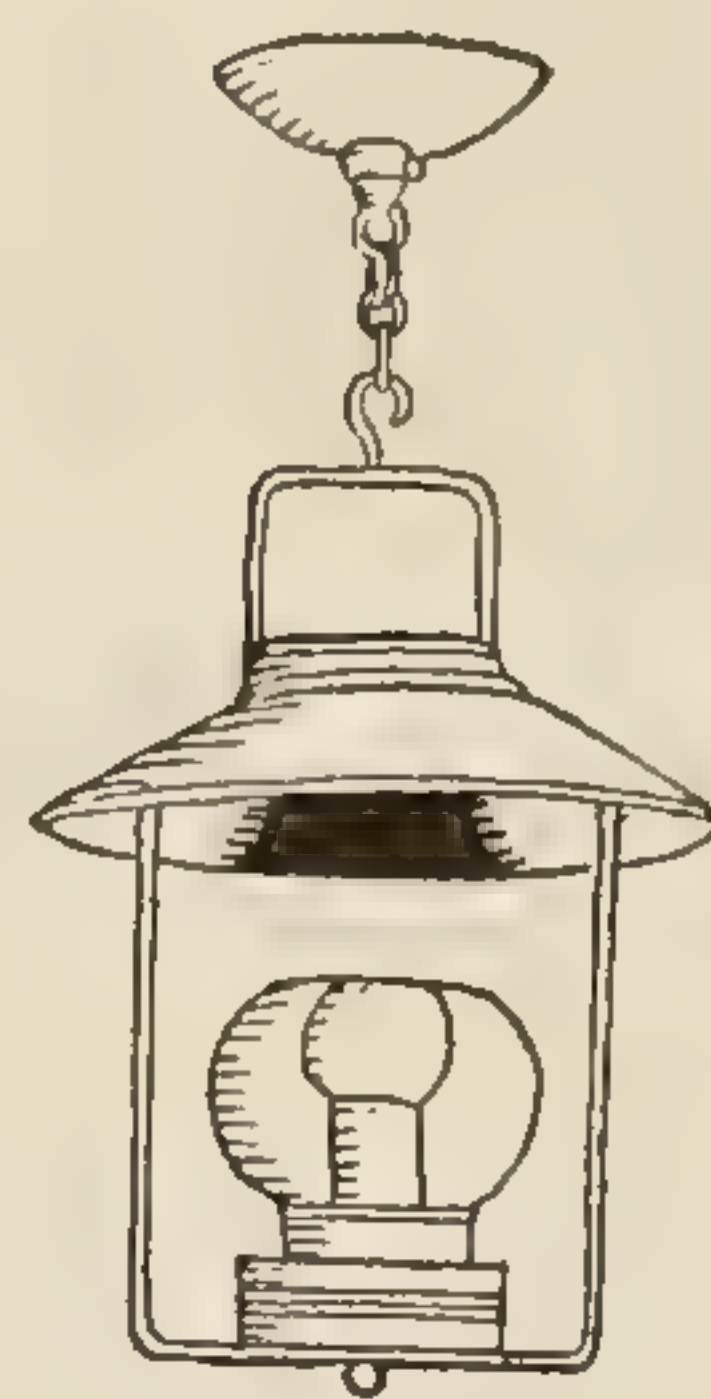
Each fixture should be chosen particularly for the room in which it is going to be used. We will start with the entrance hall. A ceiling light is necessary here and a reproduction of the old-fashioned hanging lantern would be most effective. The entrance hall in this house is not large, so additional wall lights would not be necessary; however, if you wish, attractive sconces could be used effectively on either side of the door leading into the living room.

In the living room, ceiling lights would be awkward on account of the low-beamed ceiling. The living room is exceptionally large so would require at least five sconces. A pair placed at either end of the room and a single sconce as you enter the room, next to the fireplace. The lighting of the living room to be effective should depend mostly on lamps but it is very convenient to have wall lights that can be switched on easily and quickly immediately upon entering the room.

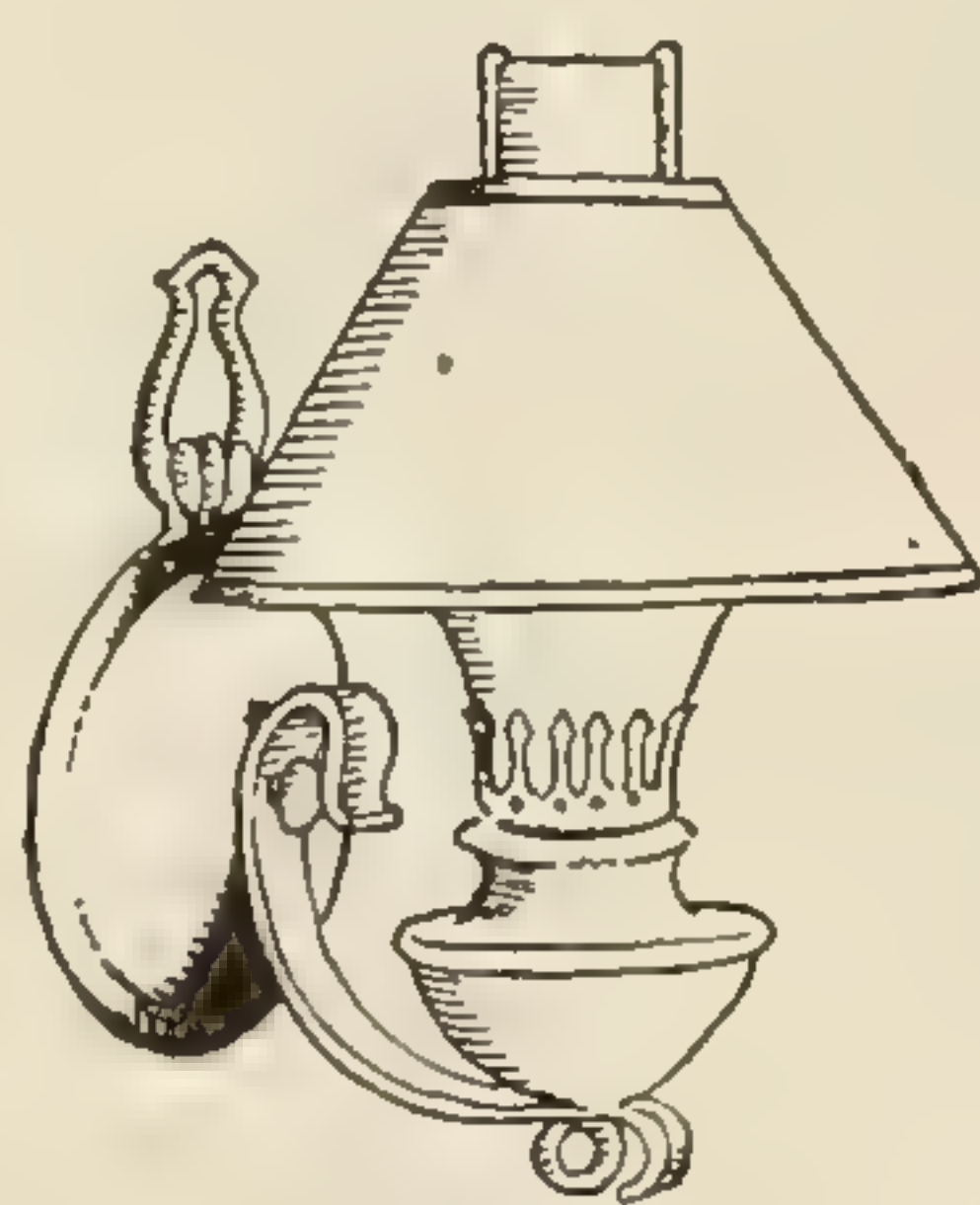
In the dining room it would be advisable to have both the ceiling light and wall lights. For this room we would suggest six wall lights in addition to a chandelier—since lamps are very seldom used in a dining room this



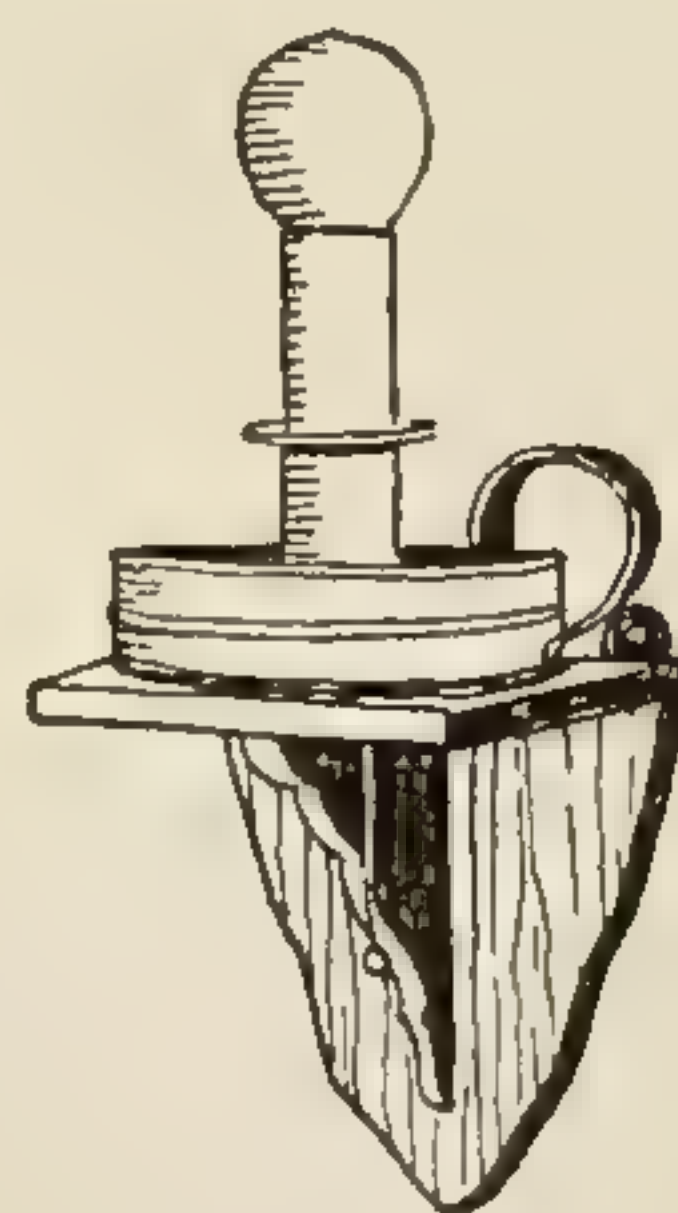
A more formal type of Colonial lighting fixture appropriate for the dining-room or entrance hall.



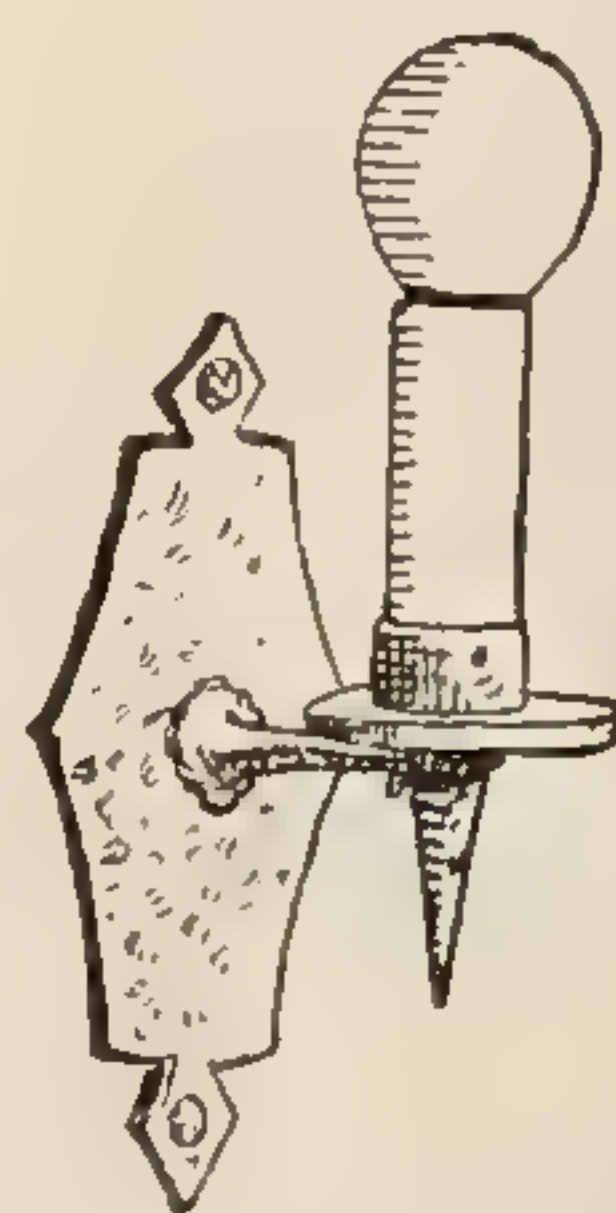
A lantern chandelier would be most effective in the entrance hall.



A copy of an old-fashioned shaded oil lamp which makes a charming sconce.

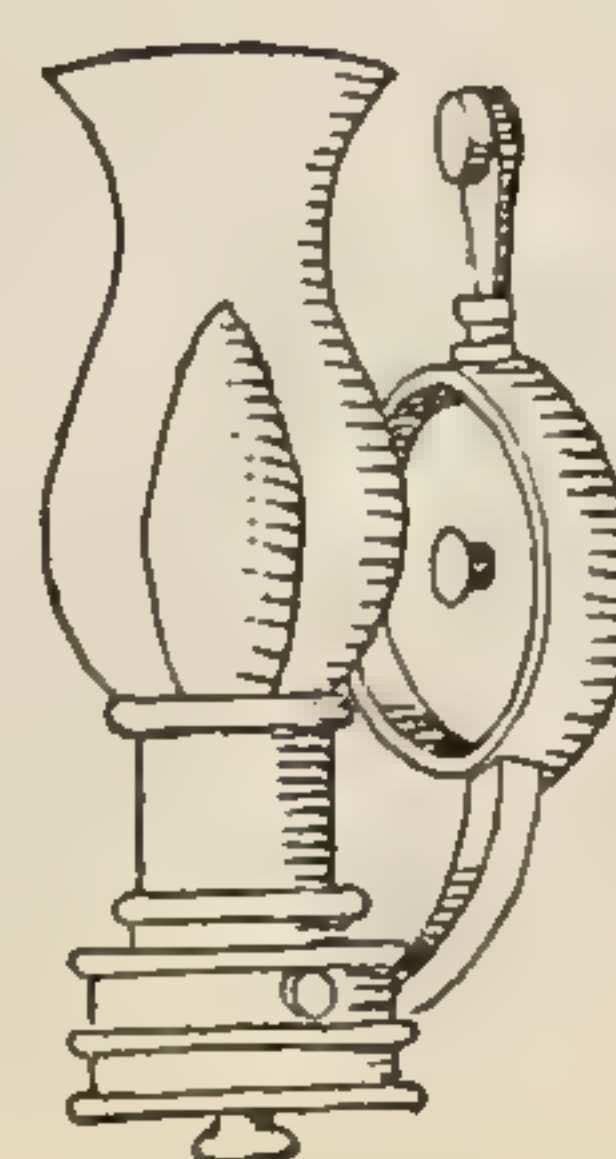


The quaint little pewter candle lamp perched on a maple bracket would be delightful for a child's bedroom.



A simple fixture in antique steel might go in the living room.

Another version of the old oil lamp without the shade which makes a lovely sconce.



would be our only means of illumination. The dining room is usually a formal type of room, therefore the lighting fixtures selected can be of a finer design and should be polished.

We have such a large selection of lovely reproductions of the old-fashioned lighting fixtures that we can choose a different style for each of the bedrooms. For the master bedroom we would suggest a simply designed pewter candle sconce using a small flame candle bulb and no shade. Two sconces would be sufficient for this room, at either side of the fireplace. A pair of lamps on the dressing table, a lamp on the bedside table and a good reading lamp placed conveniently near an easy-chair will supply ample lighting for the room. In the guest room we could have a less formal type of sconce, such as the reproduction of the old whale lamps with their graceful glass globes mounted on antique pewter or brass. Four sconces can be used in this room. One pair on the long unbroken wall and the other pair placed on the opposite wall on either side of the window. The bedside lamp and dressing-table lamps will supply the rest of the light for this room.

SINCE we are planning the third upstairs room for a child's room we could use the quaint little, pewter candle-lamp sconce perched on a maple bracket. Three of these sconces could be used in this room, one on the long wall and two on the wall opposite.

The large room in the basement can be used to advantage as a recreation or games room. Special attention should be paid to the selection of the lighting fixtures for this room. A large ceiling lamp throwing indirect light is advisable in this type of room so as to give sufficient light for the game tables. A few carefully selected bridge and table lamps placed near the comfortable reading chairs with the large ceiling fixture will provide ample light for this room. The other basement lights in the laundry, storeroom, etc., should be carefully placed so as to be most convenient and useful. Simple, inexpensive fixtures can be selected for this part of the house.

The wiring of the house takes place during the construction and it is wise to watch it carefully so as to be sure that there are sufficient outlets in each room for attaching lamps.

Eyes-

Learn from Frances Dee
whose lovely eyes are
made lovelier with care



1 "First and foremost," says Frances Dee, charming Paramount player, "is the eye cup." Every morning and every night she bathes her eyes to prevent strain and inflammation.

A WOMAN'S tresses may be her glory, but her eyes are the most magnetic, actively alluring charm she may possess! The "come hither" look in an eye is utterly irresistible if the eye is clear, sparkling, soft and properly made-up.

Never before has this fact been so generally acknowledged. Never before have the eyes been so carefully studied and cared for. With eye shadow for milady of the drawing-room, as well as for milady of the stage, came a careful study of eye effects and hundreds of instructions on how to use eye cosmetics.

To bring out the "it" in your eyes so that they may fulfill that old pun, "the look that lies in a woman's eyes—it lies, and lies, and lies"—you must know how to "dress" them.

This may only be accomplished by careful study of your own individual eye needs. If this is done, your eyes may lie as to size, beauty, lure—and meaning. It's all a matter of taking advantage of Mother Nature's gifts, plus the magic tricks of Madame Cosmetique!

We asked Frances Dee to tell us about eye make-up and how to take care of the eyes because she has two of the most voluble, fascinating blue orbs in Hollywood. She knows just how to use 'em when they are finished products of her skill, too, and that's quite an important item in eye "itness", don't you think?

"FIRST and foremost in eye care," says Frances, "is the eye cup. It is as important to give the eyes their morning and evening bath as it is to wash or cream the face night and morning, or to take the daily bath. (Please turn to page 95)



2 "Gently pat turtle oil or tissue cream around the eyes."



3 "Now pat cotton soaked in astringent over the lids."



4 "Smooth in eye shadow with the ball of the finger."



5 "Brush mascara up from the eye line to the lash tips."



6 "Pencil the brows lightly, starting at the nose."

Strike Up the Band!



John Boles, who will be featured in "Six Hours to Live."

—And what the orchestras and radio broadcasters are doing

BY JOHN EDGAR WEIR

EVERYWHERE there are signs that the studios will begin putting music back in the pictures. "Jubilo," the Fox picture starring Will Rogers, and having in the cast El Brendel, Nell O'Day and Dick Powell will be "a Follies' type of picture," according to the studio executives. Fox is also making "Six Hours to Live," with Warner Baxter and featuring John Boles of the golden voice.

Once again Waring's Pennsylvanians come through with a top-notch recording. "I Heard" is the title and, as you perhaps know, it's one of Don Redman's novelty tunes. The boys certainly cut loose and I know you'll get a laugh from the vocal refrains. There is some very good trumpet work, too, and plenty of rhythm. Don't miss this one. The other side, also by Waring's band, is just as good as the first but a different type of tune. "A Picnic For Two" is the title and it's on the sweet style. You should like it. (This is a Victor record.)

Duke Ellington is still with us and here is a tune by him that should hit you just right, "Baby When You Ain't There," and it's played in real Duke Ellington style with plenty of weird minor obligatos. This is a very smooth-running tune, nearly all sax work with only muted brass and plenty of rhythm. Be sure to hear it. The other side, also by the Duke, "Moon Over Dixie," is played a shade faster than the other side and makes an agreeable contrast. (This is a Brunswick record.)

Here's another good one by the Radio Rascals, "Old-Fashioned Love," and no doubt you are familiar with the tune. This record is just right for dancing and has plenty of heavy bass rhythm to help you along. The other side is also by the Radio Rascals—a novelty—the "Song of the Fiddlers," which is very corny but good for a laugh. Dick Robertson sings the vocal refrains. (This is a Victor record.)

Roger Wolfe Kahn gives us his latest effort, "Tell Me Why You Smile, Mona Lisa," the big Continental hit, and I know you'll like the recording. There is a good vocal chorus. The other side, also by the same band, is "There I Go Dreaming Again." A nice tune, too. (This is a Columbia record.)

Now we come to a peach of a vocal by Bing Crosby with Isham Jones' Orchestra, "Sweet Georgia Brown." You are all familiar with the tune and I know you won't be disappointed with this record. It is Crosby at his best and Isham Jones is always good.

"Let's Try Again" is the title of the other side by the same artists. This is a very beautiful tune and affords an agreeable contrast. (This is a Brunswick record.)

Here is one for all the admirers of Fletcher Henderson. "Poor Old Joe" is the title of the tune and it has plenty of snap and rhythm to it—just the thing for dancing. The other side is also by Fletcher Henderson and his boys, "Take Me Away From the River," a slower (*Please turn to page 79*)

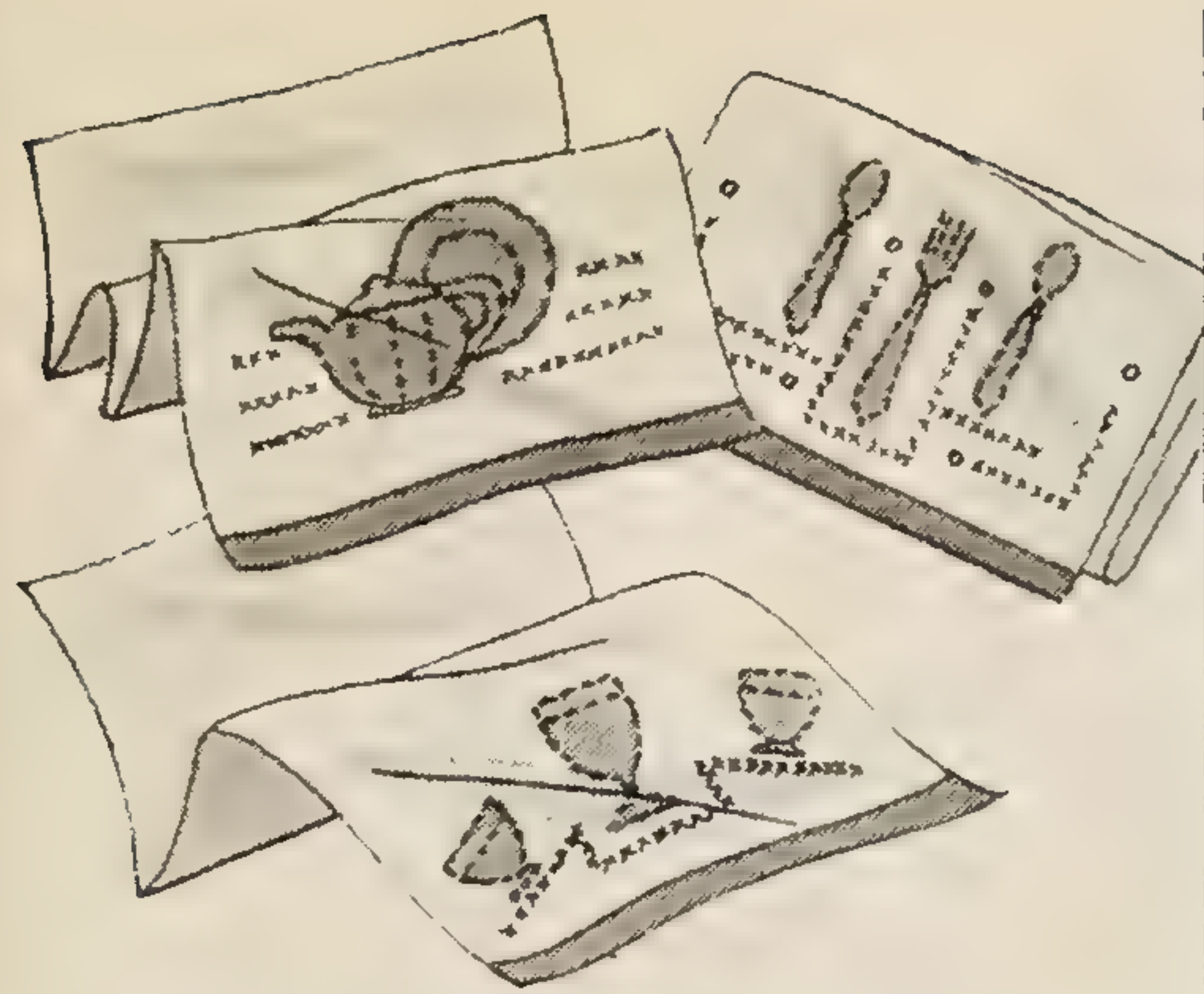
THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"I HEARD," fox trot—played by Waring's Pennsylvanians—Victor.

"BABY WHEN YOU AIN'T THERE," fox trot—played by Duke Ellington and his Orchestra—Brunswick.

"OLD FASHIONED LOVE," fox trot—played by The Radio Rascals—Victor.

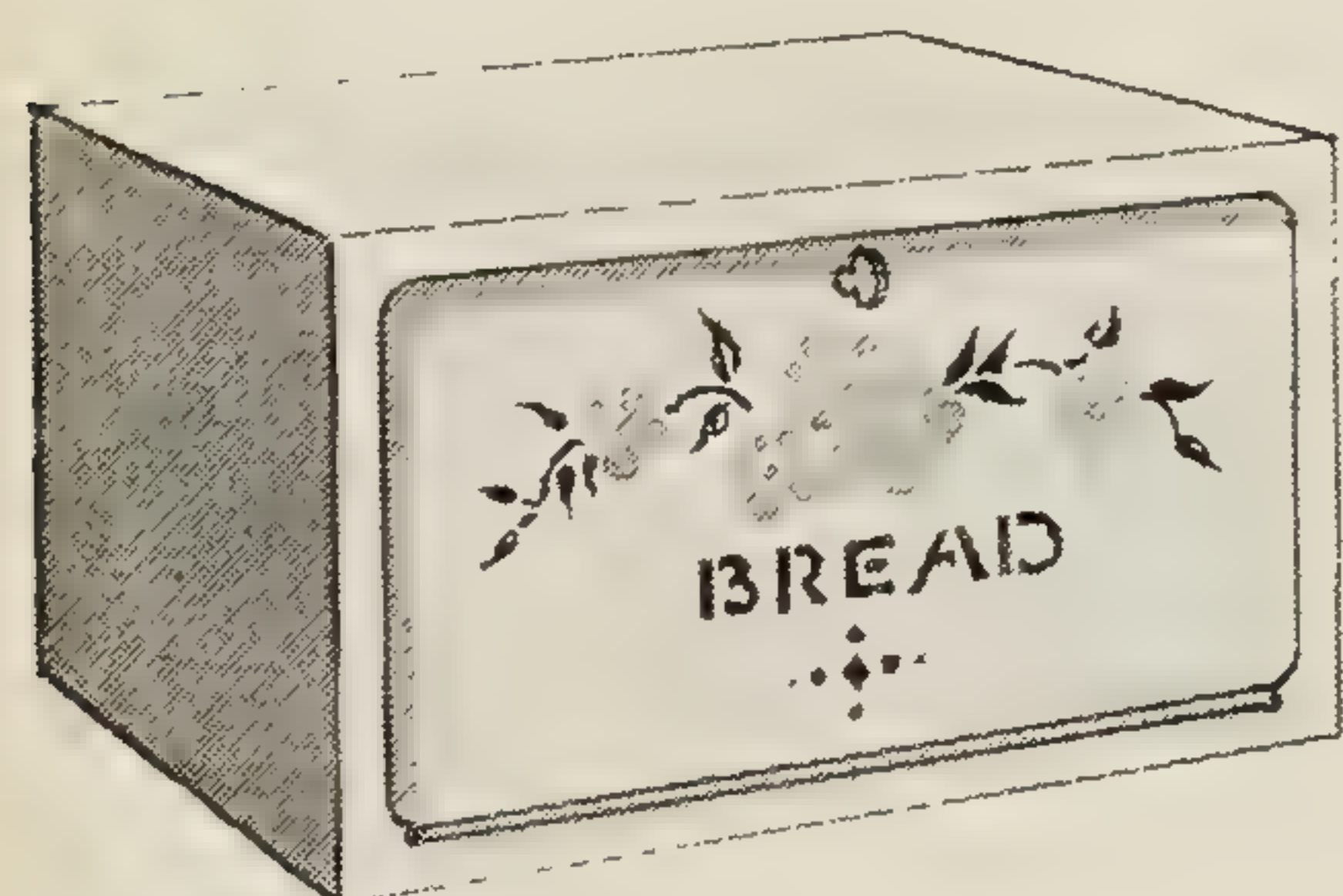
"TELL ME WHY YOU SMILE, MONA LISA," fox trot—played by Roger Wolfe Kahn and his Orchestra—Columbia.



Ocl60—Here are easy-to-make outline designs for your dish towels. Send for this circular.



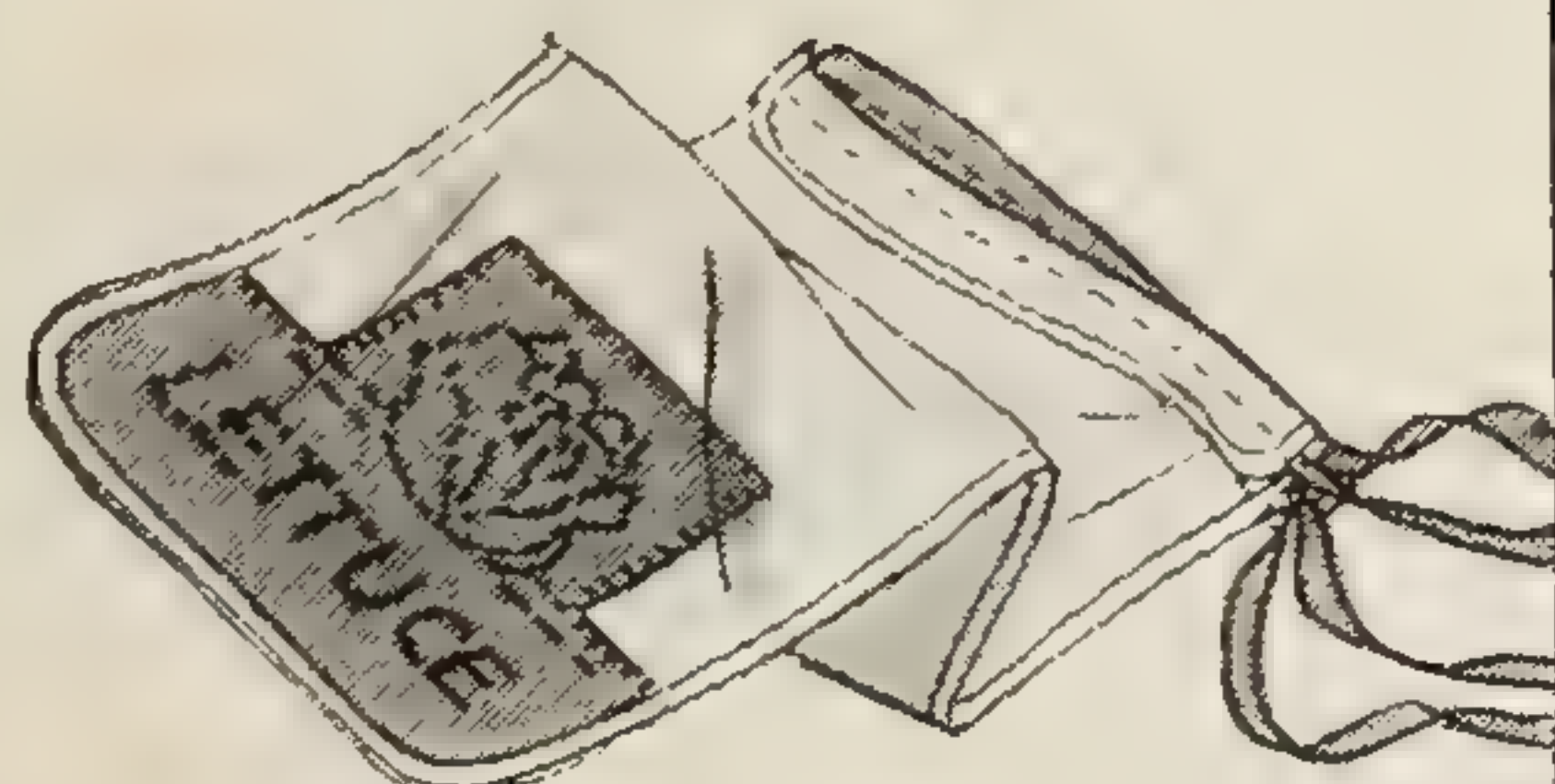
Ocl61—This circular gives diagram and directions for making a gay teapot holder from calico and seam binding.



Ocl62—Directions for making stencil design to paint on bread box and other kitchen containers.



Ocl63—The smartest new work aprons are made from striped cotton print and they are easy to make with the aid of this circular.



Ocl64—Make cotton bags for your lettuce, celery and other salad greens and decorate them with appropriate designs. Every housewife should have a set.

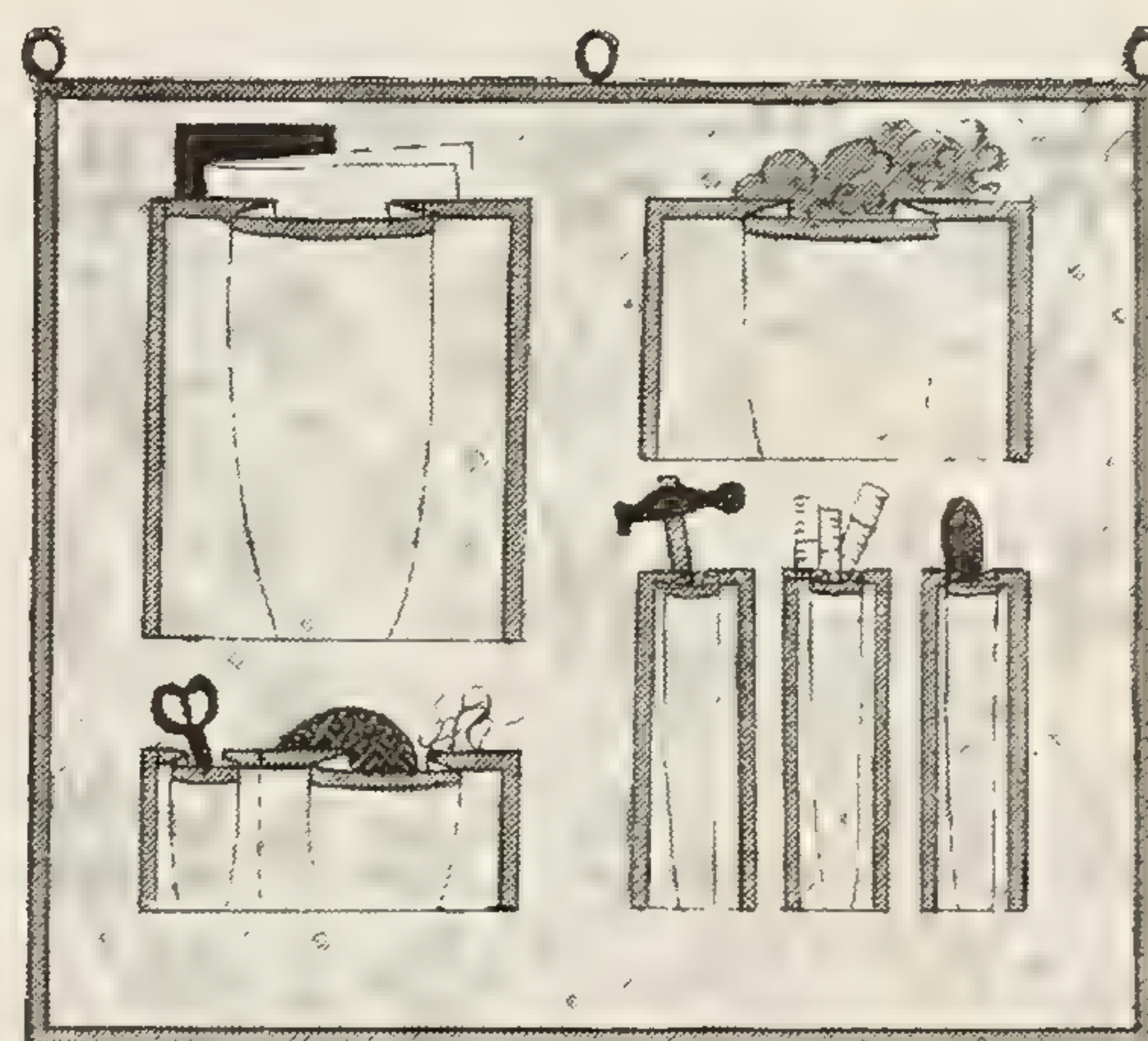
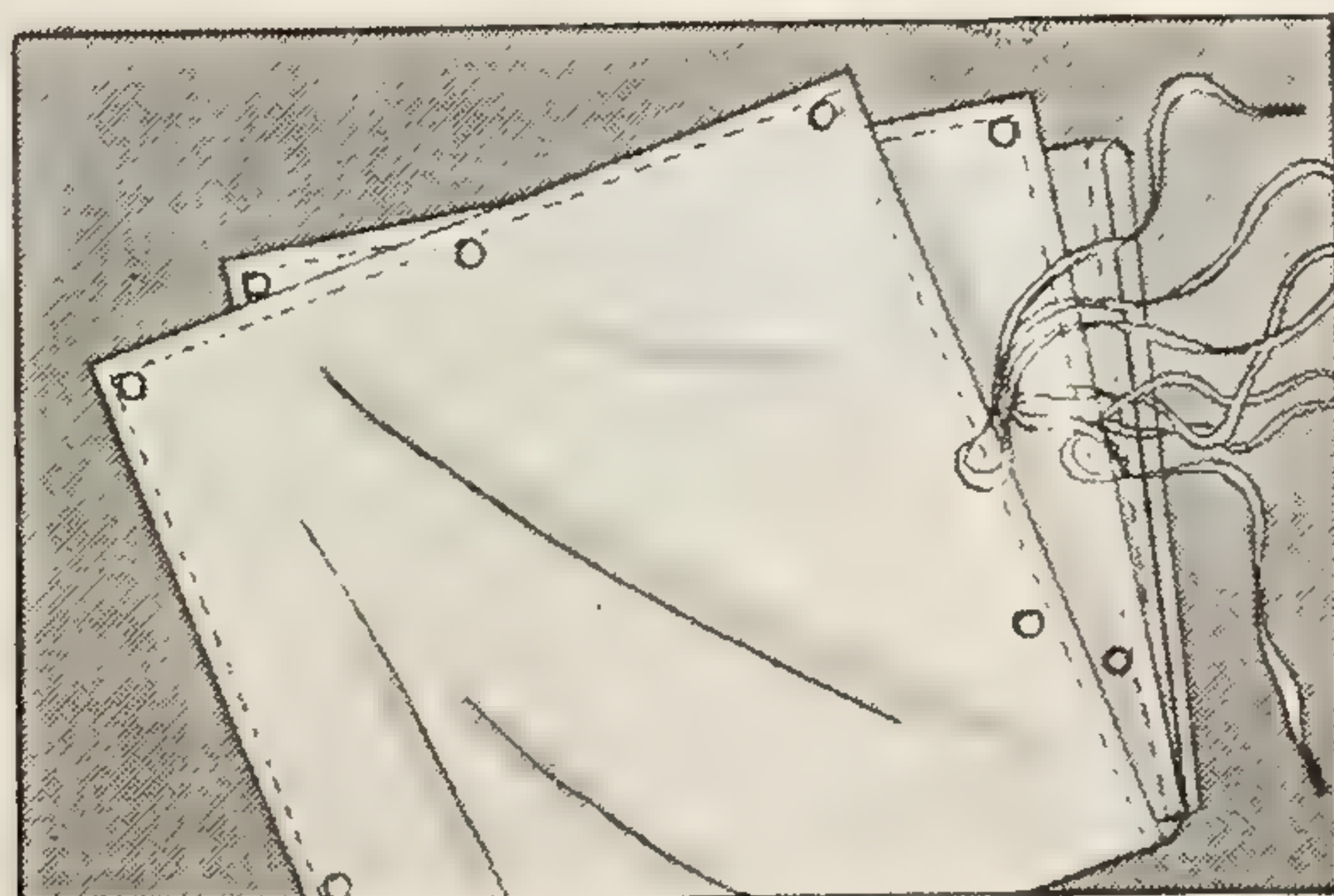


Ocl65—Add comfort and charm to your kitchen chairs by making checked gingham backs to match the window curtains.

For Your KITCHEN

Everything from dish towels to the ironing board may be given a touch of smartness with the aid of our New Method Circulars

Ocl66—It's easy to keep your ironing-board clean and tidy when you have a special cover like this made from heavy unbleached muslin. Make one for yourself and give one away.



Ocl67—A cretonne bag for your kitchen door provides convenient accommodation for paper, string, scissors and other tools. Send for circular for complete directions and diagram.

Turn to page 103 for directions for obtaining patterns described here.

Jimmie Gleason reads the rules while Lucille makes the pie. Read their inside cooking secrets and you'll know why they're happy



Photographed exclusively for New Movie by Wide World

The Gleasons Celebrate

TWO artists in one family—there are really three now, Jimmie and Lucille and young Russell—and no split-ups. That's the record of the Gleasons who just celebrated their 26th wedding anniversary in Hollywood. They aren't passing out any advice but the fact that Mrs. Gleason is an artist in the kitchen as well as on the movie lot may have something to do with it and she does let Jimmie run into the kitchen now and then and have a pre-taste.

This is the story of their twenty-sixth wedding anniversary and what they did, as Lucille Gleason herself tells it:

OUR silver wedding anniversary last year, was celebrated with literally hundreds of our friends, and was such a gloriously exciting day,



She and Jimmie run out into the kitchen now and then and have a pre-taste.

we decided this year to celebrate with just an intimate little home dinner for a small group of our closest

friends. It worked out very well.

For favors we had cut-out likenesses of Jimmie, Russell and me with our arms around one another holding the handle of little green paper nut cups.

The centerpiece was a huge bowl of gardenias and lilies of the valley, with maidenhair fern. White satin ribbons came from under the bowl of gardenias and led to individual gardenia and lily of the valley corsages for the women, and buttonhole gardenias for the men.

The table was laid with an old Italian lace banquet cloth. Two cream colored cathedral length candles in silver candlesticks gave us our only light.

My menu consisted of:

Clam juice and tomato juice cocktails (Please turn to page 97)

which do beauty Experts recommend tinted nails or natural?

Both! The shade of your nail tint depends on your gown!



*Vary your polish with
your costume says world
authority on manicure . .*

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. It goes with every one of your costumes but is best with bright colors—bright red, bright blue, bright green, purple, orange and yellow. It is the most popular tint today.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade good with any dress . . . either vivid or pale. Blondes often prefer it to all other shades. It is subtle and charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender . . . with dark green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black and dark brown—either daytime dresses or evening frocks. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for bright or "difficult" colors.

VARY your nail tint with your gown—the Beauty Experts say. It's time to stop wrinkling your lovely brows over whether to tint or not to tint your nails. And just put your best thought on *which tint* to wear with *what dress*.

If you find that color schemes tax your imagination, nobody cares if you refer to the panel on the left. And once you get going you'll find that this new nail fashion can do a lot for you . . .

Rose nails worn with your new brown autumn woollens will take you to tea anywhere you say. And Coral nails with a white chiffon frock are guaranteed to bring you a positively confusing number of dance partners!

Anyway, you'll never again wear the same color nails with red, green, blue and pink dresses, will you? You might as well wear the same hat.

And right here is a good place to mention quality as well as color. Cutex has both! It comes in four perfect

shades; absolutely won't crack, peel, streak or fade; and keeps its lustre one whole week!

And last, but not least, if you're a neat girl, it has a new bakelite cap with brush attached . . . all balanced so it can't touch the table top when you lay it down. That's efficiency for you!

Run around to your nearest dealer today . . . for two lovely shades to start with.

The Easy Cutex Manicure . . .

First, scrub the nails. Then remove the old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath the nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Wrap fresh, dry cotton on orange stick and run it under nail tips again. Now remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Finally, brush on one of the lovely shades of Cutex Liquid Polish—the shade that best suits your costume, your personality. You can choose from Natural, Colorless, Rose and Coral. End with a touch of Cutex Nail White—Pencil or Cream—under the nail tips for accent.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Cutex Liquid Polish



"My contract has two years to go," says Connie, "and anything may happen in that time."

CONNIE BENNETT is variously reported as having no sense of humor, being up-stage, temperamental and hard to handle, but the directors and camera crew on her sets declare her a good trouser and a good scout . . . and to prove she has a sense of humor and that it works, listen to this:

She was doing a scene in which she had to run up and down a flight of stairs.

Suddenly, after several rehearsals, the director called, "Hold it! Cameras and recorder reloading."

Connie Bennett's sense of humor . . . Connie's charities . . . Connie and her retirement . . .

Connie was completely out of breath and gratefully dropped into the nearest chair, puffing mightily.

"O.K. Cameras and recorder reloaded," called the assistant director. But Connie sang out lustily, "Hold

it! Bennett still reloading!" and she puffed a few more minutes before the scene was resumed.

HOLLYWOOD loves to keep the Constance Bennett-Gloria Swanson feud alive.

The latest story going the rounds is that on a little side street in Culver City, near the studio where the two stars once worked, is a corner grocery store labeled "Bennett's Best Foods." On the opposite corner is a delicatessen defiantly (*Please turn to page 76*)

HER SLEEP-STARVED NERVES SAID:

"IF YOU SAY ANOTHER WORD I'LL SCREAM!"



"Nerves" were losing her her husband and friends

Until She Found This Drugless Way To Steady Nerves And Restful Sleep

A CHANCE remark—innocently intended. But to her overwrought nerves it was the last straw!

Once more, in spite of her *real* self, she flared up. Said things she really didn't mean—things that even the most tolerant of husbands could scarcely forgive or forget.

What made her do it? Nerves—and nerves alone.

Frayed out nerves that nagged at her every hour of the day. Jumpy nerves that robbed her of sleep night after night until she was nearly frantic.

But all that was yesterday. Now she has found a simple, drugless way to overcome nervous irritability and get sound sleep every night. A way that thousands are turning to these days, largely on doctors' advice.

What It Is

Discovered in Switzerland, it is called Ovaltine—a delicious food-drink, taken with warm milk. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding shell-shocked, nerve-shattered soldiers.

For Ovaltine contains—in concentrated form—more than 18 natural food elements.

Notable among these elements is calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus too, is an essential constituent of brain and nerve cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance and in the easily assimilated food form (lecithin). And also contains a high proportion of the anti-neuritic Vitamin B.

Thus when you take Ovaltine, you are taking a balanced combination of vital food elements necessary for building brain, nerve and body cells—and you are taking them in concentrated form.

A cup of Ovaltine at bedtime not only promotes relaxation but acts remarkably to overcome *sleeplessness* due to irritated nerves. It helps you fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow, and sleep all night as soundly as a child.

Start Today

So if you're nervous or run-down—if you have trouble sleeping at night—*try* Ovaltine. Drink a cup of it with *at least* one meal each day—another at night just before you go to bed.

Do this faithfully for one week—as a test. Then take stock and see what noticeable

improvement has been brought about, even in this short time.

Note how soundly you sleep at night—how much more energy you have—how much better you look and feel and act when *nervous irritability has been overcome!*

Then you will *know*, from your own experience, exactly why 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine. And you'll realize why millions take it regularly to maintain nerve poise and restore vitality when fatigued.

Start today. 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Or mail the special coupon below for a generous trial supply.

SOUND SLEEP and Quiet Nerves

MAIL FOR A TRIAL SUPPLY OF
OVALTINE



THE WANDER CO.
Dept. 1-U
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

I enclose 10c to cover cost of
packing and mailing. Send me
your test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City..... State.....
(One package to a person) 902

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 17)

trays sent to her dressing-room, American cheese is her favorite nibble selection.

THEIR NEXT MOVE: When her celluloid days are over, Edna Mae Oliver vows she wants to be a detective. She'll probably laugh her victims into a confession . . . Joel McCrea hankers for a cattle ranch retreat, as do Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen . . . Gwili Andre figures she'd like to live in Russia—(of all places) . . . Helen Twelvetrees turns her eyes to painting and an abode in the High Sierras while Claudette Colbert has an ambition to write . . . Florence Eldridge and her husband, Fredric March, are trying to get together on their future. Fred wants to live in Westport, Conn., and Florence favors Maine, so I suppose they'll compromise and live in Maine.

A WOMAN'S DENIAL: "There ought to be a law," fumes Minna Gombel, vigorously denying the reports that she and David Blankenhorn, Irene Rich's ex-heartbeat, are going to yes-it.

HUM, THAT LOUISE: Louise Fazenda celebrated her ? birthday with a party and a huge cake that exhibited nary a candle.

"What?" deplored a friend. "No candles?"

"No," confessed Louise. "I've given up fibbing."

WE WARN YOU: Practice up on your whistling, hissing and applauding. Universal has borrowed Cecilia Parker from Fox to heroine in a serial thriller yclept "Jungle Mystery." Shades of Kathryn Williams! Remember her audacious jungle exploits in the days when she, Pearl White, Grace Cunard, Ruth Roland, Helen Holmes, et al., used to raise hair on the youngsters' heads?

STATE SECRETS: Far be it from us to minimize Tom Mix's bravery in performing daring stunts. But, as a matter of "inside" interest, when Tom jumped Tony through that big glass window in his last "ride-'em-cowboy" flicker, both rider and horse leaped through a specially prepared window of sugar crystals. There're tricks to every trade, and sugar crystals is one of the window tricks of the movies.

FATHER TO SON: Like the stage with its Drew-Barrymore family, the movies are raising talent to carry on its famous names. Enrico Caruso, Jr., makes his debut in Universal's talkie, "Airmail." Noah Beery, Jr., Wallace Reid, Jr., Franz Schumann-Heink, and Creighton Chaney (Lon's son) are busy carving their names in celluloid. There will be more father-to-son and mother-to-daughter inheritances when the babies of the colony grow up.

The rent, please! Elsie Janis is a landlady among her other accomplishments—if being a landlady is an accomplishment. The Leslie Howards have leased Elsie's home in Beverly Hills, swimming-pool and all, but up to date Elsie hasn't had to roar: "The rent, please."

Cunning Idea: No, it doesn't hurt her wrist. We mean that tricky wrist watch of wood Sylvia Sydney sports now and then.

IT CAME TRUE: Prophesied a fortune teller to Jean Harlow months before Jean promised Paul (M.G.M. executive) Bern to "I do" and "I will": "A dark man is coming into your life. I see a beautiful mansion. Beautiful." Whereupon Jean paid the fortune teller for these exhilarating prognostications and went her way. That way now leads to the dark-haired man and the beautiful mansion is the \$60,000 trifle Paul gave his shimmery blonde for a wedding present. Sum'thing?



This month we introduce a little Chinese girl to you as a member of our Hollywood Kindergarten. She's Toshia Mori, which sounds somewhat Japanese to us—but . . . Oh, well. Discovered working in a Los Angeles store by Director Frank Capra and signed to play "Mah-Li" in Columbia's "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," in which Barbara Stanwyck and Nils Asther have the leads.

TABLOID TIDBITS: Like his yacht tanning buddy, Richard Barthelmess, Ronald Colman has finally succumbed to the yacht lure and is now shopping around for a deep sea boat . . . Gary Cooper's chimpanzee, Toluca, bit a chimp sized hunk out of the chauffeur's arm and the M.D. came in a rush . . . "Jiggs," the famous screen canine, has breathed his last and if there be justice Jiggs is now enjoying himself in dog heaven where the bones are many and the romping gay . . . Social teams: Jimmy Dunn and Maureen O'Sullivan. George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill. Lew Cody and Merna Kennedy. Estelle Taylor and Jan (violinist) Rubini. Billie Dove and David Manners (as we go to press).

THE LAST STRAW: Hollywood Boulevard rose up on energetic tiptoes to get a good look at the blond (also bland) female lilting down the sidewalk attired in an extraordinarily chic straw coat. "Who in the world is that in the hay?" fluttered the boulevardiers. "Why, it's Lil Tashman," shrieked a young thing. And bless your heart, it was Lil. However, she knew enough to stay away from horses and the polo field the day she wore her straw coat.

Well, Maybe: Epigrams colyumnist Jimmie Starr: "Hollywood is where there are plenty of high hats covering low brows—and where the universal slogan is 'An I for an I!'"

But we still favor that perfectly cynical definition: "Hollywood is a big joke, but it isn't funny."

HAVE YOU NOTICED? that Constance Bennett is married to Gloria Swanson's ex-husband, the Marquis, and that Connie is now starring in Gloria's pet story, "Rockabye?" Which may signify that even a star can follow in another star's orbit satisfactorily. . . .

GLAD THAT'S SETTLED: Well, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey are cavorting around in their new funster just as though several months ago they'd never lambasted into each other with harsh words because of a contract disagreement. "I love that big bum," Bert growls at Woolsey whereupon Bob promptly crouches into his most formidable fighting pose—hat parked over one ear, cigar nosing skyward. "We're a team," Wheeler thunders, daring contradiction, but Woolsey merely straightens up, grins, exhales a prodigious quantity of contented smoke, and echoes: "We're a team." With their respective names signed to stage, screen, and radio contracts, you can figure Wheeler and Woolsey will remain a team until a robust trust fund do them part and they retire to a life of ease and memories.

THEY DID IT TOO: Several hundred newspaper critics were asked to name the thirteen women players who, in their opinion, were the most glamorous in the history of American motion pictures. They selected: Greta Garbo, Mary Pickford, Theda Bara, Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Barbara La Marr, Ann Harding, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Clara Bow, Dolores Del Rio, and Marie Dressler. What say you to this?

ILLUSTRATED WARNING: Since M.G.M.'s "Tarzan" revived shivers and thrills among the movie citizenry, other studios are agog to celluloid their own jungle parade of animals and romance. Here's Paramount yearning for a "panther woman" to play the lead in a picture of that name and Columbia on the search for a female "Tarzan," in the event such ambiguities haven't been found yet. Meanwhile, Olga Petrova, once famous as the "panther woman" (remember her in "Panthea?") arrived from and departed again for Europe, fair and forty, hardly noticed in the crowd. Nita Naldi, ex-renowned "leopard lady," is also seen around New York practically unrecognized because of her increased avoirdupois. Moral: Even princesses of the jungle must watch their diet.

THIS IS UNUSUAL: When one studio loans a contract player to another, that's mildly interesting news. But when Uncle Sam releases one of his aviation officers from active duty to hero in a talkie—well, that's what you call wowing 'em. It is also what the

(Please turn to page 72)

FAOEN - In Convenient 10¢ Sizes - Equals \$1 to \$3 Brands in Quality!

"Everybody seems to have discovered Faoen. I see you have, too."

"Yes, indeed! Now I can buy a complete set of quality beauty aids for what I used to pay for one lipstick!"

• Scientific Tests Prove That • FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS Are Equal in Fineness and Purity

Imagine! Faoen . . . at 10c . . . equal in quality to the costliest beauty aids. Amazing . . . isn't it? Yet TRUE!

Here is the proof. A famous Research Laboratory compared Faoen Beauty Aids with the most expensive brands. They reported:

"we have found that every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

Remember, Faoen are the only beauty aids at 10c that give you absolute proof of quality.

Remember, too, Faoen is sponsored by Park & Tilford—a quality name for nearly 100 years.

Do you wonder, now, that thousands of women are changing to Faoen Beauty Aids? Try them . . . today! You, too, will discover that Faoen can save you money . . . without sacrificing quality.

Every Faoen product has received the Good Housekeeping Institute seal of approval.



PARK & TILFORD
NEW YORK PARIS

FAOEN
(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

10c each at F. W. Woolworth Co. Stores

CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • SKIN TONIC • LOTION • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 70)

U. S. A. did for Ben Lyon who is an officer in the 479th Pursuit Squadron of the 322nd Pursuit Group stationed at Long Beach, California. William Siström wanted Ben for the lead in "The Crooked Circle." To get him, Siström had to ask Ben's "Uncle Sam." Uncle Sam said all right and granted Ben a special leave of absence. Now that the picture is finished and ready to be released, Ben is practicing warfare with the aviation squadron in which he is an officer.

IT GOES LIKE THIS: The management of a New York picture theatre offered Greta Garbo \$50,000 if she would personal appearance for a week. Greta wouldn't. But enterprising young Billy Rose (Fanny Brice's husband) figured there must be a way to wangle the magic name of Garbo into his new musical revue without going direct to Greta. He found the way with Geraldine Dvorak, the girl who for so many years doubled for Greta as her camera "stand in." This will be Geraldine's initial bow in the Big Time and you can bet she'll be heralded as the girl who used Garbo's shoes when the cameras weren't grinding. Geraldine, incidentally, is not related to Ann (Mrs. Leslie Fenton) Dvorak. With Ann, the Dvorak is borrowed. Her real moniker is McKim.

IT BEING NONE: . . . of our business, we are that intrigued to know that Harpo Marx is insured for \$500,000 with each finger of his educated hands insured for a separate sum . . . That Ben Turpin still has those crossed eyes of his insured for \$100,000 against their becoming uncrossed . . . That William Fox, ex-president of Fox Films, carried \$6,500,000 in insurance . . . That Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, and Joe Schenck are content with \$5,000,000 . . . That Leo, M.G.M.'s lion trademark, is insured for \$1,000,000 . . . That John Barrymore tops Leo by one million and that Al Jolson is in insurance step with the roaring trademark . . . And then there's the ransom insurance issued by Lloyd's, the policies going as high as \$50,000 with the premium at 1 per cent. We wager every player and every player's child in Hollywood (certainly those who can afford it) are protected with this form of insurance, but they daren't say they are for to breathe such news is to cancel automatically the policy and permit the premium to be pocketed by Lloyd's.

LADY DISCOVERERS: The ladies, bless 'em, have done their bit in spotlighting obscure male talent into the cinematic limelight. There's Lillian (Los Angeles stage producer) Albertson who cast Clark Gable in a play when Clark couldn't get a look-in at the studios. Richard Barthelmess secured his first chance through the efforts of Nazimova. Valentino was discovered by June Mathis. Mistinguett, French musical comedy star, elevated Maurice Chevalier from the ranks. Gilda Gray bolstered up George Brent's waning courage when George returned to New York from an engagement with Universal. Gilda knew George had "it." Warners appeared waving a new contract and now look at the Brent boy.

DID YOU KNOW? . . . that Jimmy Dunn and Eddie Foy, Jr., are pals? That they look enough alike to be brothers and they're thicker than two peas in a pod? That at one time, when things were not going so good for him, Jimmy made his home with the Foys and is considered one of the family?

MARITAL NAUTICAL NOTE: Buster Keaton had no sooner bought his new yacht than a sudden whim caused him to present it to his wife, Natalie, as a gift.

Two days later came the separation. "I thought it would be a nice thing to do," Buster said, trying to explain his generosity.

"I don't mind losing my boat but I wish I had my ukulele back. I forgot it and left it aboard."

Have you heard Buster Keaton's parody on, "I'll take the last waltz with Mother, that old sweetheart of mine?"

"I'll take the last sock at father. I don't mind standing in line!"



Photo by William A. Fraker

Mayo Methot, long a recognized success on the Broadway stage, who has heretofore ventured only casually into pictures, promises much in Columbia's "Murder of the Night Club Lady." An accomplished actress, with a splendid stage presence, she's now officially launched in the films.

ALWAYS RIGHT: They're laughing in Hollywood about that mistake made by a scribe for a sheet whose boast is that it's always right.

When B. P. Schulberg resigned from Paramount his reporter rushed up to a little, swarthy man in the studio restaurant.

"What have you got to say," he demanded, "about Schulberg's resignation?"

"Why, I don't give a darn," replied the little swarthy man. "Schulberg doesn't mean a thing to me."

The reporter galloped into his office with the breathless information that Emanuel Cohen, Vice President of Paramount, said Schulberg didn't mean a thing to him.

But, the man the reporter thought

was Emanuel Cohen was, in fact, Lorenz Hart, a song writer.

When Mervyn Le Roy embarked for Hawaii, Hal Wallis and Ginger Rogers were on the dock to see him away.

If you think it was Hal Wallis who gave Merv that long, good-bye kiss you're crazy.

Just look what the passage of thirty years brings about:

In 1902 J. Farrell MacDonald and Bruce Mitchell played on rival football teams, MacDonald for Yale, Mitchell, Navy.

They play the roles of coaches of rival teams in "70,000 Witnesses."

Ina Claire's new straw hat looks like one of Maurice Chevalier's:

AN EASY HONOR: When the West Side Riding and Asthma Club "crowned" Jack Warner as the motion picture producer having the greatest sense of humor they might as well have hit him with a brick.

All Jack has to do now is be funny at the club's weekly meetings.

And anybody who tries to be funny in the presence of Groucho Marx, the club's president, is simply inviting disaster.

A TASHMAN DIFFERENT: Lil Tashman simply *WILL* be different.

Last summer she was so sun-tanned she was only half a shade lighter than Douglas Fairbanks.

And were all the other girls green with envy?

This last summer, remembering how attractive Lil was last year, all the other girls set out to become tanned even if they had to use a violet ray lamp.

And Lil crossed them all up by remaining pure white.

JUST STANDING IN: An odd angle of the Hollywood racket is the development of the business of "standing in." This is, take our word for it, a salaried job and those following this type of employment are known as "stand-in boys and girls."

It is the vision of every movie actor and the dream of every featured player to reach the point where his producer authorizes a "stand-in" or a "double" of similar size and shape. The double wears an exact replica of the clothes worn by the star. He comes to the set a little in advance of his high-salaried likeness and stands, or rather, stands-in, while the cameras are being placed and the lights set. This saves wear and tear on the stars, fallen arches, and general debility.

Since a "stand-in boy or girl" is a privilege accorded only the highest ranking stars, to have one has assumed greater importance than that of a mere convenience. It has almost become an end in itself.

The recent meteoric ascent of a certain actor to stardom was naturally accompanied by this privilege. The new luminary found a double who parted

(Please turn to page 74)

Do You Want to Know How I Take Care of BLACK SHOES ?

*And How I Dye My
Summer Shoes Black?*

Irene Marchant



IT's really very simple, and best of all, it's most inexpensive. The secret is to have plenty of ColorShine on hand.

I Follow This Easy Method

For black shoes I use ColorShine Black Creme (either liquid or tube creme.) It's really very easy. I simply apply it to the shoes and brush it quickly to a bright shine. The results are astonishing. In a jiffy shoes take on a smart new look that all well dressed young women demand. Neutral Creme either liquid or tube keeps tan,

brown and colored shoes clean and neat. And Black Dye—what a miracle the way you can immediately transform your summer white or colored shoes

into perfectly stunning blacks for fall and winter. For school shoes and when I am in a big hurry, I use ColorShine Black French Dressing. Just apply with dauber and go on. It shines as it dries.

ColorShine Is Economical, Too

The best part of all this wonder-working is that ColorShine costs so little. Only 10c in all five and ten cent stores. And you get big, generous bottles and tubes.

I advise every girl who has to watch her pennies (who doesn't these days) to use this easy way of keeping shoes good looking. Just drop into the nearest five-and-ten cent store and ask for ColorShine at the hardware counter. Make sure you get what you ask for, ColorShine. 10c—a little polishing—and all your shoes look like new.

New— ColorShine in Tubes

Now—for those who prefer tubes, ColorShine Black Creme and Neutral Creme is offered in this new big Tube. Squeezes out just like tooth paste. Wonderful results: Quick, clean, easy. 10c. at your favorite five and ten cent store.



Black Creme and Neutral Creme now come in tube form.



Black Creme polishes black shoes—Neutral Creme polishes all colors except black or white.

ColorShine 10¢ SHOE DRESSINGS

Black Creme

For keeping all black shoes looking like new. Just rub it on and polish.



Black Dye

A great saving—dyes any color leather a deep black. Dries quickly. No evil odor.



Black French Dressing

Shines without rubbing. Just the polish for school shoes. Economical, quick.



Neutral Creme

For all colors of leather except black or white. Cleans quickly and imparts a lasting lustre.



Chieftain Manufacturing Company . . . Baltimore, Chicago, Dallas

Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 72)

his black hair the same way, and whose broad shoulders and general characteristics of face and figure completely filled the requirements.

In one way, however, this particular "stand-in" boy differs from his brothers. He always has a friend who walks on the set while the camera men are at their preliminary work, a male friend whose proportions and hair strangely resemble those of the "stand-in" boy. While the boy is striking attitudes for the camera men, they engage in animated conversation, and nobody seems to mind. It's not that he has an assistant or a stooge—his companion is the star himself.

MIRRORS OF HOLLYWOOD: Certain actors in Hollywood feel that Josef von Sternberg is making one big mistake in his direction of Marlene Dietrich. Word has it that the great Von Sternberg has produced a more-than-full-length mirror which is placed off the set behind the cameras. All scenes are so arranged that the beautiful Marlene instead of acting toward the camera lens is in reality playing to her own likeness reflected from the glass. So you see, when Marlene smiles at you in a close-up on the screen, actually at the time the cameras were clicking, she was flirting with herself in the mirror. Consequently, according to critics, la Dietrich is getting over-camera-conscious. They claim that unless Von Sternberg puts an end to the mirror gag, pretty soon it will make only a reflection of the orchidaceous young lady from Germany.

AYRES A SOLDIER AGAIN: Lew Ayres is going to play the German soldier again! This time it will be in "The Red Knight of Germany." The story is based on Germany's greatest ace of the air, Baron Von Richthofen. Sounds good, doesn't it?

Jig-saw puzzles are the current fad in Hollywood. Book stores are renting them at so much per day. You can have a fresh one every night.

TWENTY NEW ONES: Al Jolson learned twenty new songs in four different languages for his newest, "The New Yorker."

Recall the scene in "Red Headed Woman" where one of the characters pointed to a framed picture and said, "Who is that bootlegger?" The man in the picture was Sam Wood, one of M.G.M.'s directors. Jack Conway, who directed "The Red Headed Woman," must have his little joke.

THE END IS NEAR . . . They have now changed the title of "Indecent" to "Unholy Love."

WELL, HOW MANY: "Guilty as Hell" is the 900th feature to be produced at Paramount. . . . How many have you seen?

OH, MR. OFFICER: Ann Harding is leading a fast life these days. That is, by motor. She was handed one of those pink tickets in Santa Maria

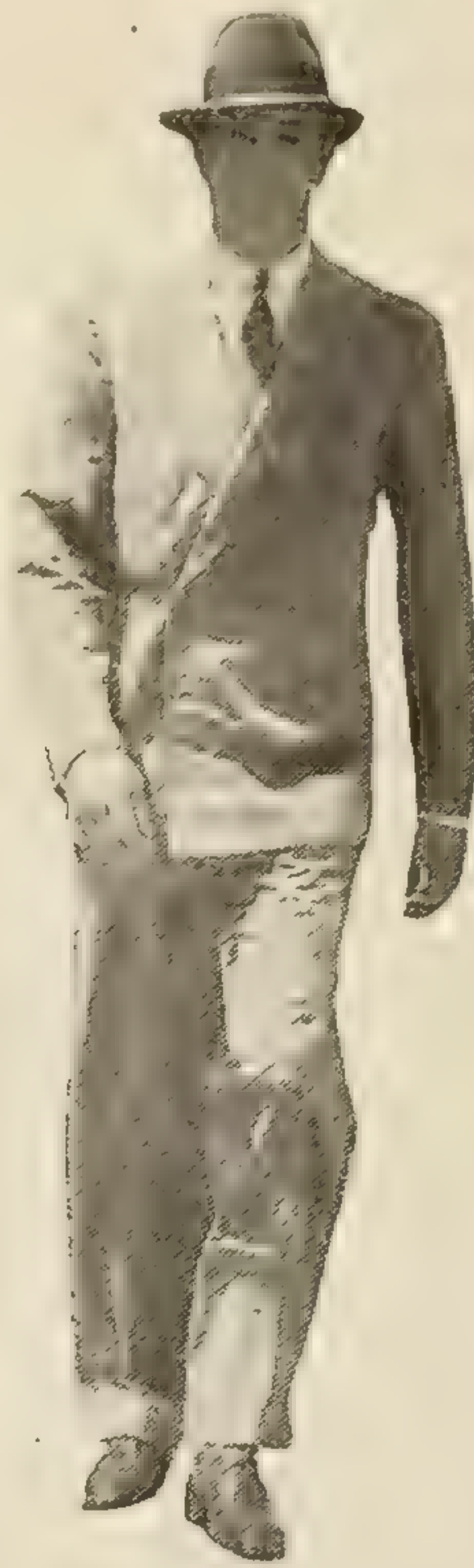
and another in Paso Robles. All in the same day.

Looks like Joel McCrea took all honors for having the season's darkest tan.

When Groucho Marx heard the decision on the Sharkey-Schmeling fight he said: "It's a good thing Gunboat Smith didn't referee the World War."

EXTRA: Jimmy Durante used to deliver the New York Sun. . . . That's where he got that voice of his.

Adrienne Ames has given herself five years in which to succeed in pictures. Let's all keep count.



Exclusive photo by Wide World

Gary Cooper, strolling down Hollywood Boulevard, snapped by New Movie Magazine's candid cameraman.

CONSOLATION: Lew Ayres was groaning about having writer's cramp when the Bankers' Convention visited Universal City. He says he signed about two thousand autograph books. However, he admits it is better that he have a sore wrist than not to have been asked at all.

BROTHER TOM: Tom Brown is certainly playing the brother these days. He's doing Richard Dix's younger brother in "Liberty Road" at R.K.O. and next will be Jackie Cooper's older brother in "Father and Son" at M.G.M.

SLIM REMAINS: The only representative of the "All Quiet on The Western Front" cast to appear in "The Road Back," its sequel, is Slim Summerville who played the rôle of Tjaden.

ALL VIENNESE: And now two Viennese importations are slated to play opposite each other. They are Paul Lukas and Tala Birell. The picture—"Adventure Lady."

NEW AUTOGRAPH RACKET: These Hollywood autograph hunters are getting smarter and smarter all the time. From hanging around restaurants and studios they have taken to meeting all the trains in Pasadena.

One autograph hunter said that every player he has ever asked has signed for him except one—the one was Marlene Dietrich.

"I guess she can't write her name in English," said the boy.

GIFTS FROM RUTHIE: When she finished her last picture at Warners-First National, Ruth Chatterton handed out gifts to all the staff, from the highest to the lowest.

Victor McLaglen plays tennis at night and confuses his opponents by casting huge shadows over the court.

HERO WORSHIP: Here's a case of hero worship. Floyd Gibbons, the "Hello Everybody" war correspondent, visited Paramount studio recently and had his picture taken with Maurice Chevalier. Later, nothing would satisfy Maurice but an autographed copy of this photograph, so Gibbons was hounded until tracked down and his signature secured.

THE REASON WHY: Perhaps you didn't know, but the reason for the Oliviers' trip to Europe was not all vacation. Laurence is doing the lead in the Swanson picture. Jill Esmond, his wife, is doing the Paris gown shops. It seems Michael Farmer, Gloria's husband, was not proving quite satisfactory, so they pulled in a new leading man. It was a real break for Laurence, because he has been crying for a trip back to England for some time. Now he gets paid for it.

Here's news—like the baby that bit the dog—an actor said the reason his ship didn't come in was probably because the captain of his soul was such a bad actor! Tch!

HORSEBACK WIT: Thelma Todd and Zasu Pitts enjoyed the sweet autumn breezes the other day via the bridge paths.

Zasu said she would have just loved the ride if the pedals hadn't been so long. . . . Thelma suggested she should have lowered the seat!

LOCATION COMEDY: Working on the "After the Rain" set at night in the swamps back of the Fox Hills studio, drastic measures had to be adopted in order to hear Peggy Shannon's lines.

The frogs insisted on giving her a most unwelcome orchestral background. Finally, in desperation, a gun was fired—and the little froggies shut up.

Peggy says she thinks it would have been much easier to change the title of the picture to "Croaking in the Rain" and let the frogs be the sound effects. . . . !

But Lee Tracy, standing near, said, "It would be difficult to do that, for then they'd have to change the script too, and have all the 'dying' done in the rain. . . ." How do you suppose people get that way?

MOVIE STARS. HOUSEWIVES ALIKE.... MARVEL AT CLOPAY 10¢ WINDOW SHADES



"For 10c? ... That beautiful window shade?"
... exclaimed
JUNE COLLYER



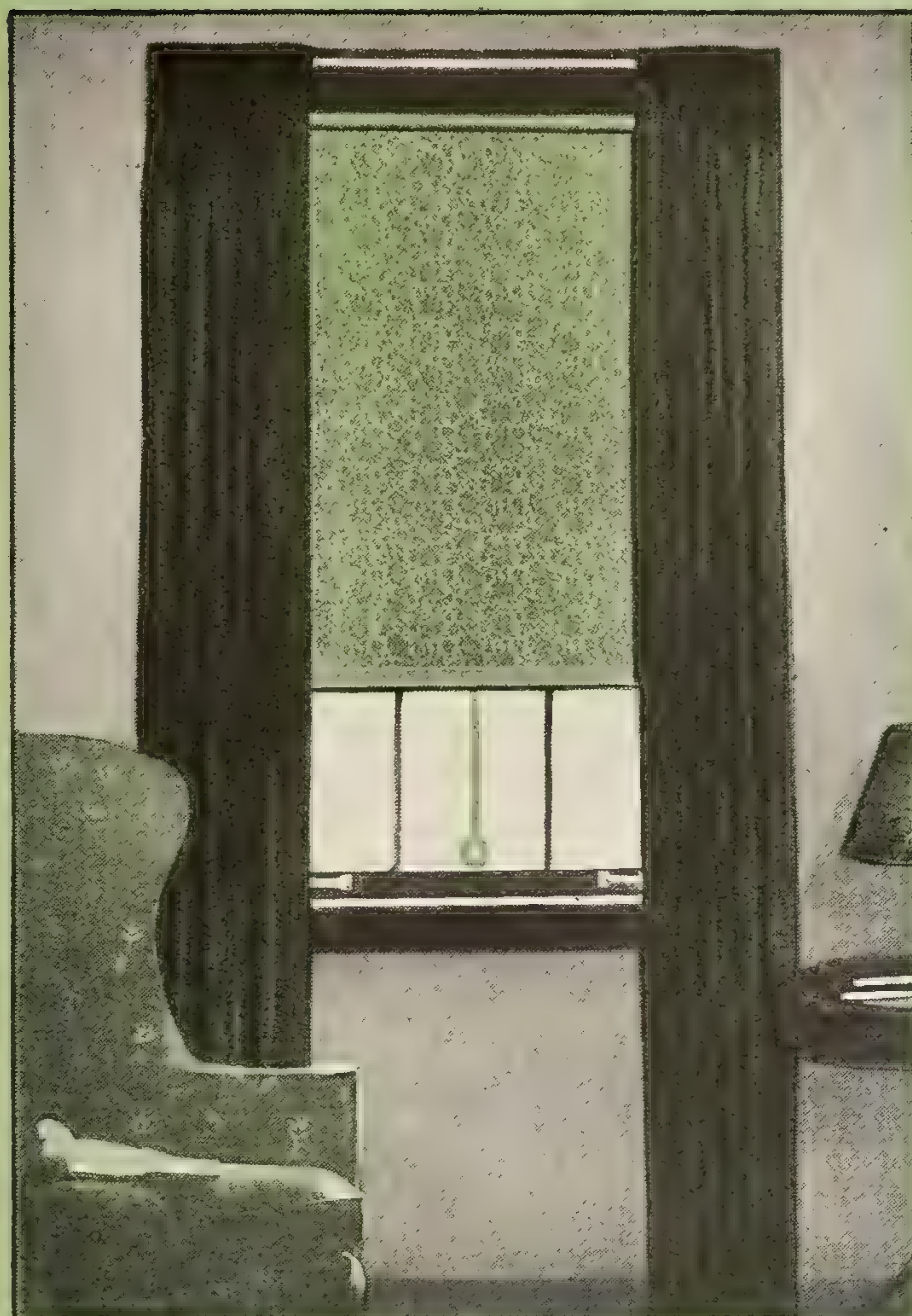
"Only 10c for that window shade? Amazing!"
... said
LILA LEE

"You mean to tell me that window shade costs only 10c!"

... marveled
MAE CLARKE



"10c for that window shade? ... It seems incredible!"
... said
LAURA LA PLANTE



"Yes, only 10c for this window shade,"
... we assured
JEAN HARLOW



"10c for that window shade... why, you must be wrong!"
... said
IRENE RICH

Think of it! Window shades you can use proudly in any room, for 10c each! No wonder movie stars marveled when they saw CLOPAY Shades—and no wonder millions of housewives have eagerly purchased them.

CLOPAY Shades look expensive at your windows—and actually outwear shades costing five to ten times as much. The patented CLOPAY fibre fabric

doesn't fade, doesn't "pinhole", doesn't crack, doesn't fray. Made in such a wide range of colors and patterns you can get decorative effects impossible with other shades. New fall patterns are now on display in the stores. Be sure to see them.

At 5c and 10c stores and 5c to \$1.00 stores everywhere, 10c each. Attached in a jiffy to your old rollers without tacks or tools. In Canada, 15c.



10¢

CLOPAY

Bridge Table Covers
The perfect playing surface! Cards can't stick or skid on the creped CLOPAY surface. Tight-fitting elastic corners. No tapes to tie. Three colors—French blue and ecru; apple green and ecru; black and tangerine. Another good CLOPAY product.



CLOPAY Shades mounted on standard wood spring rollers, with wood slat brackets, nails and screw eye. Complete for 20c each.

MANY COLORS

CLOPAY Shades are available in many colors and patterns. Use a variety throughout your home, matching your shades to the decoration of the room.

COLORS AVAILABLE:

Light and Dark Green, Ecru, Baltimore Blue, White, Dark Tan, and four new cretonne patterns in various combinations of green, blue, rose and yellow, on ecru background. New fall patterns now on display. Be sure to see them. You will be delighted with their colorful beauty.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1276 YORK ST., CINCINNATI, O.

Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 74)

SET LONDON AFIRE: Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan had a glorious time in Europe as the guests of Noel Coward. The popular and vivid Joan and her equally popular and dashing young husband set London aflame with excitement. Joan and Doug were entertained at all the smart homes and conservative England went "Hollywood" with a vengeance over them.

BRING ONE FOR US: Warren William is planning a trip to the South Seas to visit Victor Berge, the author of "The Pearl Diver," who has a home in Papette. He declared he might not come back to Hollywood for he has always been suspicious that he had some Polynesian blood in his veins, and the call of his mother country might get him!

However, we are not worried, for the sort of performances Warren William gave us before he took his vacation assures the world he will be back here in Hollywood when First National opens again—if First National has to bring the islands with him!

HOWDY TO HOME FOLKS: Leslie Fenton planned on taking Ann Dvorak to London with him to introduce his new bride to the home folks. They will certainly declare here is a home-town boy who made good in a big way—if Ann is any sign of his present prowess.

GOPHER TRAINING: At last El Brendel has trained his gopher. He's been trying for weeks and weeks. The neighbors declare El has trained it to seek its delicacies and dessert in other yards but to pick the sturdy weeds in *his* yard. Brendel's gopher must tell all its friends too, for the neighbors' flowers, badminton courts, and paths are all torn up but only El Brendel's weeds are neatly trimmed and only around his trees is the earth dug up. And that's the way nice little

gophers should act all the time.

EDDIE LOWE BURBANKING: Eddie Lowe is carryin' on for Luther Burbank. He has a ranch near San Jose where he has a lot of fun experimenting with Mother Nature and getting her all mixed up!

He has discovered a brand new type of vegetable which makes salad-making a simple art.

You may have a tomato and pepper salad now, with a single gesture. Just cut up one or two "topepos"—and lo, you have all the effect of a tomato and pepper salad in one!

They look like a tomato, they feel like a pepper, and they combine the two vegetables in color scheme. They are a sort of mottled red and green, so, very appropriately, Eddie named them "topepos."

Eddie says: "Poor things started out to be a tomato, found out they wanted to be a pepper—and ended in a confused blend in taste and looks of both parents."

Come to think of it, the one we saw *did* look a bit bewildered!

JUST ONE CRACK: Harry Cohn, Columbia's boss, was proudly displaying a natty cigarette case bearing the inscription: "To the greatest President since Lincoln". . . . Notice that we said *was* displaying this gift of a tactful sales force in New York, until he showed it with great pride to Estelle Taylor, who fears neither God nor moving picture executive!

"Um, I see," she grinned. "Lincoln freed the slaves, and you make 'em. Pretty smart slap at you, big boy!"

Now Harry never *can* find that cigarette case when you want to see it!

WANDERINGS OF A PLAY: Ronnie Colman had an unusual experience with his story "Sinners." It followed him from Genoa, Switzerland, to Cairo, to Shanghai, where it caught

up with him—too late!

Ronnie visited Robert Gore Brown, the author of the novel, "An Imperfect Lover," from which the play "Sinners" was adapted. He asked for a copy of his book, but Brown said he had none but would write his publishers and see that Ronnie received a copy of both the play and the novel in Cairo.

Ronnie went to Cairo, but neither the play nor novel reached him there. He went on to visit an uncle in Shanghai and found the uncle's dramatic society had presented "Sinners" there the week before. So there was the play for Ronnie's supervision without benefit of publisher or author.

One week later, after Ronnie had declared it great material, the traveling play script and novel reached Ronnie, having chased him through Genoa and Cairo, to Shanghai!

COUNTESS CORINNE BACK: Here is a sincere hope that we will have one of America's beauties back in the picture ranks soon. Corinne Griffith's husband, Walter Morosco, has signed a Fox contract as production assistant to Sol Wurtzel. Corinne, of course, is now back in Hollywood and that can mean but one thing.

They tell me Corinne has been doing great work on the screen *and* socially in England. She has been entertained and has entertained the best people of old England!

HORTICULTURAL NOTE: Clive Brook has a real live grove of cocoa palms. What are they? . . . Well we are not absolutely certain ourselves, but they look suspiciously like the everyday, ordinary, garden variety of palm trees, except that they have a high hair cut!

He has a circular swimming pool, too, and his house is hanging on the side of a Hollywood hill, like so many of the Hollywood homes. It's on account of the view.

Constance Bennett Items

(Continued from page 68)

announcing "Swanson's Delicatessen."

These two little stores carry on a price war by means of red-lettered placards and manage to keep up quite a spirited rivalry.

The natives say that it was during all the bitter rivalry between their namesakes that these merchants began to cut prices on each other. At first they carried it on in a spirit of fun, but as time has passed they have taken it seriously and are now bitter enemies!

QUITE a stir was caused when the English press began to call Constance Bennett on the telephone to know just when she intended going to England to live. She had denied the rumors emphatically but no one seemed to believe her.

After finishing her picture for Warners and one more for Radio, she and the Marquis will trek to France for a three-month's rest—if they haven't gone already. Connie plans a gay autumn on the Riviera and then a month in Paris where she keeps an apartment

all the year around in readiness for her annual vacation.

Connie has said, here and there, that when her contract is finished with R.-K.-O. she will retire, at least for a while, and live abroad. But Connie is a woman, after all, and apt to change her mind several dozen times within the next two years, until her contract expires.

Joel McCrea is always seeking new ways of amusing himself and others. One day he conceived the idea of taking down all the photographs of Constance Bennett's personal friends which decorate her dressing room and substituting photographs of would-be suitors found in her fan mail.

He hung up the photograph of a long-jawed sheep rancher where the Marquis' photo had hung, a bushy-browed brewer from Milwaukee where his own likeness had swung in state, a dainty wisp of a thing from London in the place of sister Joan, and several others. All had written under their smiling countenances, "To My Dream Girl" or "To My

Inspiration." Connie was amused and delighted when she saw the substitutions and is now making a collection of fan photographs.

CONNIE tells this one on herself. She had a new burglar alarm installed in her house because a suspicious looking character had been seen prowling about.

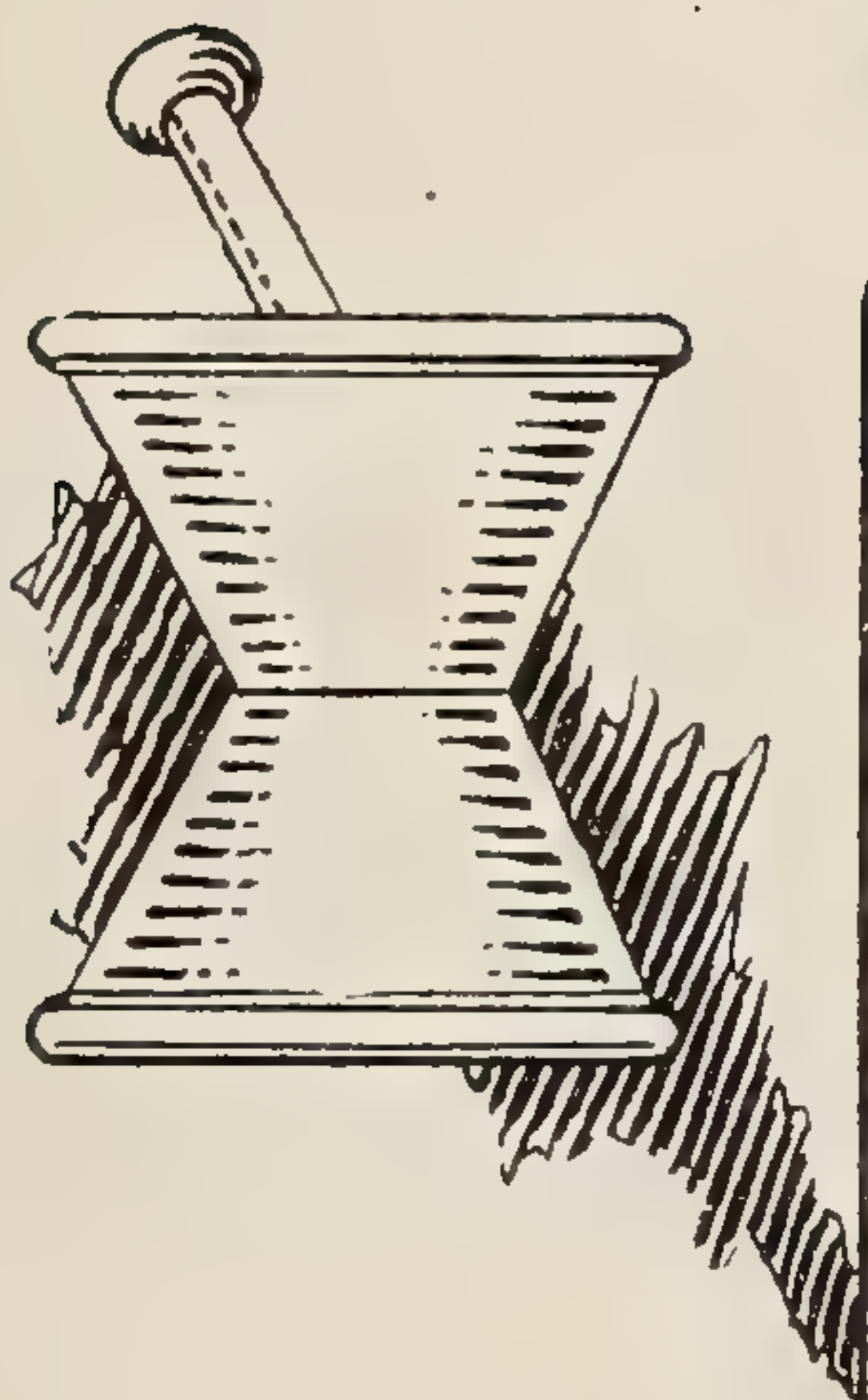
The first night of the installation, Connie forgot to touch the little switch to release the alarm when she opened her bedroom window. A piercing bell instantly clanged through the house.

Connie and the Marquis tried frantically to stop the alarm. It rang for fully fifteen minutes—"loud enough to wake the dead," said Connie . . . but the chauffeur, the gardener and the butler, whom the bell was supposed to send scurrying, never let out a peep!

Finally, just as they had managed to still the shrill screams of the bell, a sleepy maid appeared at her door.

Rubbing her eyes, the woman timidly inquired: "Did you ring, madam?"

Which is Your Favorite DRUG STORE?



1 Do You Have One Particular Drug Store?

- a. Name of Store.....
- b. Street.....
- c. City

2 Why Do You Buy There?

- a. Nearness to your home
- b. Reputation.....
- c. Variety of Merchandise.....
- d. Price.....
- e. Remarks.....
-

3 What Do You Usually Buy There?

- a. Medicines.....
- b. Beauty Preparations.....
- c. Hair Goods.....
- d. Sanitary Goods.....
- e. Household Supplies.....
- f. Other items:.....
-
-

4 Remarks about your drug store and it's place in your family shopping activities.

.....

.....

.....

.....



ISN'T your favorite drug store an interesting place to shop in? Such promises of beauty as those gay colored powder boxes hold for you! Such tantalizing whiffs of fragrance come from the picturesque perfume bottles! A store of real convenience, too, where you can fill a long list of personal and household needs.

We'd like to know something about "your" drug store, if you have a particular store you speak of as such. The questions on this page

will only take a minute to answer. In return for your courtesy we will send you any three of the practical Tower Beauty Circulars listed here.

- | | |
|---|---|
| ☐ 21-Day Diet | ☐ Facial Chart |
| ☐ Beauty Chart | ☐ Exercise Chart |
| ☐ Care of the Hair | ☐ Make-Up Chart |

DRUG STORE EDITOR

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue

New York

America Needs to Laugh

(Continued from page 21)

best, was presented with the coveted prize.

"I've had lots of medals of one kind and another since that night," he said, "but that one meant more to me than the whole kit and boodle of them put together because I got it in my mother's presence."

Yes, a good boy, but not too good. Usually on hand for whatever turned up. Always around when they handed out free ice cream, free rides on carousals.

He was talking again. "The movies are the one bright spot in an awful long day for lots of folks. It's what keeps 'em going, the thought that after supper they can close the door and forget the grind for a few hours. And what do they want when they get there? They want to forget. They want to laugh."

It was like a bright refrain running through all he said.

"And it's better for the children, too. I don't say blood and thunder hurts them, but they get more fun out of Our Gang comedies. So do I. I used to have them run for me after dinner in the Executive Mansion in Albany. I had a projector Bill Fox gave me, and we'd have a show nearly every night. My family loved it."

I said, "But educational pictures, don't you think—"

He cut me short. "Education's a fine thing, a great thing. And the pictures they show in schools and in colleges teach in many cases better than books do, but when most people go to a movie, they need to laugh."

There it was again.

"BOYS want to see what other boys are doing. They like to look at stunts they wish they could do themselves but daren't. That goes for grown-ups too. They like to see Harold Lloyd wobbling on the edge of a tall building. That's good acting."

"You ought to know, Governor," I said, "I hear you're a great mimic yourself."

"Oh, that," he waved it aside, dismissed it. "It comes of the amateur dramatics I went in for when I was growing up. I always liked acting. I played plenty of parts in those days."

"What sort of parts?"

"Oh, a little of everything. I played the lead in a play called 'The Confederate Spy.' Plenty of shooting in that. I played 'The Mighty Dollar' for a whole week. I think acting is great training for a man, gives him self confidence."

"But it's hard work too."

"Perhaps. But those who are in it forget that part of it and only remember how much they love it. Our amateur group was pretty good. The other churches in New York and New Jersey were always trying to get us to come over and give our shows."

"And did you?"

"Oh, yes. It was all in a good cause. But funny things happened sometimes." He leaned back in his chair smiling, "I remember in an old play called 'Eileen Ogue' we had a fellow named Dinny McMahon. He was supposed to be that captain of the English who came to collect rent from an Irish farmer."

"Dinny had on a brand new uniform and to say that he liked himself in it

was putting it mildly. Anyway the Irish farmers in the play were supposed to put every last British soldier down on the floor in the scramble. They did, all except Dinny. He was bigger than the rest and they couldn't knock him down."

"I played the part of the villain, an English lord." As he talked he sprang to his feet. He began acting it, living it over again. "One night I made a quick change and got off the fancy costume, indicating English nobility, and put on old overalls and joined the hay gatherers who were to repel the soldiers."

"When the time came for the farmers to set upon the English, I took on



Exclusive photo by Gaston Longet

Lovely Julie Haydon, RKO featurette, a newcomer from whom great things are expected, caught leaving the studio, after work.

Dinny and for one night at least the show ended properly. I sat on Dinny's chest!"

HE sat down with a sigh. He said, "I could tell you a dozen stories like that."

"Tell me another then," I begged.

He grinned, his eyes began to sparkle. "All right, I will. One night I was playing the role of Jim Dalton in 'The Ticket of Leave Man.' The last act was staged in a graveyard. Jim Dalton, after robbing the safe, attempts to effect his escape across the graveyard and is met by none other than Hawkshaw, the detective."

"It was on a Wednesday night. I'll never forget it the longest day I live. A number of small boys had worked their way down the aisles until they reached the very footlights."

"During the struggle, Hawkshaw the detective, knocks the pistol from the hands of Jim Dalton. Jim is on his knees, helpless. Just then a small boy reached over on the stage, picked up the pistol, put it back in my hand and whispered, 'Here you are, Al.' The audience roared and I had all I could do to keep from laughing myself and putting a

new ending onto the play."

He was smiling at me. "But this is getting off the subject. What else do you want to know?"

"I want to know, as long as you like comedies, what special pictures have appealed to you."

"I like animal pictures."

Animals. He loves animals. I thought of the famous zoo which he had maintained for the children's benefit (or was it his own?) in Albany.

"You've always loved animals, haven't you, Governor?"

He nodded. "Ever since I was knee high. When I was a boy picking up jobs around the New York wharves the sailors used to bring in all kinds of pets from foreign ports. When their money ran short, and it always did, they'd sell you a monkey or a parrot or a goat for the price of a drink. I'd buy 'em and take 'em home. The house was always full of pets."

"But the animal pictures," I persisted, "Don't you think in many cases they're cruel?"

"Not the kind I mean," he said, "I mean the funny ones. I saw a great one once. I'll tell you about it. I had it run through for me I don't know how many times. First you see a trained lion in a cage in a baggage car. Then you see the porter stretched out in his chair with a sheet over him."

EVEN as he told it, he stretched out, luxuriantly, in his desk chair, closed his eyes, folded his hands across his chest, bit down hard on his cigar.

"The porter goes to sleep. Somehow the lion gets loose and after crawling through several Pullmans, without disturbing anybody, he comes to where the porter lies wrapped in his dreams."

"The lion stops, stares, sniffs at the two big feet sticking out, and pauses to lick them." He broke into delighted chuckles. "Then I don't know how they did it but the porter wakes up, sees the lion and right before your eyes that negro turns white!" He roared with laughter at the memory of it.

"I can see you're a great movie fan," I said.

"I don't have time to go much with the exception of the news reel theatres. I drop in at them sometimes for a half hour or so."

"I SUPPOSE when you went to Hollywood they turned the place upside down for you."

He shook his head. "I've never been there. Years ago I went to Los Angeles and saw a few scenes from a picture with Ruth Roland playing in it. It was the only one I ever saw made. I met Miss Roland, shook hands with her, watched some scenes being shot. It was most interesting. And I told the movie people then what I'm telling you now even more strongly, that America needs to laugh. Give us more wholesome laughter—more wholesome amusement—and we won't have to worry half so much about our crime statistics."

"And now," I said, "I come to my last question. What do you think of censorship? Do you think—"

He did not wait for me to finish. "I don't believe in it. It invades the whole field of individual rights. It's not in keeping with our ideas of freedom—freedom of worship or freedom

America Needs to Laugh

of speech. It's all wrong. The American people don't want bad pictures any more than they want bad plays or bad books. The people of this country are fundamentally clean minded. They don't need a political censor to guard their morals."

"But don't you think that with young persons attending the movies some sort of censorship—"

"No." His face was suddenly serious again. "Let the public take care of the movies, and don't pass any more laws in this country restraining and abridging liberty of action or liberty of the press so long as it does not interfere with the rights of others. Will Hays has the right idea for the movies when he says to let the people decide for themselves—that they can be trusted not to support a bad picture. I was opposed to any movie censorship in New York State—and I always have been—and always will be."

"We've got more laws on the statute books now than we could enforce in a thousand years. I was in the Legislature for twelve years and helped pass some of 'em and I know what I'm talking about!"

I thought of another great American who took pains to see that a government of the people, for the people and by the people should not perish from the earth.

I rose and shook hands.

"I'm proud to have met you, Governor Smith," I said. And I was.

Strike Up the Band

(Continued from page 64)

tune and is on the revival tune order. I think you'll like it, too. (This is a Brunswick record.)

"My Silent Love" is the next. In my opinion this is one of the outstanding tunes of the current season, and I think it should be popular for a long time. Ruby Newman and his Ritz Carleton Orchestra do the recording honors, and they should meet with your approval as they do with mine. Gordon Graham sings the vocal chorus. The other side is "Am I Wasting My Time," another very beautiful tune. Here is a record good on each side. The vocal refrain is by the Funnyboners. (This is a Victor record.)

The Casa Loma Orchestra is next and this time they play "Happy Go Lucky You" and a very good job, too. There is plenty of rhythm in the tune for dancing and yet it is never too loud as the brass is kept muted throughout. The other side is also by the same band, "All Of A Sudden," and there is no reason why you shouldn't like it. (This is a Brunswick record.)

Here is a waltz played by Wayne King, so you know it's good, "I Love You Truly." Of course, it is Carrie Jacobs Bond's immortal classic.

The other side is by Jack Denny, "Just A-Wearying For You." Don't miss this record if you like sweet music. (This is a Victor record.)

How Old is Ann?



Sometimes 40
.. sometimes 25

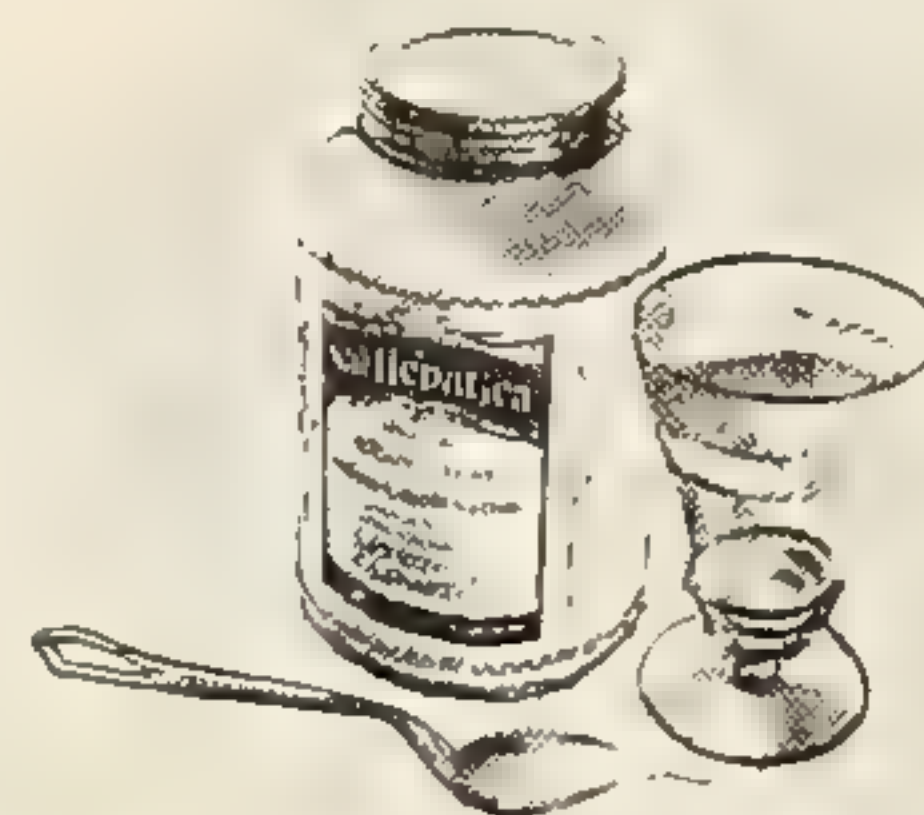
TO tell the truth, Ann is 33—but sometimes she *feels* "not a day over 80"! What's the matter?

Why is she just as tired at 8 A. M. as at midnight? Where's her freshness of spirit? Why is her skin so sallow and blotchy? What's wrong?

Perhaps you have a lot in common with Ann. Perhaps you, too, are overlooking a primary law of health and beauty. *She neglects to keep clean internally.* Do you? She needs the saline treatment—with Sal Hepatica. Do you?

Unless the digestive tract regularly eliminates its wastes, these ferment, and send poisons through the blood stream.

An ordinary laxative isn't



what is needed, but a finely blended saline like Sal Hepatica. For Sal Hepatica not only flushes the poisons and wastes from the digestive tract, but it also cleanses the blood stream. It freshens the whole system. It counteracts acidity.

Sal Hepatica gets at the causes of headache, colds, indigestion, rheumatism. It tones you up to new vitality.

Trust the lovely Continental to keep brilliantly good-looking and fresh! *She* goes for a holiday at Carlsbad or Aix—and drinks the saline waters. Sal Hepatica offers the same saline benefits. One week with the famous Sal Hepatica saline treatments—at home—and you'll feel as if *you* had been to a European spa! Try it—beginning today!

SAL HEPATICA

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M-102, 71 West St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____ Street _____
City _____ State _____

Tom Mix Exposes Malibu Beach

(Continued from page 45)

- 4.20 P. M.—Minded Miss De Sota's baby, while her maid took a nap.
- 5.00 P. M.—Responded to lost child complaint. Took five of Eddie Cantor's kids home. Refused invitation to dinner.
- 6.00 P. M.—Chased baseball nine from in front of Miss Tashman's. This time she complained of Jimmy Starr, the scrivener and Johnny LeRoy Johnson—the publicist. Moved them down in front of Herbert Brenon's and umpired six innings until Jack Gilbert got back from telephoning his new fiancée.
- 7.30 P. M.—Called over to Malibu Inn to quiet political argument started by Benny Stoloff and Ralph Ince. Both were wet.
- 8.00 P. M.—Responded to lost child complaint but found none really lost. Eddie Cantor's five and six more had crawled under Jack Warner's. Distributed to respective homes.
- 9.00 P. M.—Refereed night tennis match on Herbert Brenon's lighted court. Collected twenty-five cents "per racket" for unemployed (usual charge).
- 10.00 P. M.—Helped gentleman from merchant marine unload three cases. Not so good considering price. Can do better right here in Malibu. Gent left phone number.
- 11.00 P. M.—Investigated lost dog complaint from Miss Celeste McGuire. Found her Pekinese chasing rabbits on Malibu ranch.
- 11.30 P. M.—Distributed evening papers.
- 12.00 A. M.—Settled argument between two guests departing from Lew Cody's, as to which was right direction back to Los Angeles. Explained that while many still drive north, they would find the southern road more direct.
- 12:30 A. M.—Called to settle heated family dispute at home of F. Mordaunt de Figueroa. Decided in favor of Mrs. Figueroa, since the lease is in her name.
- 1.00 A. M.—Helped to settle sharp debate over three-card draw with deuces wild, at Jack Gilbert's.
- 2.00 A. M.—Helped party of five find ignition key dropped in sand and started them toward town.
- 3.00 A. M.—Found wanderer on beach. Unable to remember his name. Claimed he had visited eight places and had been beaten up and thrown out of each. Papers in his pocket disclosed he was a supervisor at RKO. Refused help. Later heard loud

splash and sound of running footsteps. Did not investigate.

- 4.36 A. M.—Made good-night rounds. Put nine to bed. Distributed regulars and visitors to correct addresses. Relieved by night patrolman at 4.50 A. M.

(Signed) Aloysius Eisenfeldt,
Patrolman, Shield Six

The lady member of the Seaside Patrol, I was told, gives advice on domestic economy, diet an' can prescribe first aid for children an' dogs.

MALIBU presents a peculiar angle—it's the only profitable investment ever made by a bunch of motion picture actors relyin' on their own judgment.

The original Malibu leases were such that no one, except a bunch of newly-rich motion actors, would ever have signed them in the first place. The pioneer residents did not buy the property; they bought leases, payin' \$30 per month per lot. At the end of ten years, the property an' all improvements reverted back to the original owner, the Malibu ranch. An' upon these terms, the thrifty picture folks rushed in an' built homes costin' \$5,000, \$10,000 an' even \$15,000 on leased lots.

Jack Warner erected one that cost \$60,000—generally known as "Warner's Folly"—an' although he has had it almost two years, the Warners have spent less than two weeks in the place.

A few weeks ago, Mrs. May Ringe, who owns the 20,000-acre Malibu ranch, decided to let the Malibu beachers buy the lots outright—an' one of the first to plank down real cash was Jack Warner—paid \$36,000. Now that the lots can be bought, the original leases an' improvements are worth mor'n the actor paid for the ground lease, which considerin' he never expected to own the house aften ten years, puts him way ahead of the deal an' clears the actor from the time-honored accusation that he's not a smart business man.

One man made money down there—Frank Fay. He had two fires.

HOUSES are close together—not more'n five or ten feet apart—an' the walls are so thin that five families can use the same radio, providin' they can agree on a program.

The week-end I was down there, late one night one actor got a phone call from his agent, tellin' him to report at

Hollywood's Grand Hotel

Ramon Romero has written another of his around-Hollywood articles for the November New Movie Magazine—on sale October 15th—to follow "A Dizzy Day at the Brown Derby," in this issue. These articles give you a splendid picture of just what goes on in the movie capital day by day—and are illustrated with photographs posed especially for this magazine.

Paramount early next mornin'. They had quite some talk about it. The actor got up early an' reached the studio at eight, but nine of his neighbors were there ahead of him an' he lost the job.

Durin' the recent political conventions, a lot was said an' printed about the "forgotten man," but it seemed no one knew just where he lived. But I can tell 'em—he's the uninvited guest at Malibu, an' he's there early every Sunday mornin'.

HERBERT BRENON an' Buddy de Sylva are tennis sharks, an' seein' as how they couldn't get up before three or four in the afternoon, owin' to the exactin' demands of the composin' an' script business, these two gents had their tennis courts electrified an' they played until way into the night. If they didn't their neighbors did. One evenin', one of those clever efficiency men from M. G. M. dropped in an' bein' of an inquiren' turn of mind, he counted the lights an' figured it out that it cost \$8 an hour to keep one of the courts a-goin'—an' he told 'em. Now they got a key in the control switch box an' the neighbors do their playin' in the daytime.

The mayor of Malibu is a young feller named Art Jones. He runs everything down there—real estate, insurance, the fillin' station, the garage, restaurant, the butcher shop an' the vegetable wagon. He's the authority that rents are higher today in Malibu than they were two years ago, which makes it the white spot of America; that leases there are at a profit. Still, Mr. Jones might offer "inducements" to tenants with good references an' who can pay cash in advance for groceries.

While Mayor Jones won't admit it, it's the divorces that keep Malibu real estate a movin'. John Jones an' his wife, Mary Ann, have a Malibu house, an' they separate, as all well-to-do movin' picture players are supposed to do—an' do—every so often, or when publicity drags. After the separation, either John or Mary Ann moves out. But does that mean they're a goin' to leave the beach? Far from it. The movin' gent or lady is a goin' to stay right there to see the new husband or wife when he or she moves in. That means either a new lease, a rental or mebbe a new house with each divorce.

SPEAKIN' of divorces, there's a movement on foot at Malibu to have Milton Golden, a member of the California legislature, offer a bill this fall that would give divorce grantin' powers to Judge John L. Webster, the local justice of the peace down at Los Flores Canyon, three miles away from Malibu. That would simplify matters an' save a lot of 'em from havin' to come into Los Angeles so often. The judge could divorce 'em or marry 'em, thereby effectin' a great savin' on time, gasoline an' tires, which is worth considerin' in these days of close housekeepin'. Ninety-six per cent of the Malibuers signed the legislative petition. An' incidental, won't that make a fine threat—"You're a-forcin' me to go down to Judge Webster's in the mornin'"—an' that's worth somethin'.

But all in all, it's a fine community an' there's a fine spirit of neighborly accommodation.

I Tried Dieting

(Continued from page 47)

fancy salary. Now Kate goes over the air at eight-thirty (Eastern Standard Time) and the advertising company that engages her pays \$15,000 a week to Columbia for the monopoly of fifteen air minutes. Kate gets a staggering share of this sum, and of this she has already carefully put aside sufficient to live without worry and in comfort the rest of her days.

She has one reason to offer for her radio success. She describes herself not merely as a singer but as a "stylist."

"It isn't enough to be just a singer," she points out. "You must be a 'stylist,' an individualist in your method of interpreting songs. A stylist may not have as good a voice or as fine a training as another singer, but she has that 'different something' that the public singles out and wants."

YOU get this "different something" even in Kate Smith's speaking voice. Hers is a warm, friendly, beautiful, big-hearted voice. It reveals the accompanying moods to her words more expressively than do the words themselves. Her large, round face rarely changes its good-natured expression except to crinkle into a smile. Her voice alone keeps pace with her thoughts and by it you can gauge the subtler nuances of her feelings.

She doesn't know how one can become a stylist. She was born with the gift. Being concerned with everyday life and not with wrangling introspection, Kate Smith shies from an analysis of stylistic singing.

Among her thousands of fan letters are hundreds from wistful radio aspirants. Kate Smith has never helped any one to get a radio hearing. She never will.

"I don't care," she says regretfully. "If I help one, I must help them all, and I simply dare not set a precedent."

She doesn't know how to advise any one to break into the radio profession. She does know there is always a place for good radio artists, those with "voice personalities" who are stylists. One way is to register with the casting agencies of the broadcasting companies. Another, is to visit the many national advertising agencies in New York that handle commercial accounts for the radio. These agencies arrange radio programs and engage the artists. Still another way is to have an agent, precisely as the stage and screen player has. But as to suggesting a short cut to radio fame and fortune, Kate Smith has no answer. Much depends on meeting the "right person"—in other words, on luck.

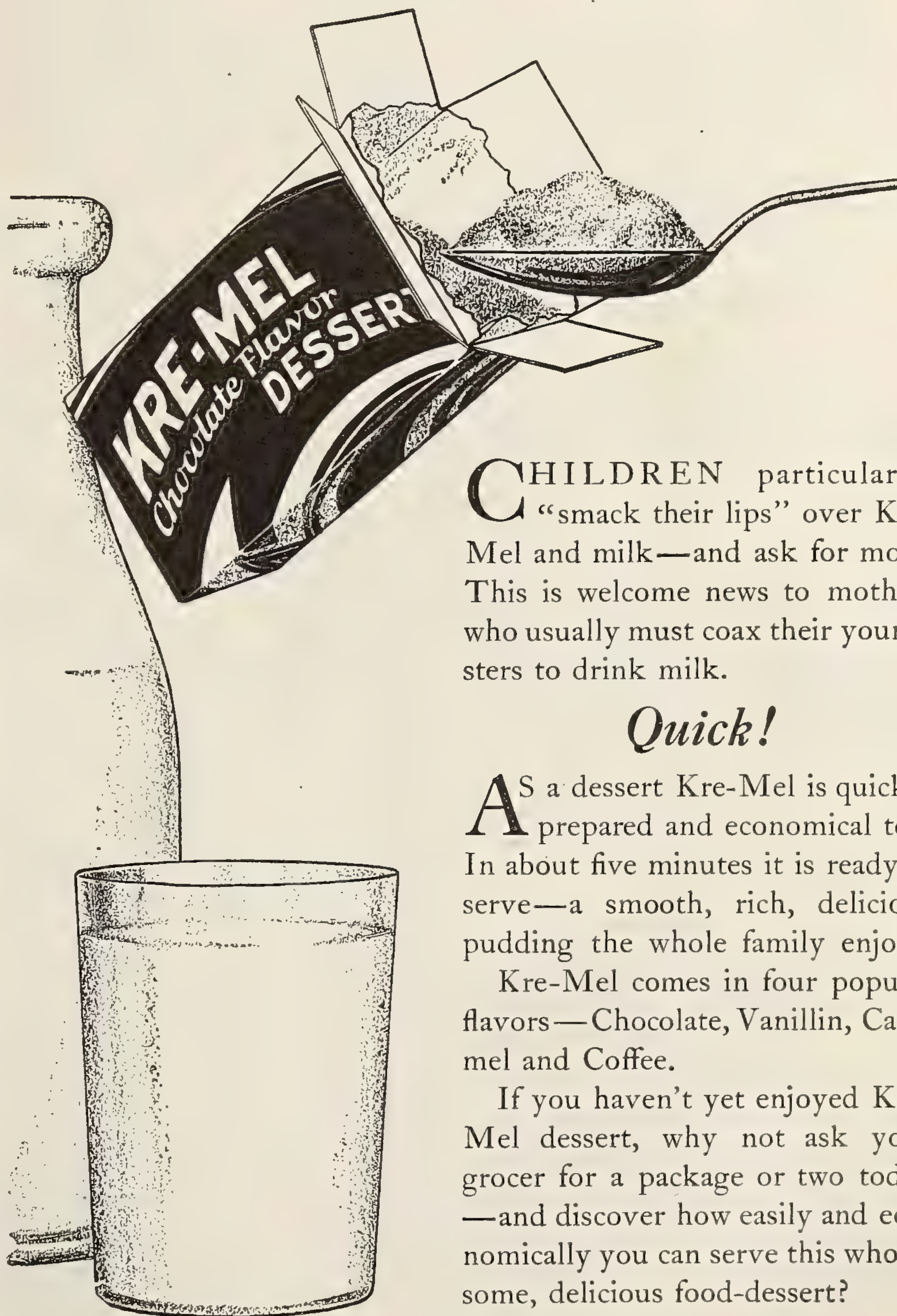
SHE lives in a homey apartment on Park Avenue and though it is a charming residence it is also a business headquarters of sorts, for Kate Smith has eight people on her payroll—a maid, a cook, two secretaries, a chauffeur, a publicity man, and two accompanists. When she goes on the road to fulfill a vaudeville engagement at \$7,000 a week, she engages two more employees—an electrician and a musical director. Her weekly overhead is terrific and her huge salary is not altogether velvet. All kinds of uncommon expenses eat up a goodly percentage of her checks.

(Please turn to page 82)

Chocolate Kre-Mel makes Milk a Delicious Beverage

A HEAPING teaspoonful or more of Chocolate Kre-Mel in a glass of milk (stirred with a spoon or mixed in a shaker) makes milk even more delicious and nutritious.

Kre-Mel itself is a highly nourishing food, rich in Dextrose, the important food element so necessary for the strength and stamina of active bodies.



CHILDREN particularly, "smack their lips" over Kre-Mel and milk—and ask for more. This is welcome news to mothers who usually must coax their youngsters to drink milk.

Quick!

AS a dessert Kre-Mel is quickly prepared and economical too. In about five minutes it is ready to serve—a smooth, rich, delicious pudding the whole family enjoys.

Kre-Mel comes in four popular flavors—Chocolate, Vanillin, Caramel and Coffee.

If you haven't yet enjoyed Kre-Mel dessert, why not ask your grocer for a package or two today—and discover how easily and economically you can serve this wholesome, delicious food-dessert?

Don't Gamble on secret formulas in Laxatives!

Don't take any laxative unless you know what is in it!

Beware of any laxative made by a secret formula. It isn't enough that it "works". It must work *safely*.

The wrong sorts of laxatives do more harm than good, and doctors will warn you against them. Many of them are viciously habit-forming.

No secret about Ex-Lax

Ex-Lax contains a single medicinal ingredient—the scientific laxative, phenolphthalein.

The exclusive formula of Ex-Lax is simply the perfect blending, into a delicious chocolate base, of phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the correct proportion and the correct dose.

Doctors approve the Ex-Lax way. It checks on every point they look for in a laxative.

Since Ex-Lax was offered to the public 26 years ago, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax is still the leading laxative, holding its millions of old friends, and winning hosts of new ones every year.

Acts as Nature does

Ex-Lax simply "nudges" the intestinal muscles gently and so stimulates the bowels to gentle activity. It does not force or gripe. It doesn't disturb digestion. It acts naturally, but surely. It isn't habit-forming.

Tastes like delicious chocolate

There is no more delightful way of taking a safe, gentle laxative than the Ex-Lax way.

In 10c, 25c and 50c boxes. Or use the coupon below for free sample.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The Chocolate Laxative

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

B 102

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

I Tried Dieting Once

(Continued from page 81)

"For instance, when I have a vaudeville engagement out of New York on my broadcasting nights," she showed us, "I must go to a Columbia radio station in the city I am in and broadcast my program to Columbia's New York station. The technicians there send my voice over the Columbia network. I can't give a national broadcast from any studio other than through the New York one. No Columbia artist can. It is the rule of the company. I broadcast four nights a week when I was in Chicago on a vaudeville tour last summer. I had to pay \$285 a night for the 'air line,' as it is called in the trade, from Chicago to New York. The price of an 'air line' is rated according to the number of miles it is away from the New York studio.

"I paid \$1,140 for my four broadcasts from Chicago. This I deducted from my stage salary as I wouldn't have had to pay anything to broadcast had I been in New York. Subtracting the \$1,140 from my \$7,500 a week salary, the five percent fee I paid to the vaudeville company that booked me and such other expenses as the salary to my electrician, my musical director, the percentage to my own manager, and other general items, meant that I actually cleared for myself a net profit of approximately one-fourth of the \$7,500 a week salary. So you see, a high salaried check is not all velvet."

SHE made several huge salary checks all velvet in July by thinking fast. Paramount wanted Kate to appear in "The Big Broadcast," with Bing Crosby, the Boswell Sisters, Burns and Allen, and other Columbia stars. Kate couldn't see herself singing in that talkie.

Had she gone to Hollywood for it, she would have spent an enormous part of her movie checks paying for the broadcast of her radio program from Los Angeles to the New York studio. She turned down Paramount's offer. And what happened? Paramount promptly came back with a larger salary offer and the promise that she could do her singing share in the film at their Long Island studio. So clever Kate signed to appear in "The Big Broadcast." On her terms, her Paramount checks were all velvet.

But she isn't especially keen about pictures. "Do you think," she asks, amused at her question, "that people want to see a fat girl on the screen?" She has had several alluring picture bids, and "some day," she admits, "I may accept one of them."

There is no need for rush. Kate Smith has never been impatient to have everything quickly and in wholesale lots and she isn't impatient now. Marriage, for instance.

"I suppose I'll marry eventually, but not now. A man wants to run his wife's business and I couldn't have that. Anyway, I haven't met a man I could fall in love with yet. If the good Lord intends for me to marry, he'll send that right man along. If not, there's no sense worrying."

She doesn't go out much socially, and when she does she is usually with her manager, Ted Collins, and his wife. She hasn't much interest in social activities. Instead, she likes to devote what time she has to swimming and canoeing and to go out in a car with a few congenial friends to the country and picnic in good old-fashioned style. She likes to dance, too. She danced, as well as sang and cut comic capers, in "Flying High."

"And I didn't do so bad," she chuckles. "You know, it isn't anything at all for a thin girl to get up and dance, but to see a fat girl dance—!"

During the run of "Flying High," her father passed away. Kate arrived in Washington at 5:30 A. M., having played her night performance in the musical comedy. She was forced to play even though she knew her father was near death.

"I'll never forget the anguish of playing that performance," she declares.

She arrived in Washington an hour and a half too late. Her father had died at 4 A. M. She has never forgotten the heart break of this and not being with her father, for her family means a great deal to her. She has a grandmother and a grandfather who live on her estate in Maryland near Washington. Her mother and sister live in Washington.

"My folks wanted me to be a doctor," Kate surprises you by stating. "I tried. Lord knows I tried, but I couldn't be a doctor. I wanted to sing. The family finally agreed that if that was what I wanted to make me happy to go ahead and do it. So I did."

IT was simple. Kate's life has the elements of greatness because of its simplicity. Her frank, cheerful manner attracts frank, cheerful people to her. The others, especially those who bid for worldly position, possibly have no desire to be other than friendly with her and this makes it mutual, for Kate never tries to be what she isn't. And because she is a "stylistic singer" and has something to offer that is salable, she has always been successful in finding the "right person" to help along her career at the "right time."

"Life's what we make of it," reckons Kate Smith. In which platitude there is scientific and psychological verity.

The commercial account that pays Kate Smith her vast weekly radio salary has signed her to another year's contract. "I'll sing over the air as long as people want me," she says. "When they don't want me any longer, when some other 'stylist' comes along to take my place, then I'll retire and I'll travel a little, see something of my own country and go to Europe, Honolulu, and Australia. I'd like to. I've never been farther west than Chicago and never across the water.

"But there's no hurry," serenely. "Everything will happen in good time. It always has."

And there's Kate Smith for you.

JIM TULLY'S "GALLERY OF MEN."

Don't fail to read this second article—after you've read Mr. Tully's "Gallery of Women" in this issue—in the November issue, on sale October 15th. Another of Mr. Tully's highly emotional, intimate memoirs.

Parties Galore

(Continued from page 61)

before the party she happened to be passing a florist's shop where they had on display a great horseshoe made of artificial flowers, with huge gold letters "SUCCESS" strung across it. In she went and rented the thing, wire easel and all. She arranged that when they delivered the horseshoe the next morning they were to insist on George's signing a receipt which stated they would call for it Monday morning. . . . More of this later.

RICARDO CORTEZ was helping George greet his—well, it looked like *thousands* of guests, when we arrived. The Beverly Hill Billies, popular western radio singers, were in full swing, playing and singing "The Strawberry Roan." Everywhere you looked were great cowboy hats, chaps, broad grins and much back-slapping.

It looked like Round-up Day at Pendleton, and through the crowd we spied George, at the mess wagon overseeing the broiling of the steaks, brewing of fragrant coffee, and the stirring of the beans. We soon found out why, for the great "chow" gong rang out, upon which a hearty cheer went up from the guests.

There was a choice of steak or chops—or both—a vegetable salad, hot biscuits, chili beans, corn on the cob, coffee, canned peaches and ice cream and cake.

Suddenly out of the nowhere right beside George loomed the great success horseshoe. George was completely mystified. He looked behind the horseshoe—and there stood a tiny little man with a broad grin.

George was beginning a touching little speech of appreciation—not knowing yet who sent it—when the little man tapped him on the elbow. He brought out a receipt book for him to sign and announced loudly that he would be sure and return the horseshoe on the morrow—and that George was to be careful of it and not mar its beauty. This nipped George's speech of gratitude in the bud. . . . He sat down weakly and, holding his hands skyward, said, "I surrender, Pard! Whoever 'done' this, done it right handsome. I'll say that!" Marguerite never let on, and up to the time we left, George hadn't found out who sent him the horseshoe!

After "brunch" everyone went out and hung over a fence and watched the cowboys perform. Elissa Landi was much thrilled over this American exhibition of bravery. "To handle a cow with such nonchalance must take practice—much practice," she smiled.

The dark and winsome Maria Alba, Douglas Fairbank's latest leading lady, Shirley Mason, Maureen O'Sullivan, Greta Nissen and her new husband, Weldon Heyburn, stood in a group and cheered the calves on to victory, audibly grunting when the calves, tripped by the cowboys' ropes, hit the dust.

The polo games were due to start about this time and the crowd began to thin. George told me afterwards that as they were about leaving, around 3:30, a whole crowd of Malibuites arrived, so he got out the calves and went through all the roping and western show again for them—even to the table service. So it was 5:30 when George's brunch party was over!

(Please turn to page 84)

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP A JOB — by Timmins

1

WELL, I START MY NEW JOB TOMORROW. LET'S HOPE *THIS* ONE LASTS! I'M TIRED OF HAVING TO CHANCE SO OFTEN. NEVER GETS YOU ANYWHERE

OH, I WANT YOU TO MAKE GOOD! BUT DO BE CAREFUL ABOUT LITTLE THINGS

2

LITTLE THINGS? WHAT WAS ELSIE HINTING AT? I HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA

3 A MONTH LATER *he found out*

A MIGHTY IMPORTANT "LITTLE THING" IF YOU HAVE TO WORK NEAR HIM! ALL THE OTHERS ARE COMPLAINING. HE'LL HAVE TO REFORM—OR GO!

YOU SAY HE'S BRIGHT AND HARDWORKING, BUT CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." SURELY THAT'S A LITTLE THING

4

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I'VE SEEN DOZENS OF "B.O." ADS, BUT NEVER DREAMED / COULD BE GUILTY. WELL, I KNOW NOW—AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY TODAY

5 NO "B.O." NOW *to spoil his chances*

I'VE BEEN IN MY JOB SIX MONTHS, ELSIE. HAD A NICE PROMOTION, TOO. ISN'T IT TIME TO TALK ABOUT A WEDDING?

WHENEVER YOU SAY, DEAR

Don't let "B.O."
(body odor)

bar your way

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *purifies* pores and removes all trace of "B.O." (body odor). Freshens dull complexions. Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

TRY LIFEBOUY FREE

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 4810, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you without cost.
(This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.)

"Her great-great-grandmother's?
How'd she dare wash it?"

"IVORY SNOW, silly!
That's as gentle as the
soap you use on your face."



No soap spots to strain cobwebby threads
—with **IVORY SNOW**. Fine, sheer fabrics need delicate handling. If a flake of soap flattens into the mesh, it takes rubbing to rinse it out and if it dries in, it makes a stiff, brittle spot where the threads break easily. That is why Ivory Snow is so safe for washing precious laces, trousseau lingerie, fine woolens, sheer silk stockings. Ivory Snow has no flat particles that can cling and make soap spots! Instead of being cut into flat flakes, it is **BLOWN**. Each particle is soft and *round*, so that it melts even in *lukewarm* water like snow itself.

Instant suds without using hot water.
No danger of plunging your fine things by mistake into too-hot suds when you use Ivory Snow! For with Ivory Snow you can *start* with safe, **LUKEWARM** water. In an instant you'll get thoroughly dissolved suds that won't redden your hands . . . that will be gentle to fabrics and colors . . . that will rinse quickly and clearly away.

PURE as the babies' bath soap. Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap. Where can you find as safe a soap for costly fineries as Ivory, which doctors advise for a baby's tender skin? Be economical. Get Ivory Snow from your grocer and take care of all your good things with this pure soap. The big box of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢.

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

Parties Galore

(Continued from page 83)

"**LOOK**," laughed dainty, sparkling little Marian Nixon, "we certainly seem to be going back to the simple things of life. Every woman here to-night is wearing organdies or crepe prints. There's hardly an evening dress or elaborately designed gown in the lot!" And there wasn't.

Marian and her popular and charming husband, Eddie Hillman, were giving a party in honor of the petite and interesting Vina Delmar, the author, and her husband, Gene Delmar.

Marian wore a clinging white crepe roma with blue flower design, while Vina Delmar wore a simple, severe lined organdie, crisp and dainty as is Vina herself.

"Did you notice Harold brought his own backgammon board?" Marian chattered on. "He said he was afraid he'd be too late and that all the boards would be busy. So he brought his own and has announced to everyone he will take on all comers!"

Sure enough there sat Harold Lloyd deeply engrossed in a game of backgammon with Bob Montgomery.

Colleen Moore, fresh and sweet as a sixteen-year-old, in a crisp organdie frock, whisked by in the arms of Russell Gleason, as we stepped onto the slick floor of the Hillman playroom to join the dancers. Such music! A trio of colored entertainers played such hot rhythm your feet actually tickled when they weren't in action! They were just as good at entertaining as they were at playing blues to dance to—and that is saying a *heap*!

While dancing we saw Lucille and Jimmie Gleason, Jimmie clowning as usual, and Lucille pretending, in turn, to be patiently enduring. A ripple of laughter follows these two wherever they are seen together.

Billie Dove, exquisite as always and also—as always—surrounded by a bevy of admirers, sauntered to the dance floor. She soon slipped into Stanley Smith's arms for a dance.

Suddenly the negro trio started up a rumba and Sally Eilers and Sue Morris, Chester Morris's wife, started dancing. Almost instantly they had the floor and an enthusiastic cheering audience . . . and those girls executed that rumba—and what I mean is they *did*!

After this the swimming pool seemed to call . . . Jimmie Dunn, Minna Gombel, Austin Parker, Harriet Parsons—and from the shrieks of laughter and spluttering protests many more—plunged in for a swim. . . . The water was cold when one first hit it, but a lot of fun later. . . . What a party!

Everyone always seems to do just what they want to do at Marian's and Eddie's parties—which of course is the very nicest way to announce that they are *perfect* hosts! There is always such a variety of things to do and such a variety of guests to do them.

Vina Delmar is a delightfully interesting and colorful little person, full of surprising statements and standing ready to back them up.

Vina declares she has found Hollywood and its "inmates" quite the jolliest and sincerest little group of hard workers she has ever met. She feels more at home in Hollywood with Hollywood folks than she has ever felt anywhere else in such a short time in her life . . . so everyone is happy!

Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 50)

Horses! Autos: Arthur Tracy says he likes horses in the day and automobiles at night. His car is a specially built sixteen cylinder one done in pearl gray. There are only two others like it in the world. Capt. Clyde Pangborn, the round-the-world flyer has one and Johnny Weissmuller, the other. When Amelia Earhart Putnam came back to New York they wanted her to use a car like that in the parade. Arthur lent her his.

He was so proud when he showed it to us that something naturally had to go wrong. It took four of us and two pages of instruction to fix the top.

The Street Singer has always liked horses. He used to crawl out to play with them when he was only two years old. Now he rides almost daily in Central Park and romance follows him even there. Three times this year he saved beautiful riders from runaway horses. They are always beautiful, he philosophizes.

Once in Potomac Park in Washington, however, a beautiful rider almost ruined him. He was walking his horse after a hard ride with his feet hanging out of the stirrups, when this girl approached at a terrific pace behind him. His horse, not wanting to be overtaken, leaped into a canter. Before the startled Arthur could regain his stirrups he saw a hurdle across the road just ahead of him. His horse was making straight for it. Tracy jerked sharply to one side and only by inches did he manage to turn the horse aside and escape the jump which would have thrown him into the rocks along the path.

Hotel clerks know: When Georgie Price and Lorraine Manners were secretly married a year ago and went to Atlantic City for their honeymoon, they tried hard not to appear like newlyweds. Georgie walked up to the hotel desk nonchalantly, looked the clerk in the eye, and signed the register with a firm hand. Nevertheless, when they came upstairs the couple found the clerk had given them the bridal suite.

When he came down George drew the clerk aside and asked: "How did you ever guess we were newlyweds?"

"Well," said the clerk, "if you were married any length of time your wife would have been carrying half of the bags."

They're happy: Those tuneful Mills lads who were broke a year ago are stunned with their new wealth.

First they were wild about Pullman sleepers. It used to fascinate them to see the porter change seats into beds and they sat up most of the night watching the countryside fly by their "bedroom" windows. Then one night they remembered the engineer's cab and ached to ride up in front with him like Presidents and Princes of Wales do. But only two engineers fell for the idea, which goes to show you that locomotive engineers aren't radio fans.

When the mid-summer heat made Pullman sleepers too stuffy, the boys bought a huge trailer for their limousine, so they could sleep with plenty of fresh air while their manager drove them around the country to their vaudeville dates. But they went back to Pullman trains after a few weeks, because every state trooper on the road stopped them, thinking they were bootleggers.



Sitroux Face Tissue absorbs the dirt, salt, and acid mixed cream or cleansing lotion from the face without irritation.

¶ You will enjoy the soft velvet like quality of Sitroux Face Tissue and find it indispensable for many different uses.

¶ Doctors advise the use of Sitroux Face Tissue instead of handkerchiefs when you have a cold. It is sanitary and easily disposable.



SITROUX
 90 SHEETS FOR 10¢
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Awaken
the sleeping beauty
in your eyes



with the
New Maybelline

Deep in your eyes, regardless of their color, shape, or size, is great potential beauty. Dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes are needed to bring out this hidden charm—the lure of lovely lashes that may be yours *instantly* with a few simple brush strokes of the New Maybelline. Applied with pure water and the dainty Maybelline brush, its magic touch will transform *your* lashes into the appearance of glossy, dark, curling fringe.

This marvelous preparation gives the very young woman the smart attractiveness she so much desires. And for the woman over thirty-five, it instantly erases at least ten years. Try it!

The New Maybelline eyelash darkener is not a dye. It is absolutely harmless, ideally tearproof, and will not smart the eyes. Its constant use keeps the lashes soft and silky and actually tends to stimulate their growth.

Truly, a real treat will be yours when you discover what the New Maybelline can do to awaken the sleeping beauty in your eyes.

Be sure you get the genuine NEW Maybelline.
Black or Brown 75c at toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline
EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Purse Size 10c
at 10c Stores

MORE THAN
A MASCARA



Will Hays and What the Public Wants

(Continued from page 29)

once a week. Given this information, he could pass up, for example, the Tuesday show, which trusted advisers called silly or banal or shocking, in favor of the approved Thursday show.

And, especially, the average citizen could have under this system a way of determining whether the show was "proper" for children. So, by the long process of economic law, the unfit would languish and the fit flourish.

HIS first efforts at improving the supply were tentative, general and hesitant. They had to be. The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America numbered in the beginning only nine firms. These, it is true, were the most powerful concerns in the field—would in a few years nearly dominate the field. Also, the membership was to grow, until the independent was an oddity. But in those days, perhaps the majority of films came from studios where Hays and voluntary regulation were a standing joke. Nor was his majority as yet wholly convinced of the success and soundness of his methods. At first, he could only advise, pointing up his remarks with reminders of the danger which at that moment confronted the business. He and his assistants had even no facilities for seeing films in advance of the public. They simply attended the first performances or the pre-views in New York and transmitted their criticisms, if any, to the producers; who very often chopped out an objectionable passage before it reached the state censors—or the screen on Main Street.

This did some good, especially in the way of heading off dangerous tendencies, but it was all a little hazy.

He took his first decisive step from another direction—"the demand." When in June, 1922, he assembled in New York a kind of motion picture convention, cynical newspaper writers hinted that he was only putting out a smoke-screen. But the attendance proved sufficient to mute criticism.

Here again, Hays, following his motto, wasn't letting things happen; he was bringing them about. For three months he had been warming up those national organizations which concern themselves with our moral, social and educational welfare.

Sixty of them responded—the list would be a catalogue. The delegates included such national leaders, in their own sects, activities and trades, as John R. Mott, Father John Ryan, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, James E. West, Charles N. Lathrop, John R. Duvin, Rex Beach.

For a week, they presented the views of an enlightened public—what was wrong with the movies and what was right. Of course the individual opinions stood at wide variance. But toward the end, the convention got down to brass tacks as all deliberative bodies do—even Congress. They set on foot two positive measures which have ever since governed the work of the Hays organization in its relations with the public. And they began an ambitious experiment which partially failed.

FIRST, they established a Committee on Public Relations. This, as they conceived it, was to work in close collaboration with the Hays organization and yet stand entirely independent of it. The all-important factor in such a committee is the man who leads it. After much discussion of candidates, they selected Colonel Jason S. Joy, expert social worker, who had won his title and made his larger reputation with the Red Cross in Europe.

"You appoint him and make him solely responsible to you, and I'll pay his salary," says Hays.

The full story of this committee and of Joy's evolution from a social worker to a strange sort of artistic creator, is so important that it must wait for another installment. While he began with working to improve the demand, he came in the end to be a most benevolent and powerful factor in improving the supply.

Second, they created the germ of that pre-viewing system at Hollywood which has come nearest of all among the agencies in Will Hays' hands to fulfilling his original idea of creating a better demand. Passing over early and experimental stages, a committee of social experts has for the past three or four years sat continuously in Hollywood pre-viewing every feature film and most "short subjects."

After some fluctuations in membership, it represents today such national organizations as the Boy Scouts, the D. A. R., the Federation of Women's Clubs, the Y. M. C. A. and the Catholic Alumnae. The members, who give most of their time to this work, send to their own organizations a report on every film. This one is all right for adults but unsuitable for children. This one is a little silly but morally unobjectionable. This one is excellent from every point of view. This one is a "good family picture." This one cannot be approved on moral grounds; and especially it is not for children.

Sometimes the reports vary. One cannot expect always the same point of view from the Catholic Alumnae, for example, and the Daughters of the American Revolution. The surprising thing, however, is not their variance but their general agreement.

These reports go to the Hays office. Repeatedly, the office has relayed back to a producer some objection on the grounds of taste, morality or offense to a large part of our public; and the producer has cut the film greatly before sending it into distribution.

THAT, however, is not the main object. All these organizations have their bulletins or periodicals. More and more as the years went on, they began regularly to publish the detailed reports of their representatives at Hollywood. Much of the religious press uses them in regular departments. They have had extensive circulation, too, in the daily and weekly newspapers; and in women's magazines.

The citizen whose sense of morals governs his thinking has now no great excuse for taking his family to a film which is going to shock them. How

Will Hays and What the Public Wants

much this has done to "elevate" the standards of the motion picture is a question which cannot be answered by figures and statistics. It must have had considerable influence.

Furthermore, it has exerted restraint on producers and distributors. An apologist for the League of Nations said once: "It is not so much what we have done at Geneva; it is what might have happened if we hadn't been there."

The same thing applies to these preview committees in their steady grinding work with the motion picture.

The experiment that failed concerned the problem of the children. Even then the production and distribution of motion pictures was becoming a mass-business—mass beyond precedent.

Periodical literature has its adult magazines and its children's magazines; and nearly every national publishing house maintains its children's department. In an affluent and well regulated home, the child does not have to read, usually does not want to read, the same matter as his elders.

But the motion picture business, as conducted, had never even begun to make any such discrimination in its product. The feature film ran through the whole country in six to twelve months; and the producer could only strive to strike an average between the taste of sophisticated adults and that of simple-minded children. Why not set aside at least one performance a week for the children—with special fairy tale films, special simple comedies, a selection of features from the current mass product? Saturday morning, when school is out and baseball and football games have not yet begun, seemed the divinely appointed hour.

The "Children's Hour" did not seem to fill the theatres—no one seems to know exactly why. The show business is always a gamble. The play which the manager and his critics regard as surefire often dies for lack of public support in a week; while a despised thing like "Abie's Irish Rose" runs for six years. It just didn't happen; that's all.

By 1924, the Hays organization had given up that struggle. And still it would be unfair to say that the venture failed entirely because it did not go over on a national scale. For thousands of houses and organizations still use those programs for special occasions.

AND in the meantime the film, giving the public what it wanted, was going through one of its sudden changes of fashion; which complicated still further the job of the Hays organization. During the period of the war and its aftermath, the "Western" reigned monarch of the films; Mary Pickford with her child impersonations, Charlie Chaplin with his immortal comedy, were only the brilliant exceptions which proved the rule.

By 1922, the Western had begun a decline which ended by 1924 in a complete flop. Audiences were becoming interested in modern American life; (Please turn to page 88)

Three Girls competed in this BEAUTY CONTEST and she who Won had a Lovely Skin

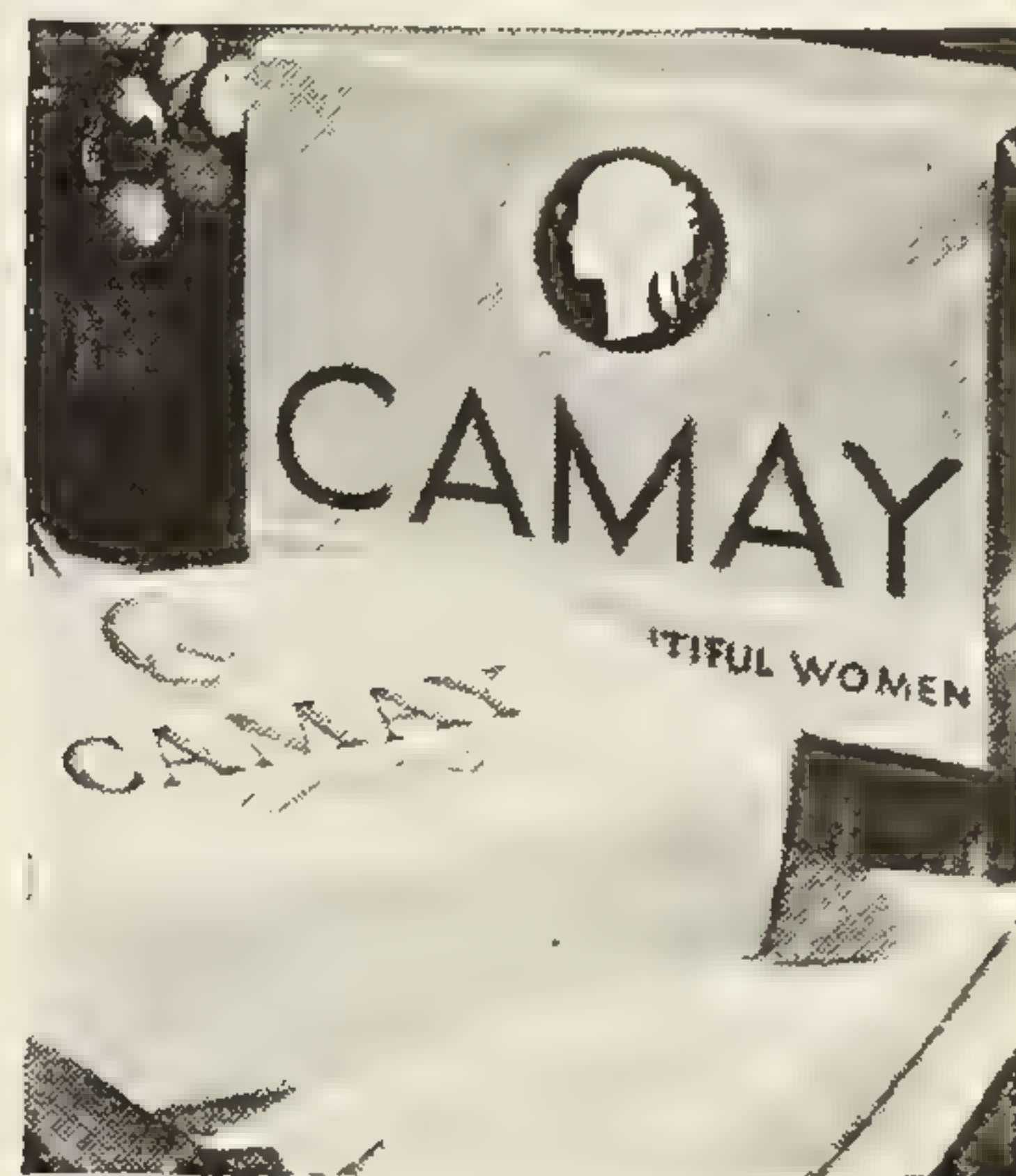
If you are a woman, you are in a daily Beauty Contest. You are competing with every woman in your social set . . . with hundreds who are strangers to you. But if your skin is lovely, you will win! Let gentle Camay help!



"When she entered the room, she entered one of life's daily Beauty Contests. The other girls were as smartly dressed. But her skin was exquisite. She won! The others lost!"



Lather your face well with Camay and warm water. Then rinse with cold water. Now your skin is immaculately fresh—ready for your other beauty aids.



This is creamy-white Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Look for it in the new green and yellow, Cellophane-sealed wrapper!

YOU'VE often heard it said, "Her face is her fortune." What is true of the woman with beautiful features is equally true of the woman with lovely skin. For if your skin is fresh and vibrantly alive, you've passed the most important test of beauty.

Then care for your precious skin with Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It's gentle and mild and creamy-white—the safe beauty soap for your complexion. And here's good news! Camay actually saves you money . . . at least 20% of the cost of other beauty brands. Do get a dozen cakes of delicate Camay today!

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Here's a girl that gets her full share of kisses. Always popular. Always desired. She's a **DOUBLE MINT** girl. That's why. **DOUBLE MINT** gives Nature's Own Sweet Breath, those beautiful teeth, that **PRETTY MOUTH**.

● TRY a fresh package today. It's real peppermint. You'll like it.

M-80

INEXPENSIVE · SATISFYING

Will Hays and What the Public Wants

(Continued from page 87)

the producers, having at hand the accurate guide of the box-office returns, took notice at once. There arose a new class of films combining realistic material drawn from our streets and homes, our mansions and farms, with romantic and often impossible plots.

Through this era, giving it lurid color, ran the "vamp" film. It was Theda Bara who put that word into the current language; she of the dark sex-attraction, the talent for portraying women who preyed on the emotions of men. Close upon her followed the male vamps, chief among them the adored Rudolph Valentino.

But that American life which the silent screen was portraying in its own imperfect and flickery way had entered a period of rapid change. The much advertised younger generation, reared in the war had entered the picture, had begun to change, according to its own ideas, all preconceived customs, manners, and etiquette of morals. Ladies' legs had emerged both to sight and to mention in the newspapers. A younger generation of writers had begun realistically to portray their pettings and light loves, their joy-rides and hip flasks.

F. Scott Fitzgerald won his spurs with artistic studies of their ways and manners. Lesser writers followed his lead; many of them merely with the object of making money by administering shock. Warner Fabian shoved the movement along with his "Flaming Youth"; he also has his regiment of sensational imitators.

THE public wanted this sort of thing; and the screen took notice—all the more inevitably because then as now it adopted most of its themes and plots, ready-made and ready-advertised, from successful novels and plays. Even in those early days Hays did succeed in forestalling the purchase, for moving picture reproduction, of several books which would never have done at all—not at all!

But many of these works on the lurid younger generation, touched up with motion picture ideas of luxury, did reach the screen. They formed only a small minority of the total production. But humanity, as constituted, notices the exceptions, not the rules. In general, the film was improving technically, was learning how best to get at what it wanted to say, was even growing artistically. That very period witnessed Charlie Chaplin's growth into the esteem of the most critical, the great runs of "The Covered Wagon" and "The Miracle Man."

However, the first serious battle between the forces of commerce and the forces of purity broke over a book quite different in kind and outlook from those jazz tales of the younger generation.

In 1921 Homer Croy published his "West of the Water Tower," which became by merit a best seller. An intentionally plain and stark story of life in a small Western town, it involved a seduction and an illegitimate child.

Compared to what we have consumed

since, that is not very strong meat. But at the moment, morals were in flux. Victorianism objected to this work, even as a book.

When in May, 1922, the newspapers announced that Famous Players had brought its film rights for \$25,000, one of the organizations which backed the Committee on Public Relations lodged an indignant complaint. Colonel Joy consulted the other organizations. Almost unanimously, they backed the protest. Joy relayed this to Hays and Hays to Jesse Lasky, who was preparing to put the film into production.

Lasky wired from Hollywood that the scenario had eliminated all objectionable features; that the film, as produced, would be full of morality and uplift. The organizations were skeptical; they wanted to see the scenario. If there was one thing producers held secret in those days, it was their scripts. Such a request was unprecedented.

Courtland Smith, secretary of the Association, ran out to Hollywood, had a look at it. He wired back agreeing with Lasky. Hays took the California Limited, succeeded in bringing back the script. The members of the Committee on Public Relations looked it over and found it entirely acceptable. But two of the organizations represented continued to object on another and original ground. Wrote the president of one of them:

"It is exactly the situation suggested by Mr. Lasky that I protest against; the handling of an inexcusable story in the way which permits its filming and which will undoubtedly result in securing wide circulation of a book which should never have escaped into print."

In face of these protests, but with the committee in general behind him, Hays withdrew all objection to "West of the Water Tower." It was produced and released. One organization resigned permanently from the Committee. And that, on the surface, closed the incident.

BUT many among his veteran assistants still consider this episode the climax of Will Hays' job—the moment when his organization went over the top. First, that dissenting opinion became in time a governing policy.

Second, the Hays organization had for the first time viewed a film not when it was all ready for distribution, and could be changed only by hacking out a little footage, but in scenario. In 1923, even Jesse Lasky objected to this process; and none in his trade stand more marked for taste, professional decency and accommodation than that same Lasky. Four years later, not only all scenarios, but even many of the unformulated ideas behind them, were under inspection of the Hays representatives at Hollywood.

(Don't fail to read next month's installment of this masterly series—probably the best inside picture of what has gone on behind the scenes ever written. You will find it in the November New Movie, on sale October 15th).

Stirring Up the Wild Animals

(Continued from page 55)

Gwili Andre—because her beauty is enhanced by the aura of femininity and hasn't gone in for clown make-up yet.

Paul Muni—not because his delineation of *Tony Camonte* in "Scarface" is comparable only to the materpieces of Herr Emil Jannings, but because when he lipped Karen Morley the ladies exclaimed, "Oh, you beast, what's your phone number?"

Louise Closser Hale—because without imitating Garbo she is funnier than any of the girls and because without imitating Marie Dressler she's just about the grandest of all actresses.

* * *

"DIAMOND LIL" Mae West arrived in Hollywood looking thin. She says she never was fat. Those fruity bulges were a lot of padding. Oh, Mae! And we blame the war for disillusioning us!

* * *

HOW is your fan club getting along? That's nice. Mine, m'gawd blew up right in my face. Remember? I elected Lupe Velez my screen Sweetie and Jim Cagney my Screen Pal, whereupon Lupe blew for New York and Jimmy decided to take up medicine—the big pill-roller! So I'm feeling pretty blue. You know, losing your best Pal and Sweetie at the same time! There's a chance that Lupe-whoopie-hotchacha will come back if she can get \$10,000 a week, but Jimmy is just plain mean. Doesn't write a line. Not knowing his address I'm enclosing this letter, hoping it reaches him:

DEAR OLD WHAT-A-SOCKER:

Forget the coin, kid; come home. We need you. Streets aren't safe since you left. The dames have got out of hand. You know, no one to smackum into place. Gord, the world's got enough doctors without you, and anyhow prohibition will soon be over and we won't need prescriptions. But we'll always need you, Jimmy. There ain't nobody like you. These hams, they all act. You never did, Jimmy. You were the real McCoy, everything you did. Am I sore at Warners? Boy, when I hear Chattuh-ton let go her chattuh I want to reach for a grapefruit, yuh know, like the one you handed Blondell in "Public Enemy." Blondell misses you, too, Jimmy. She was pretty sad the first part of "Make Me A Star," but warmed up toward the last.

Gee, Jimmy, Hollywood without you is like Rome without Mussolini. No guts. Men all soft, women all hard. It's a tropical place. And everyone who ever saw "Rain" knows how women get in the tropics. It's the same in Hollywood as in Pango-Pango. A Marine ain't safe straying around unaccompanied. Only the other night I read that one of our femme Tarzans busted into Richard Cromwell's place after midnight. Demanded a kiss. Har! I know what you'd

(Please turn to page 90)

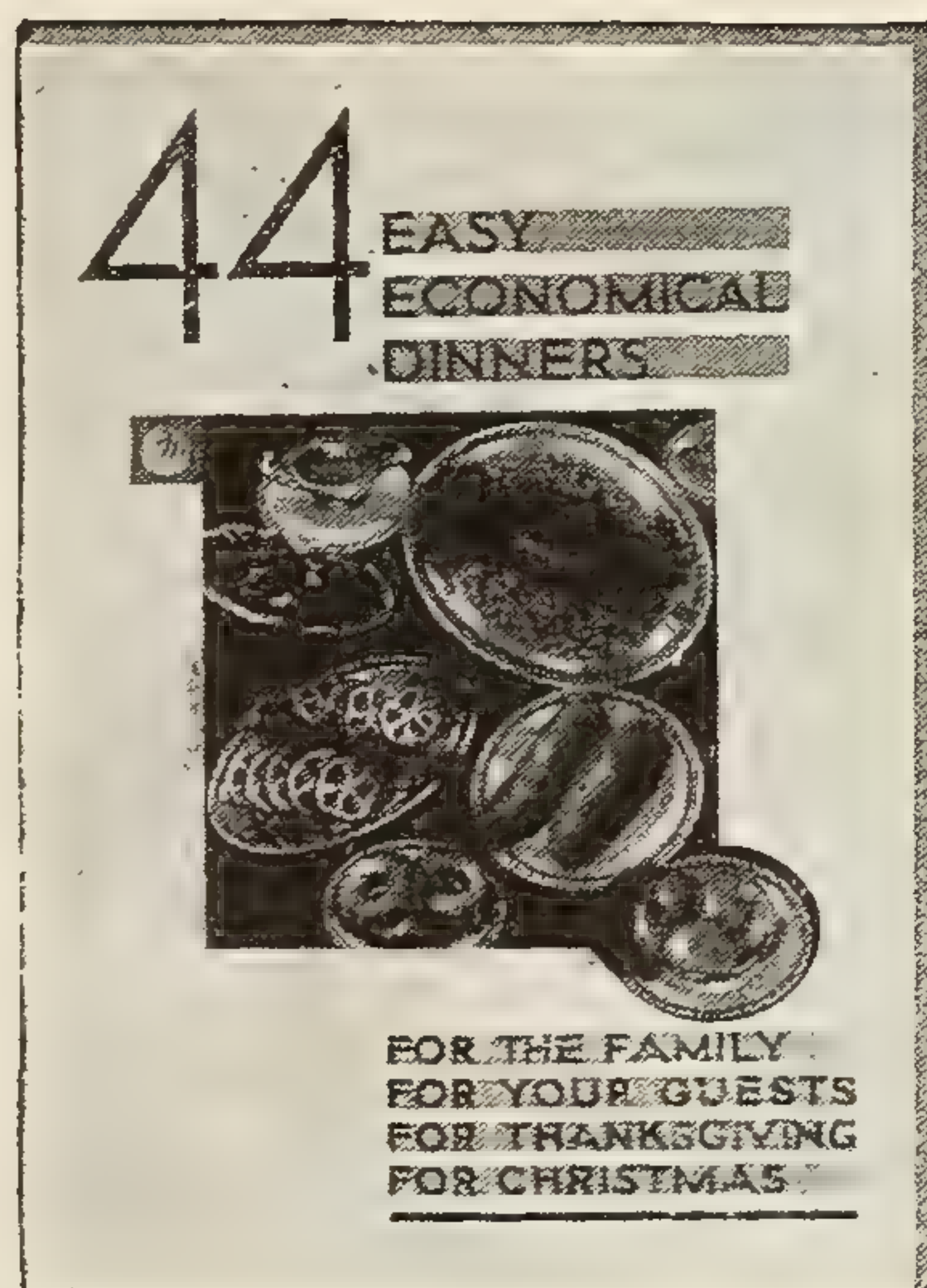


Sunday is a day of rest
There's plenty time to eat
So you must have some
"special things"
And parsley 'round the
meat!



—and Monday, Tuesday,
Wednesday—
but this book has

44 Dinner Ideas



When you "hate to think
about dinner" because you
don't know what in the world

to have—just turn to this little book. It contains a whole series of dinners as easy to prepare as they are delicious—with recipes for the featured dishes. It's an economical menu book, because it helps you plan your buying for a week at a time and shows you how to make the roast that's left from Sunday's dinner into something entirely different and delicious to surprise the family on Monday night. Send ten cents and we will mail you "44 Easy Economical Dinners" at once. (Canadian orders fifteen cents.)

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SHARP autumn winds. Cold driving rains... What havoc they play with delicate complexions! Before you know it, your skin grows coarse and weather-beaten. Your face takes on that dull, "ugly duckling" look.

Decide to end all this! You *can!*...With **OUTDOOR GIRL** Beauty Products, and a few moments' daily care, you can keep springtime freshness forever in your face. Under the influence of these marvelous *Olive Oil* preparations, redness and roughness fade away. Your skin emerges soft, smooth, fine textured.

It's the pure *Olive Oil* in **OUTDOOR GIRL** that does the trick. *No other cosmetics are made this way!*... If you are one of the millions of users of **OUTDOOR GIRL** Face Powder, you know how wonderfully beneficial it is—how its *Olive Oil* base conditions the skin, keeps it clear and supple always.

Now you may enjoy the same advantages in *all* your cosmetics. At your favorite toilet goods counter, you will find a complete assortment of **OUTDOOR GIRL** *Olive Oil* Beauty Products... everything you need, from creams to lipstick, to glorify and protect your complexion.

Large size **OUTDOOR GIRL** packages are popularly priced at 25c to \$1.00 in the better drug and department stores. Try-out sizes, too, at 10c each, may be found in the leading chains. If you would like to have free samples of 3 of the most famous **OUTDOOR GIRL** products, mail the coupon below.

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I enclose 4c to cover handling. Please send me free samples of the 2 **OUTDOOR GIRL** face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

Stirring Up the Wild Animals

(Continued from page 89)

given her. Blimps for both eyes. Listen, kid, the other day a dame walks into the Brown Derby wearing a bellboy's lid, padded shoulders, corduroy pants and a sneer. She made the boys feel like a lot of huzzies. Fur gossakes, come home, baby. The world doesn't need pills as much as these Hollywood dames need your grapefruit. Come home, old duce, come home.

Your old black shirt pal—
 HOIB.

A YOUTH was arrested on Hollywood boulevard for female impersonation. He was wearing a yacht cap, turtle-neck sweater, white flannel trousers and brogues.

* * *

OF all the fraudulent titles, "Million Dollar Legs" is probably the worst. Everyone expected Marlene Dietrich. Instead they saw Jack Oakie. Jack is one of my favorite actors but not because of his legs. On his behalf I'd like to say that he is not the "Blonde Venus." She really is Marlene.

PAUL MUNI is back in Hollywood making "I'm a Fugitive" for Warners. Prior to "Scarface" he starred in "The Valiant" and "Seven Faces." In the latter he played seven characters. After that Fox let him go. They couldn't find parts for him, they said. Couldn't find enough parts for him is what they must have meant. If producers really want to cut expenses I suggest they hire Paul to play all parts in all productions. Thus, at one stroke, they'd cut expenses and improve their product.

REMEMBER beautiful Alice Terry? You certainly do if you're male, white and over twenty. Rudie Valentino made love to her in "The Four Horsemen" and that's how Rudie was made. Ramon Novarro in "Scaramouche" was made the same way. Anybody would be a great lover around Alice. She's the *Ninon de Lenclos* of Hollywood history. Never did a woman have such loyal lovers. That's why Alice doesn't return. The last time she came back so many of them met her she was embarrassed. You see she couldn't remember all their names.

It's the same in France, where Alice lives now. Everywhere she goes she's followed by a Foreign Legion. She treats them all alike, Arab, French, Italian, Argentinian, Russian, English, Egyptian, Turk. She speaks all languages. That is, she can say "I love you" in all. She's married to Rex Ingram, you know, and lets him come along. She's old-fashioned that way. Rex adores her and understands why other men do, too. He gave her a magnificent villa on a hill overlooking Nice.

ALICE is immensely rich in her own right. Has a chalet in Switzerland, apartment in Paris and a Moorish palace in Tunis which was bequeathed her by an old sheik in memory of her work in "The Arab" there.

The real reason the Bank of France has so much gold is that Alice deposits there. Showered with jewels, which she detests and never wears, she converts them instantly into gold bars, gives them to France to take care of.

IT was a letter from Alice that incited this preamble. I'm her legionnaire No. 95672. Am I lucky? I'll say! Alice and her court recently visited Barcelona. She attended a bull fight and was chased by the bull. She relates the tale innocently enough, but I suspect her of wearing a red shirt. Still, that wouldn't be necessary. The letter reads:

"I never saw your story about me in **NEW MOVIE**, so I'm still friendly. . . . You would have enjoyed attending the bull-fight with me in Barcelona. The first bull out of the box said, 'Oh, yeah?' . . . and jumped over the fence. You know, the corridor between the arena and the grand stand. Well, I never saw anything so funny and so awful in my life. There were a thousand people in the corridor when the bull leaped in. Where they went I do not know. They disappeared as swiftly as snow in Hollywood. The animal came tearing directly for me, but by the time he arrived I had changed places to four seats behind. A man got in his way and the bull tossed him right into my lap. It was terrible. They couldn't get the bull back to the ring. You would have thought the whole thing was put on for my benefit. They said it had never occurred before. When finally they killed the poor thing—it was so brutal—everyone waved handkerchiefs. I thought they wanted to stop the show, so I waved too. Then I discovered that when you wave it is a sign you want the bull's ears and tail cut off. I nearly fainted. To think I had been waving frantically for that! It was a special day and they killed eight bulls. I couldn't get out because there were ten thousand spectators between me and the gate. So I sat through it all. I was never so seasick before! Believe me, I checked out of Barcelona the next day and I'm not going back."

MY reckless defense of Cinderella Garbo in a recent issue brought so many floral tributes I feel like a dead gangster. Fortunately, on pinching the body, I realize I still have time to reform before the lid is screwed down. Henceforth I shall play heroes to million-dollar maidens in distress. Mrs. Eleanor Miller of Jackson

*Remember
 that you bought
 this magazine
 at
 WOOLWORTHS
 You will find a
 new issue at the
 same place on the
 15th of each month*

Stirring Up the Wild Animals

Heights, New York, urges that Miss Garbo be perpetuated in classic stone while she still lives, that "this Goddess Genius may know our gratitude." She suggests "an infinitesimal offering from each of her admirers, a proper bank as depositary, a design and location to be chosen. . . ." Mrs. Miller, in addition, encloses a poem inspired by *Grusinskaya* of "Grand Hotel":

"Whence comes thy power to stir
all hearts?
Whence thy transcendent charm?
In chosen solitude such Truth is
born!
And with thy fragile woman's
form
Thy beauteous voice of husky
power
And eyes of Heaven's calm
Such benefice you freely shed on
this mad driven world
That knows no Truth save yours—
the Truth of Beauty."

AN infinitesimal offering from each of Garbo's fans should build a monument that would make the pyramids look like gopher mounds.

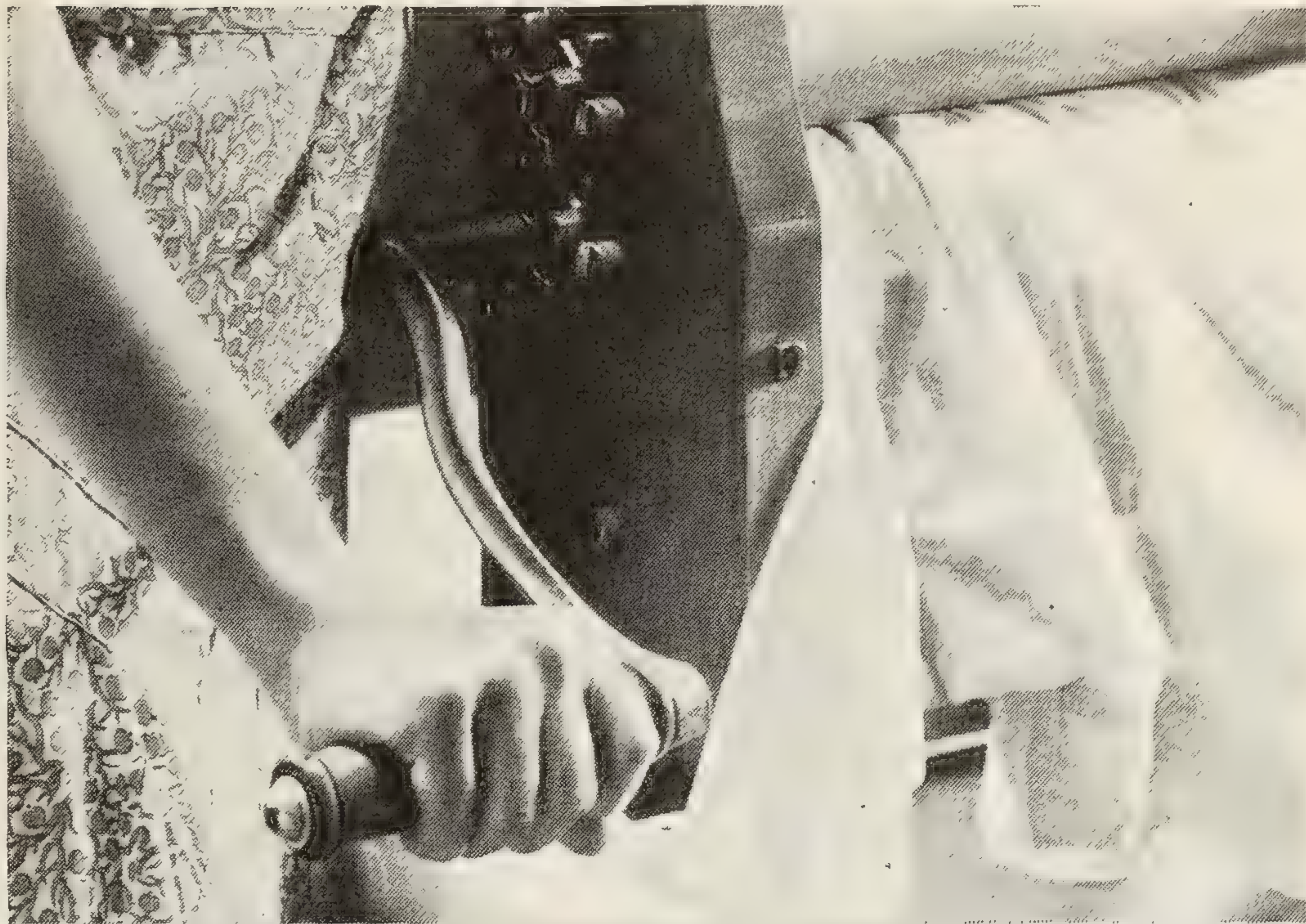
JUDGING by fan letters Garbo is the one star of universal interest. Ramon Novarro rates second, according to my files. When I write about them I get sweet notes on stylish stationery. So, can you blame me? I'd like to answer all, but now that Congress has voted a three-cent postage rate there isn't much hope. Particularly exhilarating are the letters enclosing quarters for photographs. "If you haven't any of yourself," they say considerately, "send one of Greta or Ramon." The Boulevardier has no photographs of himself because he's a Buddhist and a Buddhist believes that in being photographed you lose a little of your soul. So I've been sending the quarters to Greta and Ramon. If you do not receive photographs in return you will know the Buddhists are right.

ONE DIET FOR ALL

Mother's on a reducing diet; Father has to be careful; Son is trying to build up for the football team and the children must have special dishes. What to do about the family's menu? Our loose leaf circulars will solve the problem for you with a diet planned, with variations—for the whole family. Recipes and special suggestions are included along with a three weeks' menu. Send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

IF YOU'RE WASHING YOUR OWN

(AS MILLIONS ARE TO-DAY)



*These magical blue flakes will
hustle your clothes from basket
to wringer in double-quick time*

ARE YOU—like millions of others—balancing the budget by doing your own laundry these days? Then we want to talk to you seriously about your new job.

The professional laundress discovered long ago that the quickest, easiest way to turn out a snow-white wash was simply to let La France do most of the work. And that's what we want you to do.

La France is a laundry aid that is little short of magical! It cuts washing time amazingly, saves energy, and gives you leisure on washday. Easy to use: Just dissolve it, with your regular laundry soap, in hot water—in tub or machine. Then wash the clothes in the usual way.

Quickly, thoroughly—without hard rubbing—La France soaks away every bit of dirt. *And it blues and cleans at the same time!* Blues perfectly and does away with the labor of lifting clothes in and out of bluing tubs.

In jiffy time, La France will have your clothes on the line—clean, sweet, fresh, snowy-white. La France will not harm

your dainty lingerie or delicate colors.

The quick, easy job that La France is doing for hundreds of thousands of other women, it will do for you.

Get it at your grocer's—or use the coupon below. It will bring you a FREE sample of La France and a FREE trial-size package of Satina. Satina, added to boiling starch, keeps the iron from sticking. Makes it glide easily. . . . Here's the coupon!

Your grocer sells La France and Satina. Both are products of General Foods.



T.M.-10-32

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free test package of La France—enough for a family wash. And P. S., please include a free sample of Satina.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Print name and address—fill in completely)

If you live in Canada, address
General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.



**POSITIVE
PROTECTION**
No Fear...No Worry

*with this new-type sanitary napkin
with moisture-proofed back*

WOMEN by the thousands are turning to a new-type sanitary pad. A pad that *cannot* chafe or irritate—that is 3 to 5 times *more absorbent* than any other kind.

But that's not all. Veldown, as this amazing new sanitary protection is called, has a unique moisture-proofed back (U.S. Patent No. 1702530). This factor alone is worth everything in peace of mind. It gives perfect assurance that no accident can happen. Protective garments are unnecessary.

New Low Prices

Now the price of Veldown is so low that all can afford it. Millions of women, heretofore, have gladly paid *more* for Veldown's safety and peace of mind. Today—new low prices are attracting thrifty women everywhere.

The new chafeless filler is made entirely of soft, fluffy rayon cellulose. There are no harsh, "papery" edges to harden or irritate. So Veldown is far more comfortable than pads made from thin layers of crepe-paper can ever be—and its softness avoids all chance of bulge or faintest outline, even with form-fitting frocks.

Whatever your past preference may be, ask for Veldown at your drug or department store. You'll never return to less soft, less safe sanitary protection.

Veldown
The Utterly New-Type
SANITARY NAPKIN

The MAKE-UP BOX

BEAUTY is being put into beauty products more and more. We not only demand that what's inside the container make us beautiful but that the container itself be good to look at. Aren't you intrigued by all the new bottles and packages? Because we just can't tear ourselves away from the counters. Even nail polish now comes in bottles that would do justice to the finest perfume.

One of the well known beauty houses is putting out a three-set—polish, remover, and cuticle softener in orange and cream marbelized containers set on a black base. Now you won't have to hunt desperately through your bureau drawers when you are in a rush for a manicure because this set is attractive enough to grace your boudoir table. And another thing—the banana oil odor is absent with a faint perfume fragrance in its stead. The same house has a new sensitive skin cream, very bland and yet most efficient. A small quantity of it can be left on all night even if your skin is the type that doesn't take kindly to ordinary cream.

A new lipstick from an old firm has just been put on the market. Indelible as always it is of a softer, smoother texture than before and comes in a fascinating modern container—chromium with varicolored tips to identify the shade. Maybe you have a sentimental feeling for the older containers since they probably were the first you ever used but still you will want to try the new one, it matches up so well with your other modern beauty cases.

Cream rouge in an inexpensive and



attractive blue and gold case is now on the market for those who prefer to use their finger tips on their lips. It's convenient, too, because it may be used for cheek and lip alike, spreads evenly and smoothly and is available in four different color tones.

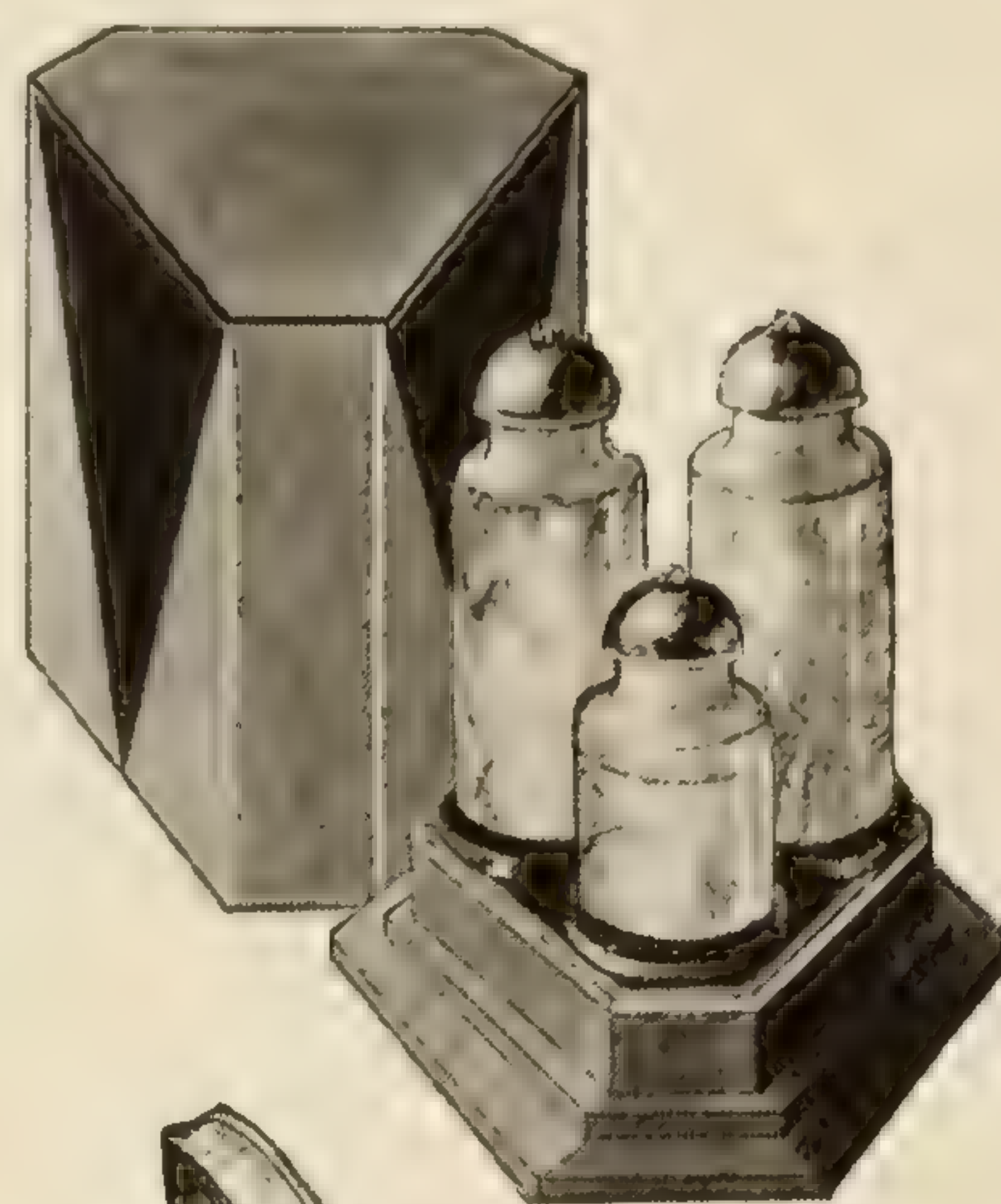
Did you know that we sell cosmetics to the world: that France and Germany, for instance, are heavy buyers

of the preparations of an American house. Maybe you haven't tried them yourself yet but you'll want to. Three new products that have been added to the group are of particular interest. There is a liquefying cold cream that comes in generous jars and will dissolve the deposit in the pores without being absorbed by the skin. And there's a new freshener lotion to remove excess cream, refresh and cool the skin and stimulate circulation. And a powder of the finest screen that will cling for hours. It comes in eggshell, natural, rachel and peach and the box is ivory and gold.

A greatly improved cream depilatory has arrived on the market and at reduced prices. It's a pleasant creamy white in color

—about the shade and consistency of a good cold cream and it leaves no lingering odor on the skin. Mild in its effect on the skin and yet quick in action it's the solution to an always difficult problem.

If you wish to know the names and prices of the articles described here write to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Mazazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope.



Above, a manicure set that combines beauty with effectiveness; below, a new and inexpensive cream rouge.



A liquefying cleansing cream, skin freshener and fine-screen powder just brought out.

Were Miss Caramel Sweet Kidnabbed?

(Continued from page 51)

one of my strong swipes of genius I shall make you the Big News of the day. I can accomplish this by hiring a criminal."

"To get me murdered?" she acknowledge baffably.

"To get you kidnapped," he divulge.

"No!"

"Yes!"

(Please tell your Printer that they said these words 5 times back and forthly.)

"But how will you do this fowl deed?" she require.

Hon. Geo. F. Ogre merely crack his fingers at me, where I was standing all that time with 4 buttermilk cocktails, which Hon. Ogre eat for lunch to keep his soul awake.

"Togo," he report with wise eyelids, "how much will take to steal my wife?"

"How much are kidnabbers getting this week?" I ask to know.

"More or less," he says so. "I offer you 9\$ & expenses for this great theft."

"O, thank you so many!" I corrode.

DON'T do it again," he rap. "Now Miss Caramel Sweet, on with our plot. At 12.66 p. m. tonight Togo will encroach to side of this house in a Tin Elizabeth ottomobile, containing sifficient groceries, lipsticks and 18\$ stockings to keep you over night. He will grabb you to car while you make on (1) wild shreech. Here are a road mapp. Folla the Red Line till you come to the Rocky Mountains above Hollywood. There you will find a desherted cottage entitled Dew Drop Inwards. Stay there while Togo shall act as your nursemaid."

"& what will you be doing in the meanwhiles, if anything?" she negotiate.

"Ah! There are my big flashy idea," he annunciate. "At 4.88 a. m. I shall arouse, enrush to telephone and holla at all news-print reporters, 'Miss Caramel Sweet have been kidnabbed!!! Police and plenty more!!!!' Then, my dolling, see what publicity shall be. All newspapers shall rise up and loudspeak with Front Page expression:

MISS CARAMEL SWEET KIDNABBED
O WHERE ARE FAMOUS ATORESS
ELOPED AWAY TO?"

"O my preshuss, preshuss hussbund!" decry Miss Caramel Sweet while wept in his arms.

WELL, Mr. Editor, to make a short story long, I spend that day amidst gilty shivvers peculiar to criminals. But when night got very black in the face, promptly @ 12.66, I enrush up to side yard in Tin Elizabeth ottomobile, filled with beauty supplies to make that lady happy. But Miss Caramel Sweet were late, as usually. Therefore I honk-honk. "Shut it!" holla Hon. Ogre from window. "Do you want to enrouse the police?"

Then when it were 1.74 a. m. Miss Caramel Sweet come sneeching out of side door. I grabb. She dictate "Awk!" loudishly. Rapidly I kicked all the gas into the engine and went splunging out of Hollywood so fastly that nextly I knew we reach the Rocky Mts. And there, by golly, were Dew Drop Inwards, filled with nice furniture.

A SURPRISE FOR FRED

SO FRED ASKED HIS
OUT-OF-TOWN
FRIENDS TO
DINNER?

YES—I'M JUST WILD. THESE
OLD FADED CURTAINS
ARE A SIGHT—AND WE
SIMPLY CAN'T AFFORD
NEW ONES.

I JUST GOT THIS
FRENCH ECRU RIT
TO TINT MY OWN
CURTAINS. YOU
TAKE IT AND
I'LL GET MORE.

MY DEAR, THIS IS WONDERFUL!
IT DISSOLVES SO
QUICKLY AND NOT
A SPECK
TO LEAVE
STREAKS
OR SPOTS.

NOW, THEY'RE
THE REAL FRENCH
ECRU SHADE
THAT INTERIOR
DECORATORS USE.

WON'T I SURPRISE FRED,
THOUGH? HE SURELY
WILL THINK THEY'RE NEW.
YOU'RE A PEACH FOR
HELPING ME OUT, DEAR!

YOU'LL WANT YOUR HOUSE FRESH LOOKING AS
WELL AS CLEAN—AND RIT IS ALL YOU NEED. FRENCH ECRU RIT
WILL LAST 20 WASHINGS— 100 DAYS OF SUNSHINE. I'VE
DISCOVERED THAT NEW INSTANT RIT IS THE QUICKEST
AND MOST ECONOMICAL WAY TO TINT CHAIR COVERS AND
LINENS AS WELL AS CURTAINS.

USE RIT BECAUSE IT'S SO LITTLE
TROUBLE, WON'T
HURT YOUR
HANDS, AND
GETS PERFECT
RESULTS.

At all drug and
notion counters —



Takes
Old
Color
Out



Puts
New
Color
In

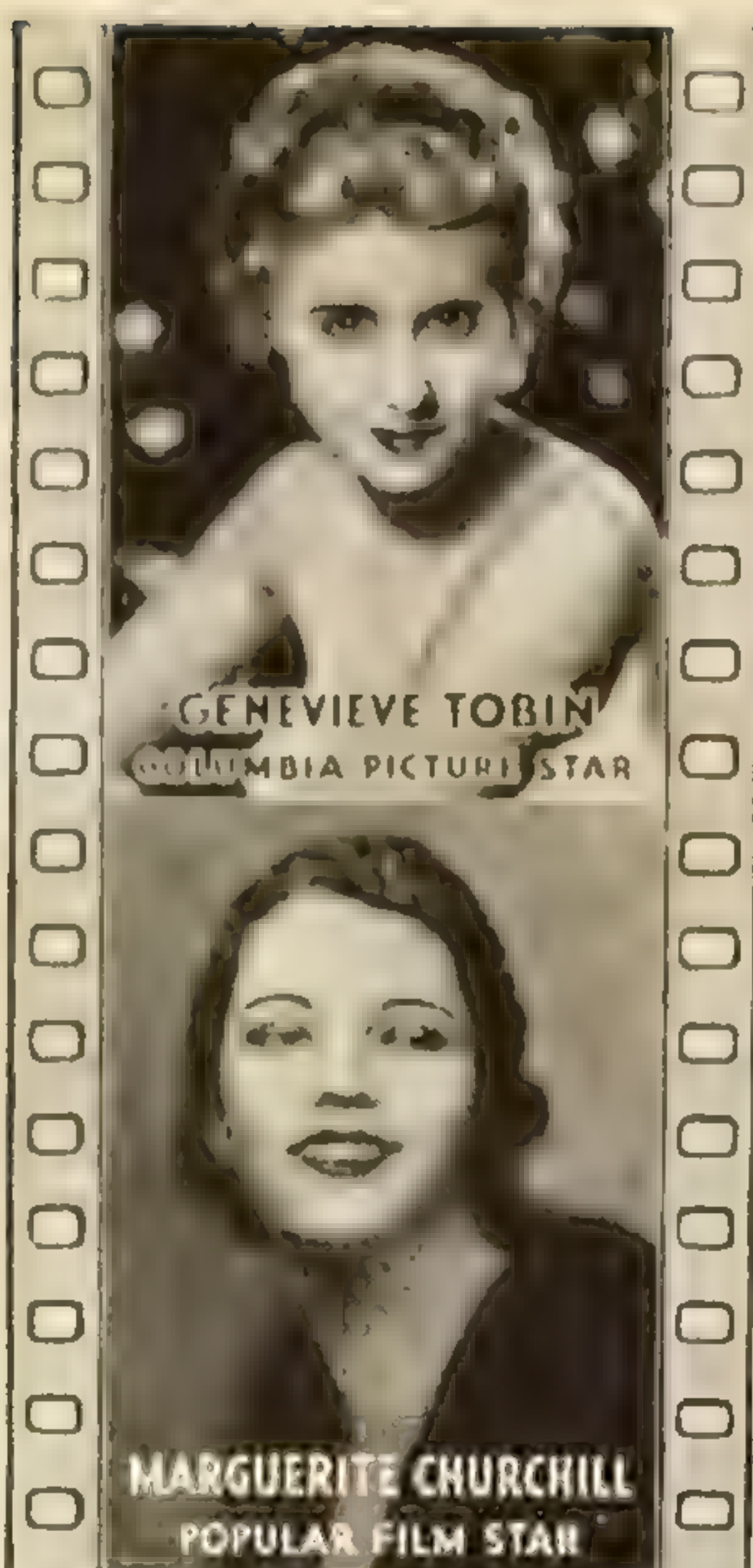
33 smart Paris shades that last like fast dyes.
Also WHITE RIT—the original color remover.

NO LONGER A SOAP—RIT NOW DISSOLVES COMPLETELY

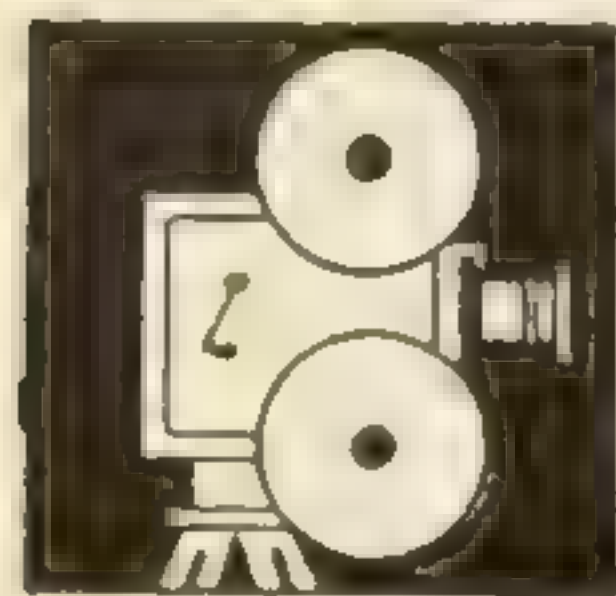
BOBBED

or

LONG..



The camera catches every detail



THAT'S why feminine screen stars of every type use only HOLD-BOBS! They are invisible, the heads are round and so small they cannot be seen in the hair! The ends are smooth and non-scratching. The legs are flexible—one side crimped to hold the hair in place securely and firmly, whether it is long, bobbed or "in-between" and HOLD-BOBS come in colors to match every type of beauty. It's these exclusive features that make this pin so popular. Fashionable society has learned the secret from beautiful movie stars. Wherever you find beautiful, well-groomed women you find HOLD-BOBS!



MAIL COUPON FOR FREE SUPPLY

Send today for FREE sample card of HOLD-BOBS (specify color) and the new booklet "Modern Hair Culture".

Made Only By
THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
(Division of Chain Store Products Corporation)
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. G-10, Chicago, Ill.

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Gold and silver metal foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere... made in all sizes to meet every requirement. Also sold under these brand names: BOB-ETTES—CLIP-PER-ETTES—LOX-THE-LOCKS.

Small Invisible Heads

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. G-10, Chicago, Ill.

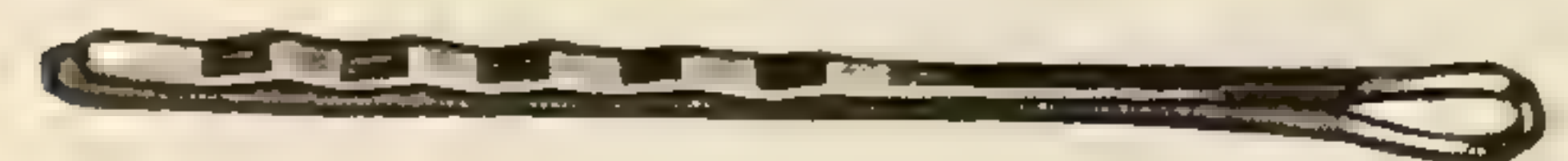
Please send me free sample card of HOLD-BOBS and new "Modern Hair Culture" booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold



Copyright 1932 by The Hump Hairpin Manufacturing Co.

Were Miss Caramel Sweet Kidnabbed?

"Togo," exclaim Miss Caramel Sweet, when we got there, "pour me a hot bath, filled with No. 44-Z Violet Kalsomine Salts. Bring me 2 doz. powder puffs, prepare me for breakfast ½ boiled egg & a glass of potato-juice with ice. Then telephone to Hollywood that I forgot my Electric Kneck Exilerator."

"But Mrs. Madam," I reject, "there are no talephones in these Rocky Mts."

"Have one connected," she jounce out while slamming door on my face.

By this time I commence to know that I should of charged 11\$ to kidnap such a lady. Pretty soonly, after 4 or 3 hrs of complete bathrub exercises, Miss Caramel Sweet emerge outward to eat that estranged breakfast I fried for her. She set there in her bear feet, wondering how her toes would look if she paint them silver.

"Ho & hum," she mone. "Run to the drug store and capture me 2 books by E. Fillups Sloppenheim."

"No drugs stores," I pronounce.

"O. G." she amputate. "Then turn on the radio at Amus Nandy."

"No raddio," I smother.

"What do my hussband mean by kid-nabbing me to a place where there ain't nothing?" she pognosticate.

"Sweethearted Mrs. Lady," I snarrel, "if I was a smart kidnabber I would charge 17\$ for you and lose money."

SHE got no wise-smack to answer that, but all day she kep me so busy I feel like I had dugg a dich all way from Mexico to Troy, N. Y. When the shads of night were falling fat I commence feeling like I should elope back to Hollywood and corrode to Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, my owner, "Take O take your darnly 9\$, in spite of the depression. Take O take your wife and loosen me from slavery!"

But just then something happen! O goshes, how it did!

Up and down the rocks and trees I see a large crowd of mobbed people with lanterns, torchers and flame-lights, looking everywhere with peep-eye expression. Banzai! The reskew party have got there to grabb back Miss Caramel Sweet!

"O luvy duv, where are you at?" I hear 101 voices collapse from grief.

"Come, dolling. We are here. Ooodle-doodle, sweetheart. Tweet-tweet-tweet."

I look around through trees and other vegetables and see All Star Cast of Hollywood serching round there with detective expression. I see Hon. Thos. Mix come stampeding up on a red headed bronchial horse. I see Hon. Norma Shearer on a soap-colored thorough-bread. I see Hon. Dug Fairbanks Jr. turning handsprungs on a red motor-sickle just like Hon. Pa. And behind all I observe Hon. Ed Robinson jerking his lips with that criminile expression he learn in Chicago.

Goody! Miss Caramel Sweet will now get Publicity, you bet your bootwear.

And more there was coming and yet others. I observe Hon. Chick Sails saying, "This way, ladies," to 12 Blond Beauties of Hollywood. This collexion include Hon. Jean Harlow, telling Hon. Joan Blondell how to get a little blonder. Those 2 was so bright on top that they make Ann Dvorack, Greta Nissen &

Constance Bennett (30,000\$ a week) look like Dolores del Rio. Yet onwards, onwards come that parade of goldly bobs, looking to righthand, looking to lefthand with pretty music cry, "Do not be afraid, dolling. We shall save you!"

O EXCITEMENTS! Closer and more closely that famus mobb approach up to Dew Drop Inwards. With inflamed toes I rush into house and dishcover Miss Caramel Sweet trying on a new set of eyelashes.

"O joyful!" I narrate. "Miss Caramel Sweet, come outwards rapidly. 88 famus Hollywood stars have arived to reskew you from kidnabbers!"

"Geo. Bernard Pshaw!" she say for mean curse. "Why did they get here before I put on my cumplexion?"

"Wait for nothing or less!" I snagger. "Elope quickly to them and let them save you while 22 reporters write history about you."

Only waiting to put on a pair of fish-colored pajammers, Miss Caramel Sweet sonter out to porch, where they all stood there looking noble.

"O my dear, dear komradds in Art," she say for short keynote speech, "how can I thank you plenty for what you done in arriving here to snatch me from crule fate?"

Silences by all. Then Hon. Chick Sails come forwards and remove off his street car hat.

"Lady," he expunge, "would you mine tell us what you talking about?"

"Certainly shall," she corrode. "You know who I are? I are Miss Caramel Sweet."

"Hoo?" require 12 beautiful blonds.

"Miss Caramel Sweet," she deprive. "The famous star what were kid-nabbed."

"Never heard of you," say 88 Hollywood celebrattys speaking together like chorus girls.

"YOU mean," she dib, "that you are so old style that you do not know that me, Miss Caramel Sweet, were snatched at midnrite from palace home by 14 giant gun-boys and held for randsome of 1000000000000\$ and only saved by fearluss bravery of her trushy valet, Hashimura Togo?"

"Yo do not know the news?" require Hon. Thos Mix, eating another Arizona cigarette.

Therefore Hon. Mix tuck out of pocket a journalistick looking newspaper. And there all over Page One, in very swollen print were following awful report:

JACKIE COOPER'S PET RABBIT STOLEN!
CRIMINILE GANG SISPECKTED!!!
ALL HOLLYWOOD SEARCHING WOODS!!!!

"You mean say," gubble Miss Caramel Sweet, "that there are no stingy mention of my snatch-away from home?"

"Look in Sassiety Column," snuggest Dug Jr while standing on his own head.

"Ah, here is!" holla Hon. Thos Mix. "Sassiety Chitter Chatter. It says, 'Mrs. Geo F. Ogre are weak-ending with friends at Dew Drop Inn.'"

Hoping you are the same.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

Eyes

(Continued from page 63)

"In this way any eye strain, dust, sun strain, or inflammation of the eyes is healed and removed.

"After the eye bath gently pat in under the eyes a good turtle oil or rich tissue-building cream. Massage this oil from the temples to the corner of each side of the nose, and lightly over the lid to the temple again.

"At night leave on some of the tissue or turtle oil. In the morning, after a fresh oil massage, soak a piece of cotton in a good astringent and pat it in around the eye. Then the eye is ready for the finishing make-up touches.

"If you have vivid blue or soft gray blue eyes, a light gray blue eye shadow is right. If you have brown or hazel eyes use a light brown eye shadow.

"Place the ball of the second finger lightly upon the surface of the eye shadow and pat it in evenly over the entire eyelid to the brow. Let it remain a bit deeper in color next to the lash, gradually getting lighter until it disappears at the brow.

"**E**YE shadow must be used very sparingly in the daytime and powdered over so as to give a soft effect. At night the shadows may be deeper and the eyelid may be left the least bit moist with the oil. A soft green color is effective for blonds at night. A light gray is flattering to light blue eyes.

"After the eye shadow has been carefully applied to give your eyes the proper depth and an attractive setting, it is time to apply the mascara.

"This may be done best by moistening the brush and brushing the eyelashes up from the eye line to the edge of the lash. First do one eye, then the other, then return to the first lash again, adding more lash cosmetique to the brush. Brush them up again and again until each lash stands out and curves upward, then do the same to the other eye. Never let the mascara look pasty or too heavy for a natural effect.

"If your eyes are inclined to be small, draw the eye shadow out beyond the corner of the eye a bit to a point at the hollow of the temples. Experiment with your eyes until you find the eye line most becoming to your facial contour and eyes.

"The eyebrows must be even, carefully plucked to give a neat, well groomed appearance, without having an unnatural hair line—or exotic curve . . . Unless one is an exotic and believes such eyebrows may add attractiveness to the face and eye . . . If this is so, go to a reliable beauty expert and let him or her give you the proper line. Do not try to give it to yourself.

"If the brows are too light to be attractive or noticed, pencil-line them so that the penciling cannot be detected.

"My own belief is that only by experimenting and practice and study of this way and that, can one get a true idea of the best way to use eye make-up to the best advantage."

"That's great . . . now how about how to use 'em," I enquired of the lively Miss Dee.

"Don't be silly," she grinned. "Any woman who would take the trouble and the time to study eye make-up knows how to use them—when she's found out how to prepare them for action!" . . .

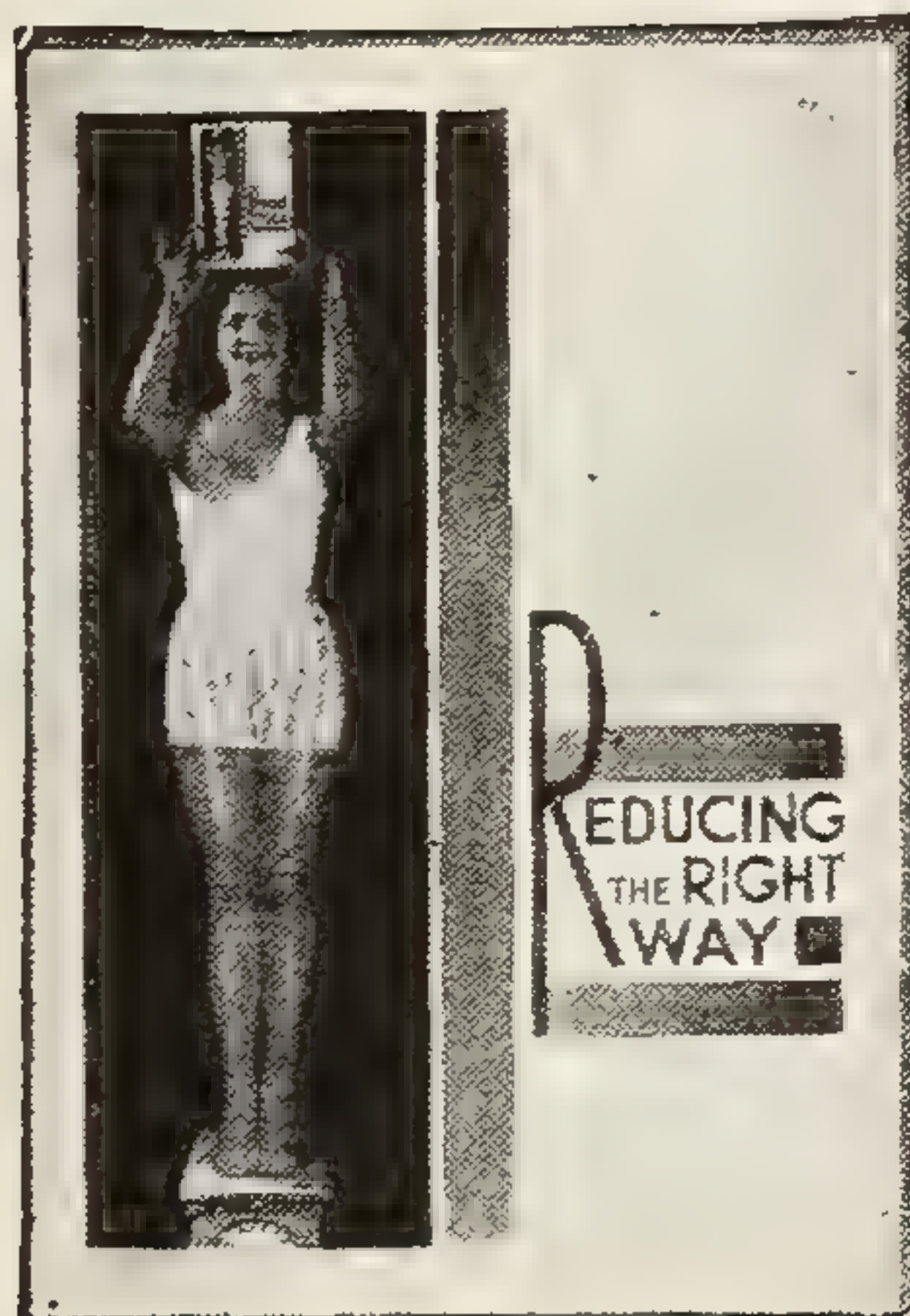
Maybe she's right, at that!



Eat-Drink and be Merry and **STILL BE SLIM**



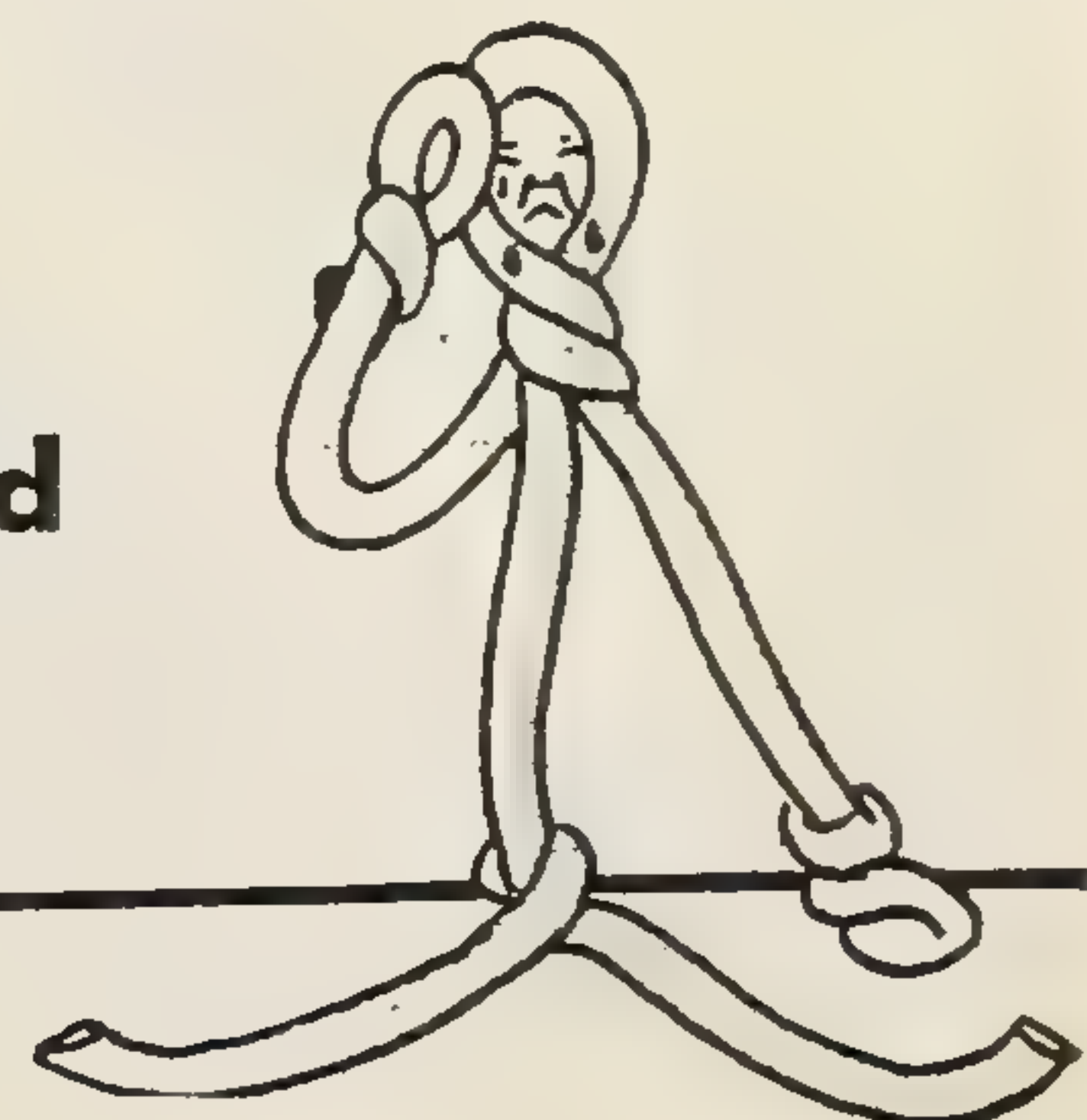
Send ten cents for "Reducing the Right Way."
(Canadian orders, 15c.)



TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated

55 Fifth Avenue, New York

DID you think reducing meant going around with a hungry pain where a good dinner ought to be? Wait till you read "Reducing the Right Way" and you'll see that there is no question of starvation involved. This practical little guide to a better figure gives you a wide choice of good things to eat. It shows you how to get results by right eating and healthful exercise. You'll like the menus, enjoy doing the exercises and feel like a million dollars all the while you're losing those unbecoming excess pounds.



That awful
stocking counter
girl

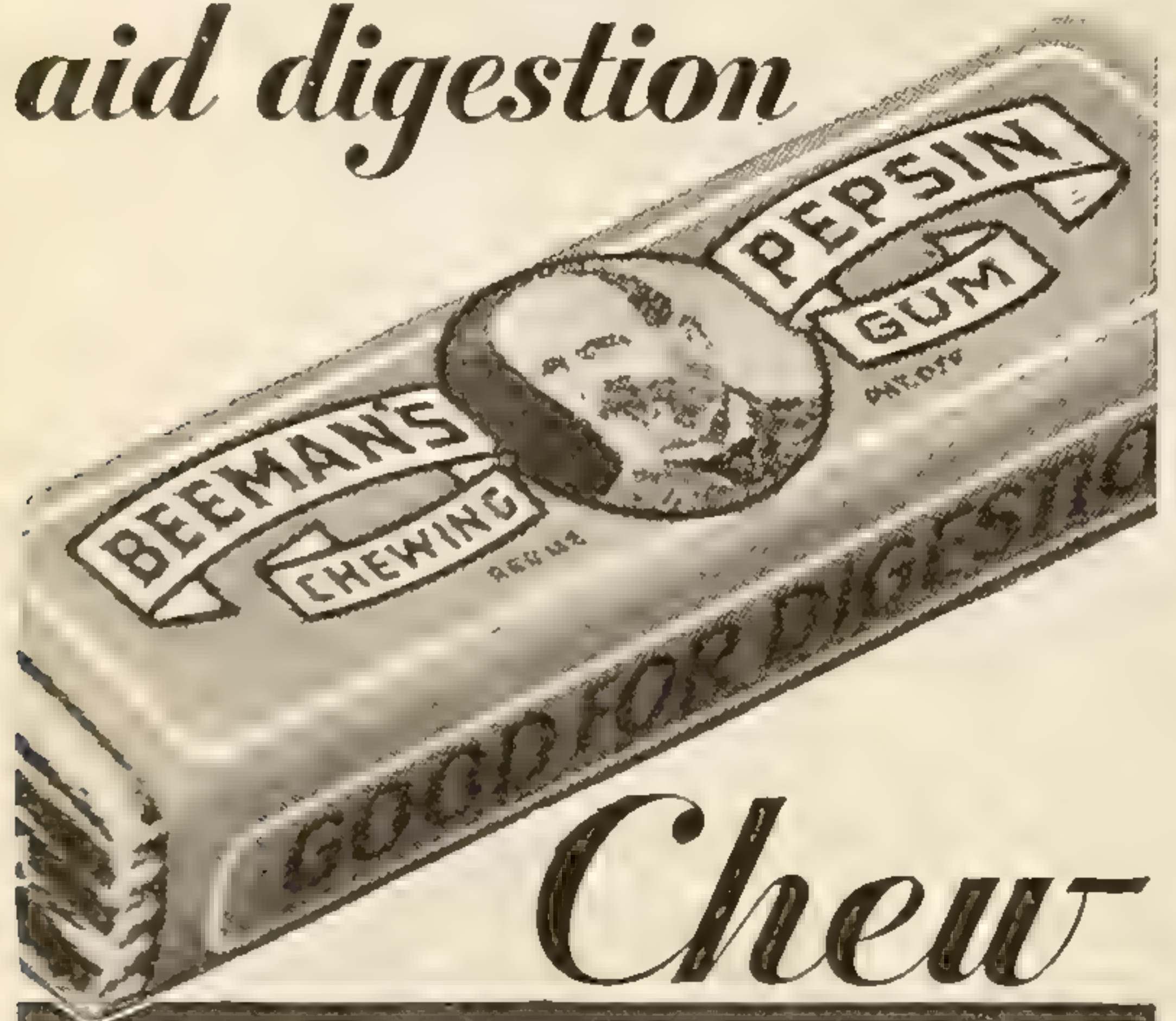


promoted!

SHE LOOKED so cross she frightened customers away. She was rude and snappy and always out of patience. All the girls got scolded for her mistakes . . . And then she found a way to end her indigestion.

You certainly can't do your best when you are always feeling under par. You can't look your best either. And yet it may be some slight digestive trouble is the only cause. Beeman's is often a help in aiding digestion. Dr. Beeman had a great idea when he put pepsin in gum, and then gave it such a delicious flavor. Chew it frequently.

*Especially made to
aid digestion*



Chew
**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM**

BOX OFFICE CRITICS

We pay One Dollar for every interesting
and constructive letter we print herewith



Defending Chatterton
Greenville, S. C.

Just a word regarding the attack made upon that grand little actress who has the ability of a Barrymore, the poise of a Bennett and the sex appeal that no Garbo can ever equal—Ruth Chatterton—by your Box-Office Critic Mrs. Louis Kline in the July issue of NEW MOVIE.

In my opinion, the attack was cruel and heartless. She stated that Miss Chatterton over-acted and that she could not equal some of our younger stars. She also remarked that recently during a showing of one of Miss Chatterton's pictures, the audience tittered throughout. Firmly I have my doubts about this, but even if they did, all I can say for them is that they were a bunch of heathens.

Please put me down as a very strong Chatterton fan. Even if I didn't care for her I would go to see those that I did care for, and let those that cared for Miss Chatterton go to see her.

B. H. Davis,
253 Richardson St.

Miscasting Novarro

Lafayette, Louisiana

The biggest mistake Hollywood directors can make is to miscast an actor. And a terrible mistake was made which I think will injure a great actor. That was, casting Ramon Novarro as Tony Armatto in "Huddle".

We Novarro fans all know that the gallant *King Louis* of "Forbidden Hours" and the noble "Ben Hur" cannot play the part of a mere football hero, nor can our beautifully mischievous *Armande de Treville* of "Devil-May-Care" or *Lieutenant Willy Kasda* of "Daybreak" with that delicious beaming personality play the Italian schoolboy who is snubbed by everybody until he becomes a big shot.

We can no more see the romantic Devil-May-Care Novarro, who captures his beloved and carries her away until he can make her his own, carrying an old football until he makes a touch-

down, than we can see the stately Lewis Stone playing Jackie Cooper's role of "Dink" in "The Champ".

So come now, let's cut out the absurdity. Place Lew Ayres or William Bakewell as the football heroes, and instead of the Singing Quarterback have our mischievously romantic Ramon Novarro, with all of his striking personality, in a role that becomes his glorious type.

Florence Daigle,
509 College Avenue.



Wilson, N. C.

I'm a little girl twelve years old, and am crazy over the movies. But what makes me all bothered is the silly titles they give some pictures. Because some one was smart and changed the name from "I, Jerry, Take Thee, Joan" to "Merrily We Go to Hell," Mother said I was too young to see folks "go to Hell." So I had to miss my favorite star, Sylvia Sidney. Won't some one please do something about this? Please have more nice-sounding titles, so I can go more often.

Eliza Dickinson,
509 College Avenue.



Hoover and Gable

Sioux City, Iowa.

Clark Gable has nothing to worry about except his wife, himself, and his parts in the movies. On the other hand, look at President Hoover's troubles. Being blamed for the depression alone I should think would make his hair gray! More people are interested in the movies than in politics, thus adding to Clark Gable's reputation. Any one would rather have Mr. Gable's salary than Herbert Hoover's. Now do you see why I'd rather be Clark Gable than President Hoover?

Joe Maron,
613 Center Street.

The Gleasons Celebrate

(Continued from page 66)

served in the living room with mixed hors d'oeuvres.

At the table . . .

Consomme.

Marinated celery salad.

Double lamb chops—hashed creamed potatoes—mound of green peas surrounded with tiny baby beets.

Hot baby brown muffins.

Cocoanut cream pie.

Nuts and peppermint candies.

The cocktails served in the living room were made by mixing 2/3 clam juice with 1/3 tomato juice, seasoned to taste with lemon, salt, and pepper.

The marinated celery salad:

Cook the celery the day before and chill.

Make the dressing with one cup of oil, 1 teaspoon of sugar, 1/2 teaspoon of salt, juice of one lemon, 3 tablespoons catsup. Add mustard, paprika and pepper to taste.

Baby bran muffins:

1 3/4 cups flour.

3/4 cups bran.

1 cup milk.

4 tablespoons molasses.

3 or 4 teaspoons melted fat.

1 egg.

5 teaspoons baking powder.

1/2 teaspoon of salt.

Mix together dry ingredients. Add molasses, milk, beaten egg, and melted fat. Bake in hot baby muffin pans for 25 minutes.

Cocoanut Cream Pie:

Mix 7/8 cup of sugar with 1/3 cup flour and pinch of salt. Over this pour two cups of scalded milk and stir until thickened, then cook 15 minutes in double boiler.

Now pour part of mixture over two well beaten eggs and return to boiler, stir thoroughly and cook two minutes longer. Let this mixture get cold, then add 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup grated cocoanut, one cup whipped cream.

Pile this mixture in baked pastry shell and sprinkle with cocoanut.

"This pie actually melts in your mouth and is so rich and tasty that only very small slices should be served per person," says Jimmie Gleason. And Jimmie ought to know after twenty-six years.

TWENTY-ONE DAYS

You can lose a lot in a short time if you follow our 21-day diet. And it's not a starvation diet, either. Write to Ann Boyd, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., if you would like a copy. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



IF YOU WANT
A SOFT, SMOOTH
SKIN
INSTANTLY

...Enjoy a Fragrant Linit Beauty Bath!

THE new Perfumed Linit Beauty Bath brings the fragrance of an old English Garden into your bath—and instantly makes the skin feel soft as velvet.

Merely dissolve a handful or more of the new Perfumed Linit in your bath—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin. Soft, smooth and delightfully refreshed.

After a Linit Beauty Bath there is left on the skin a fine coating of powder. This invisible "layer" of Linit makes powdering unnecessary, eliminates "shine" from neck and arms and harmlessly absorbs perspiration without clogging the pores.

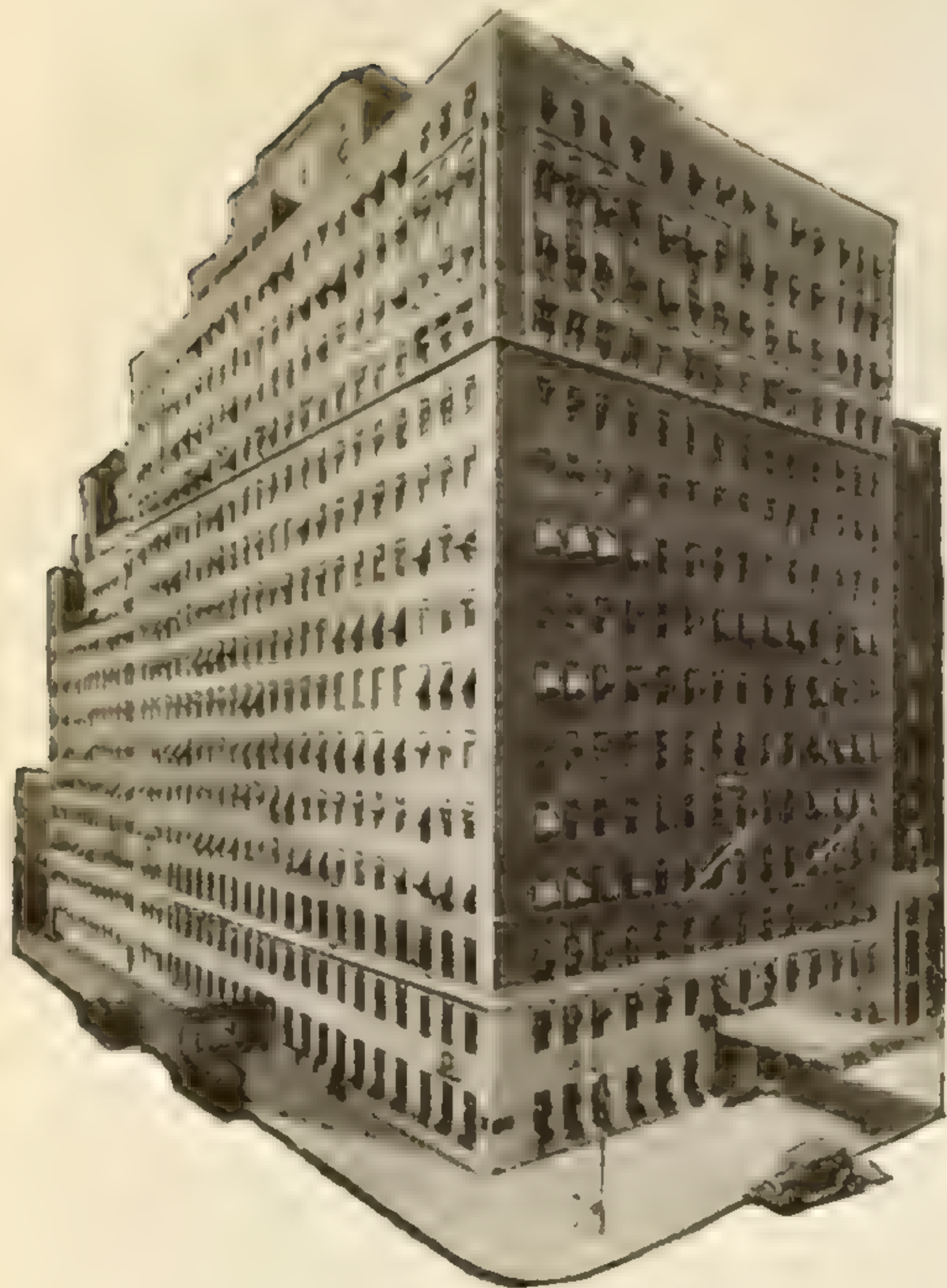
Millions of women daily enjoy the Linit Beauty Bath. It is surprising that a beauty bath so luxurious, so effective in immediate results should be so inexpensive.

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The Crown Prince of Hollywood

(Continued from page 33)

throne gives way, some day the heir will sit upon it. But being the son or daughter of a famous star is a distinct handicap. Doug, Jr., is one of the few scions of the celebrated who has ever had the experience of seeing his own name in large letters on one side of the street and his father's name on the other; and, certainly, most of the credit must go to the young man himself.

He is at the top of the ladder today not through influence, but despite influence.

A lot of people probably know him better than I do now, but I'm sure no one has known him much longer or is prouder of him. Though not exactly "in at the birth" I knew his parents before that great event and met Junior (as he was labeled until he lived it down) shortly after his arrival.

Naturally, to his parents he was a super-production. To me he was just another baby and, as he grew older, a very spoiled one.

His father, bent on making the child a man at the age of two, would toss him about, tease him and put him through tests of strength, while his mother, determined to keep him from being a man as long as possible, petted and protected him from practically everything, with the result that at the age of nine he was too plump, too scared of many things and at the same time entirely too much inclined to dash through the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel in New York on roller skates!

AT just that time Destiny and Fate went into their dance and decided on the Fairbanks' menage as an ideal setting for a new act. I believe now that it was Doug, Jr., "rolling" in and out, over and under the unsuspecting guests of the Algonquin who attracted their attention—Fate, and Destiny, I mean, not the guests.

He got more than their attention, but out of the marital melange that followed the meeting of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and his wife Beth with Owen Moore and his wife, Mary, which took place at my house in Tarrytown, N. Y., young Doug stepped into life with both feet, checking his roller skates with other childish enthusiasms on his way out of babyland.

From what appeared to be the wrecking of two homes and turned out to be remodeling, with improvements, rose the man his father had tried to make him at two, ready to take care of and fight for the mother who still wanted to baby him at ten.

I saw him several times between his tenth and twelfth anniversaries and noted with pleasure his growing tendency to stand in front of his adoring mother instead of hiding behind her; but he was still too plump! Today as I watch the myriad expressions which leap eagerly across the lean oval of his face and try to fathom what really goes on behind the twinkling blue eyes I am more convinced than ever that "as a man thinketh, so weighs he." Doug, Jr., will never be too plump again!

During the years when he lost weight and developed muscle, dropped art and developed humor, I glimpsed

him only occasionally. I heard that he was going into moving pictures and remember thinking that fifteen was a bad age for it—too old for kid stuff and too young for love interest.

Apparently I was right, for the next thing I knew he was back in Paris being further educated and prepared. That team, Fate and Destiny, must have had an advance tip on the birth of talking pictures, because the language which our young hero learned automatically while waiting for age now makes him the unique American star making pictures for the French in French and getting away with it!

I talked to his father about him when he was making his second attempt to crash the gates to which he now holds a golden key. Senior was determined that Junior should not be an actor, and he was so busy saying so that he couldn't hear Fate and Destiny giving him the well-known razz.

"Elsie," said the King to me, "I'll give him anything he wants. He can choose his own schools. He can travel. He can study art. But I will not lift a hand to help him in our game until he is twenty-one."

Senior made the mistake of lifting his voice when he made the same speech to his son—and the battle was on.

I came back from an engagement in London, straight through to California, to spend the summer of 1927. Among other friends who welcomed the Janis girls (Mother and myself) was Beth, mother of Junior, and aside from that as lovely a woman as one can find. I asked her to hasten to the house we had taken for the summer and bring her "little boy" with her.

I shall never forget how aged and decrepit I felt when that six-feet-something blond, wearing his father's smile, towered above me. No maternal instinct stirred, however; rather a feeling of resentment that I was not seventeen.

When he started to discuss life, literature, love or even liver, things looked brighter. Listening to his well-chosen words of wisdom, some of which were beyond my ken, I felt that I should jump into my perambulator, crying, "Home Nurse! and don't spare the safety pins!"

IT wasn't long before we reached the Halfway House of understanding and old-young Fairbanks became one of a crowd of boys who used to play in my backyard. They call it *patio* in Beverly Hills, but we played the same games I used to play behind our house on North High St., Columbus, Ohio, when Beverly Hills was more Hills than Beverly. Charlie Farrell, Ramon Novarro, Larry Kent and others less known formed the gang to which Doug, Jr., lent as much dignity as we would stand for.

I was very proud when he would read me a poem written the night before which no one else had heard or seen, flattered when he confided his ambitions, and quite upset when he got himself engaged to be married.

Not only did I consider him too young for any thought of marriage, but bringing a girl into the gang would have

The Crown Prince of Hollywood

changed the entire continuity of my swimming-pool sequence. You see, the boys came to my backyard to relax. None of them had to make any fuss over me, such as lighting cigarettes, rustling drinks, giving those so-called swimming lessons, or handing out a line of chatter which is so much a part of modern "Lovefare."

I may add that the gang only met about one day a week and on the other six the gangsters were all busy doing for the current girl friend the things they did not do for me.

Well, we lost Doug, Jr., but he didn't get married until some time later and then to a different fiancée! The gang still met and we watched Doug, Jr., hammering away at the gates of Film-dom which opened a little bit now and then, only to close again with our ex-member well on the outside, discouraged but undaunted!

Senior watched these entrances and exits with interest and I'm sure his emotions were varied. He chuckled at Junior's efforts to thwart him, but he was duly and somewhat secretly proud of the boy's courage; and when his offspring made his debut on the stage of a local theatre in the title role of "Young Woodley," no chest protruded further than Senior's and no one applauded more wholeheartedly the performance which made Junior an overnight sensation. Everyone who was anyone or hoped to become someone was present at the opening and I have never felt more happy vibrations.

People who hadn't spoken to one another for months forgot their grudges and discussed the sex appeal, technique, looks, poise and charm of Young Doug.

After the performance Beth gave a party. All our gang was there, complete with girl friends. Junior was quiet and unaffected by his triumph.

"You were great!" I said.

"Wasn't Dad swell?" he answered.

"He came back after the first act!"

A week later I saw him to say good-bye. We were off to Europe again.

"How does it feel to be the talk of the town?" I asked.

"Say!" he answered, "What do you think! I have a telegram from Joan Crawford. I don't even really know her, but she thinks I'm good. Hey! Hey!"

When I saw him again, they had been married for three months! As far as I can find out she still thinks he is good!

AFTER "Young Woodley" it was easy sailing. Senior was ready to help, but it wasn't necessary. Fate and Destiny smothered their giggles as they took a bow. Their act had gone over with a bang! Joan Crawford was their encore, and in my opinion one of the best numbers in their act. The security and happiness of his home life have had a great deal to do with the consistency of Doug, Jr.'s, performances and the development of his numerous talents. Most of the younger screen players are so busy falling in and out of love or wriggling in and out of contracts that their powers of concentration are apt to center more on kisses and clauses, than on cameras and phrases!

This article so far was written in the
(Please turn to page 100)

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The Crown Prince of Hollywood

(Continued from page 99)

East where I spent the past winter. I tried to wind the darned thing up, but suddenly realized that if I brought it up to date I would for the first time be writing about something I was not sure of, namely the young man who has been dashing off success after success during the past year and whom I have not seen "in person" recently except for a fleeting hello. So I told Ye Editor that the last scene must be laid in Hollywood and started west.

UPON arrival I called up Doug, Jr., and said, "I am not trying to proposition you, old thing, but I want to see you, not within the royal portals of Pickfair where latterly we have met, not with Joan, but where I can check up on you as I used to do before there was so much to check on."

"Come over to the set," he said. "I'm making the blankety blankest picture. I'm playing a Russian blank blank blank. You'll love him!"

"Did Mr. Fairbanks leave any word about me?" I asked the pretty blonde in the outside office, knowing that to get into Heaven one has only to be good and die, but to get into the studios now one has to be great and live through the ordeal.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Janis. You are to drive right in to stage Number Eight." She handed me a pass and a sweet smile. Knowing the strict rules about outside cars on the lots where I have worked I thought, "Well! the lad swings some influence."

I bounded into the "presence" and found his Royal Highness not only made up for a prince, but a Russian one! He was rehearsing a scene which, at the sight of me, he left high and dry as a W. C. T. U. officer and ran toward me with open arms. I entered same fearlessly, but imagine my surprise when this gorgeously uniformed, sunburned, obviously important so-and-so with a sugar-bowl haircut turned out to be just my backyard playmate!

"Gee, this is great!" he said. "Come and watch this scene." He dragged me through a flock of stage hands, electricians, extras, etc., introducing me en route, and planted me in a chair right underneath the right hip of the director.

At the end of the scene I heard him saying, "How was it? Any suggestions?" I waited for the director to answer and was informed by one of the assistants that Mr. Fairbanks was talking to me! The scene was O. K. and I had no suggestions, but I did have quite a thrill and felt very glad that I had waited long enough to be able to write for those who admire Doug, Jr., or even those who don't—if any—that he is unspoiled, and success has the effect upon him that I have always seen it have on the really

great. It makes them want to be greater and makes them work harder to become so.

I HAD heard many rumors about the home life of Doug, Jr., and Joan. It was on the rocks. She was in love with seven other guys. He had been off on a yacht with practically every alluring bit of femininity in Hollywood. I wanted to ask him, but I thought, "If there's anything to it, he will tell me." So I simply said, "How are you going to spend your vacation?" He had told me it was due when the picture was finished.

"Gee, I don't know. I'm waiting now to hear whether Metro will let Billy (Joan) have hers now or not. You know it's rotten." He took a long drag on one of those cigarettes his smiling face advertises. "When she's free I'm always tied up and vice versa, but if we get a break we're going to take the trip to Europe we've been taking mentally ever since we married. Can you imagine the kick for me! She has never even been on a big boat." His eyes sparkled and his voice took on that breathless tone of his father's. "She'll go nutty over Paris!"

"Which you can show her pretty thoroughly," I said.

"I'll say so!" he laughed.

"Ready, Doug!" they called and away he went to rehearse another scene. In the midst of it the telephone rang.

"Mr. Irving Thalberg on the phone, Doug!" In case you don't know, Mr. Thalberg is George Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer himself, though his name is not on the billing.

Senior never made a better jump than the one that landed Junior within a foot of the telephone. There was very little work done from then on. Joan could have her vacation. She must be told at once. Another phone call, gurgles of delight from our end of the line and I imagine shrieks of joy from Joan's, judging from Junior's expression. He looked like a cat that had swallowed an entire aviary. He forgot his lines. He forgot his props. He murmured something about the S. S. *Bremen* when he was supposed to praise the beauty of Moscow.

Needless to say I left without asking how he and Joan were getting along. I knew they were 'way ahead of the snoopers. I hope nothing interferes with that trip, and I breathe a little prayer that when he shows her Paris, he will find all his old haunts the same, for in these days there is no greater joy than finding the things we have loved unchanged. Bon voyage! Doug and Joan, or maybe it's Darby and Joan. Don't forget to take her to the markets at dawn. She'll love them. She knows her "vegetables!"

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The Tall, Slim Girl

(Continued from page 41)

she held up a black satin evening gown which when slipped over her head fairly moulded itself around her figure. The long lines of the skirt were like a sheath—even the bottom of it was devoid of any surplus material, although it was very long and draped in beautiful folds. It left one breathless with admiration. Another, an ivory satin, fitted even more beautifully, if possible. She slipped into a long ermine wrap and the picture was complete, the handsome fur seeming to be the only covering that would be suitable for the gown.

"Furs can always be made over," said Miss Birell. "They are a good investment for an actress, for we must wear our clothes so much and it is tiresome having them always the same. For real beauty, however, I much prefer this short jacket of ermine with the charming leis around the shoulders. It looks lovely with the ivory satin." She tried the shorter wrap.

Colors intrigue Tala Birell, also.

"Look at my eyes," said she. "They are sometimes deep blue and at other times they are a gray green. One shade of blue makes them much better than any other."

She donned a fascinating coat of blue cloth with a shallow crowned hat that tilted off one side and was dragged down on the other.

"This is French Blue—Old French blue," she explained. "I always have something of this color. Last summer it was merely a sport outfit and because I could not get the proper color in any store, I had a white coat and hat dyed the proper shade."

Such attention to detail! She caught up a lovely street suit made of navy blue cloth with short jacket and a blouse made of printed crepe in green and blue. A soft green beret fitted onto her head as though it had grown there, and the effect was certainly stunning.

"The green makes my eyes so," she explained. "These are the high lights for getting effects; they must be changed to suit each one's needs."

We chatted of sleeves, which she thinks are very flattering to tall girls, too. "A short girl looks better without sleeves—but for me—look at this tea gown of blue. It would be too severe were it not for the interesting long sleeves."

Skirts for street wear she prefers moderately short, and accessories are important but easily obtained. Jewelry is always a doubtful accessory, she feels, and thinks it much better to use too little than to take a chance on having too much.

Summing it up, this young star believes that the really well-dressed woman is she who has the good sense to know her own style and wear the clothes that best suit her.

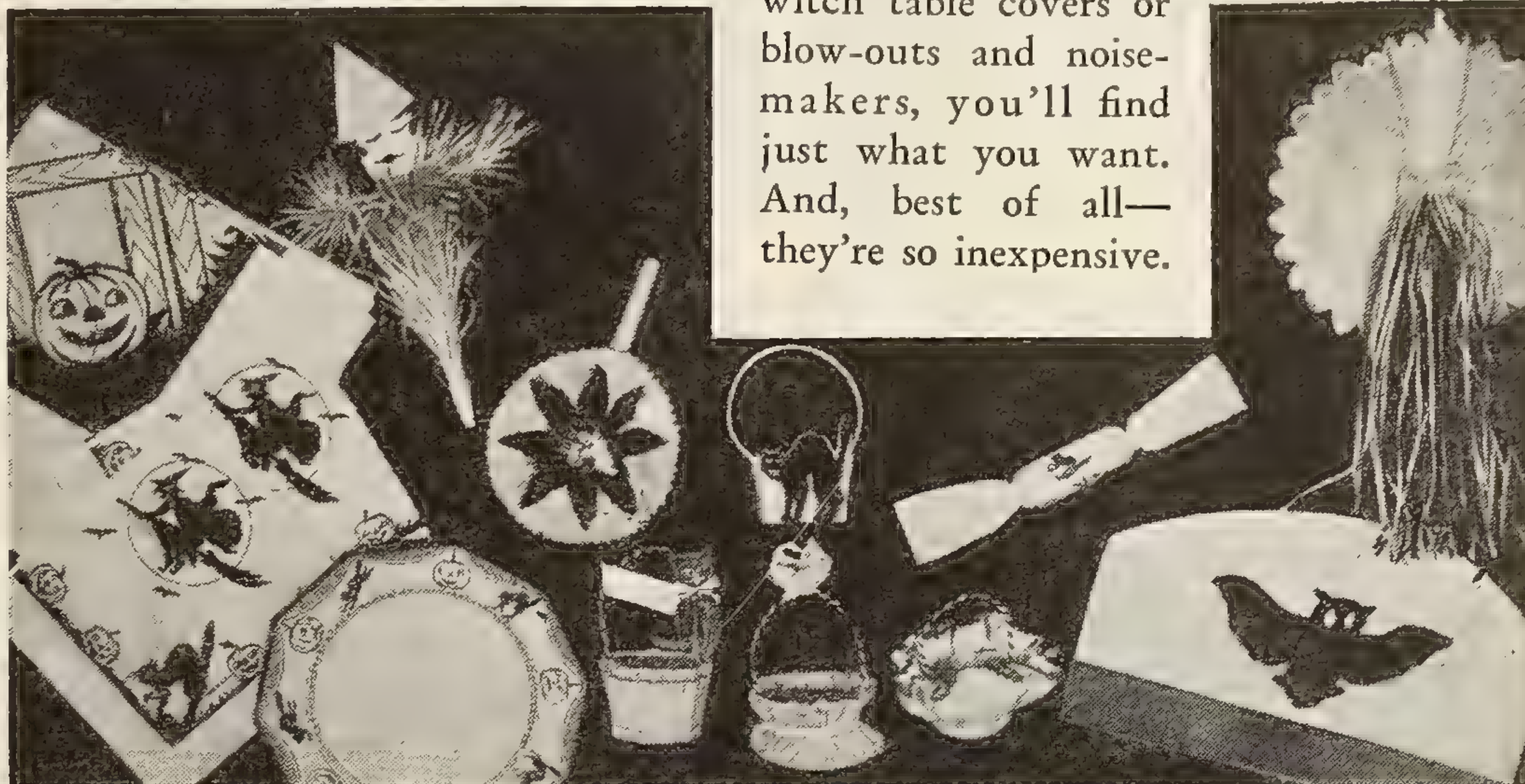
"There is nothing more devastating than the feeling of self-consciousness with regard to what one wears," she concluded. "That is why it seems to me worth the time and thought required to have a wardrobe in good taste. I exert myself each season to have the clothes I wear really correct—so that I may then forget them when I put them on. The only time a woman should be 'clothes conscious' is when she is dressed unbecomingly!"



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What a Gal!

(Continued from page 35)

"You know," she confided, feeling the coffee pot and finding it pathetically cold, "I came here last night and I haven't had time to exchange a word with my hostess. . . . What shall we talk about?"

"Oh—" I started to pop one of my questions but the words died on my tongue. Miriam was started again:

"I may as well warn you that I love to talk. I could talk all the time. I just love to shoot off my head—it's so much fun, don't you think so—?" We didn't have a chance to confess our weakness for she rattled on at even greater speed: "I think I'll have a cup of hot coffee. . . . Now, let's see, what was I talking about?"

THIS gave us an opportunity to insert a timid question about Hollywood. What did she think about it and the people in it?

"Hollywood is just a human town with all the petty little human problems." She squirmed in her chair and looked smaller than ever. "The stars, underneath the glamour, are just housewives and sweethearts and young girls and boys the same as they are anywhere else in the world. Miss Whosis in Dallas may go out to buy a lampshade for a dollar; Marion Nixon may go out to buy a fifty-dollar lampshade. But they're both just girls out shopping, with probably the same problems in mind.

"In Hollywood my friends come to see me or I go to their homes and we talk about books we have read, or clothes, or gossip—oh, yes, we gossip. It's silly to deny it. Everyone gossips everywhere. It can be fun without being malicious. We talk about who's crazy about who and why and talk about prohibition and the servant problem. I remember Edna Best and Herbert Marshall saying the reason they lived in a hotel was because the servant problem was so difficult in Hollywood.

"YOU know, the public builds up a picture in its mind about the movie stars' being glamorous, and then the stars feel they have to live up to it. I remember a short time ago I was driving to Tarrytown, New York, with a friend, and we stopped to go swimming in a pool on someone's estate. I met the owner, a lovely, elderly man, and his wife and their two sons. We became very friendly and on the way back to New York City from Tarrytown, I stopped again for a swim. There were a number of other guests and I was swimming about, remembering how my host had said, 'Mother and I have been married thirty years,' and thinking how sweet it was, when I heard my name called.

"I stuck my head up over the edge of the pool and there was my host, pointing me out to the guests. 'Folks,' he said, 'this is Miss Miriam Hopkins. All my life I wanted to meet an actress. And when I did meet her, she turned out to be just like Mamma.' He seemed so surprised that I wasn't full of airs and walking around with a mysterious manner and being glamorous all over the place.

"You don't mind my talking so

much?" she asked apologetically, and I immediately rustled my sheet of questions. But she plunged on. "I've been accused of being terribly independent but, really, it's just that I believe in being honest and sticking up for my beliefs. When I was a little girl of eight in Georgia—" (Ah, that lovely Georgia accent!)—"I learned to be independent.

"You see, there were only Mother and Grandmother and me in the house. No man in the house at all. I thought of how someone had to carry responsibility and that someone had to be me, so I accepted it and learned to depend only on myself.

"Mother was so frail, and so beautiful." She closed her eyes as if in a reverie. "She used to sit and play the piano and I just adored her.

"You know," she snapped out of it, "When I was a little girl I took things more seriously than I do now.

"THERE was a little boy who moved to our town and I was crazy about him. He was so handsome, and we used to play games and talk together—I was about eleven years old—and when I gave a birthday party I wanted to invite him. Mother wouldn't let me, though. She said he wasn't the sort of child she wanted me to play with, and I felt terrible. I felt so terrible I didn't enjoy the party and all I could do was to think how cruel it was to be separated from the one you love.

"The upshot of that was," she laughed at herself, thinking back, "that I wrote two poems on the cruelty of separating lovers and they were published in a Georgia paper. I can still feel the embarrassment that covered me when I overheard Grandma and Mother laughing about my poems and poking fun at certain lines. That's the most terrible thing of all to children—ridicule. Oh," she arose, exasperated, to answer the insistent ringing of the telephone.

When she sat down again her face was a study in wonderment. "What do you know about that?" she said in awe. "A woman whom I know called me up. She wants to know if her daughter may come up and look at me. Good Lord! I don't feel like being looked at today!"

It hadn't occurred to me before but I immediately took a good look at the strange girl who didn't enjoy being on exhibit. Blonde hair, fluffy and curly as a baby's. No makeup at all, yet with a creamy, flushed complexion that was perfect. A full, rich mouth, wholesomely colored. Light eyebrows somewhat short. Short, light lashes. Blue eyes that in real life are larger than they appear on the screen. Small hands that were never still. Small in stature. Square chin and high forehead—her trademarks—indications to her character.

BEFORE she had a chance to begin talking we burst out triumphantly with a question she could not evade.

"What is your ambition, Miss Hopkins?" in a tone that pretended the question was original and that hid its whiskers. "Now that you are at the peak of—" Oh, why didn't someone warn us that it would never do to say she was at the top of her profession?

Jim Tully's Gallery of Women

"Oh yes," was the instant reply. "Let's hear it," he commanded. The lovely girl sang with feeling the song of their native state. When she had finished, Dresser raised his immense hand. "Just the two lines over," he said, "they make the birds sing in my heart." He hummed the words. "Through the sycamores the candle lights are gleaming, On the banks of the Wabash, far away."

The girl sang with silver cadence. "Ah," he sighed. Again his large hands trembled. Then his voice raised. "You can sing." The giant sentimentalist's eyes were wet. He turned his back to the girl, and sat quite still for some time. Suddenly he turned. "Where are you from? What's your name?" "Indiana. My name's——" It was that of the conductor. "What did your father do?" "He was a passenger train conductor on the Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad." The composer of popular songs looked astonished. "And you're his daughter." He whistled for a second. "Life's funny." He gazed at the girl. "He was very kind to me. Now it's my turn." He motioned her toward him. "Your name's Louise Dresser from now on. I'm telephoning the *Tribune* people that my kid sister's in town, and she's making her debut on the Masonic Temple Roof Sunday night." It all came to pass. The sad writer of popular songs lived to see the girl carry his name with glory on the road to fame as one of the leading comediennesses of her day.

FEW women born to wealth have ever succeeded in films. Nearly every actress worthy of the name in Hollywood, has touched the shores of destitution. Betty Compson left her home in Salt Lake City when scarcely out of High School. Stranded in California she took a position as nurse girl, in Oakland. Two years later she came to Hollywood, and became famous with Lon Chaney and Thomas Meighan as one of the stars of "The Miracle Man." The child for whom she was nurse girl grew to young womanhood, and when Betty passed through Oakland last year she was the guest of honor at her debut. The wheel of fortune had turned. The former nurse girl is now one of the wealthiest women in Hollywood, with a fortune estimated at two million dollars. They march in and out of the hall of memory, the women of Hollywood, who represent, more often than not, the more daring among their sisterhood. In scrutinizing their lives, I find them each and all supreme individualists. They ask no prop to lean upon. Instead, they face each issue as it appears, and thereby develop initiative, stamina, and the courage to smile, when their hearts are heavy and their purses light.



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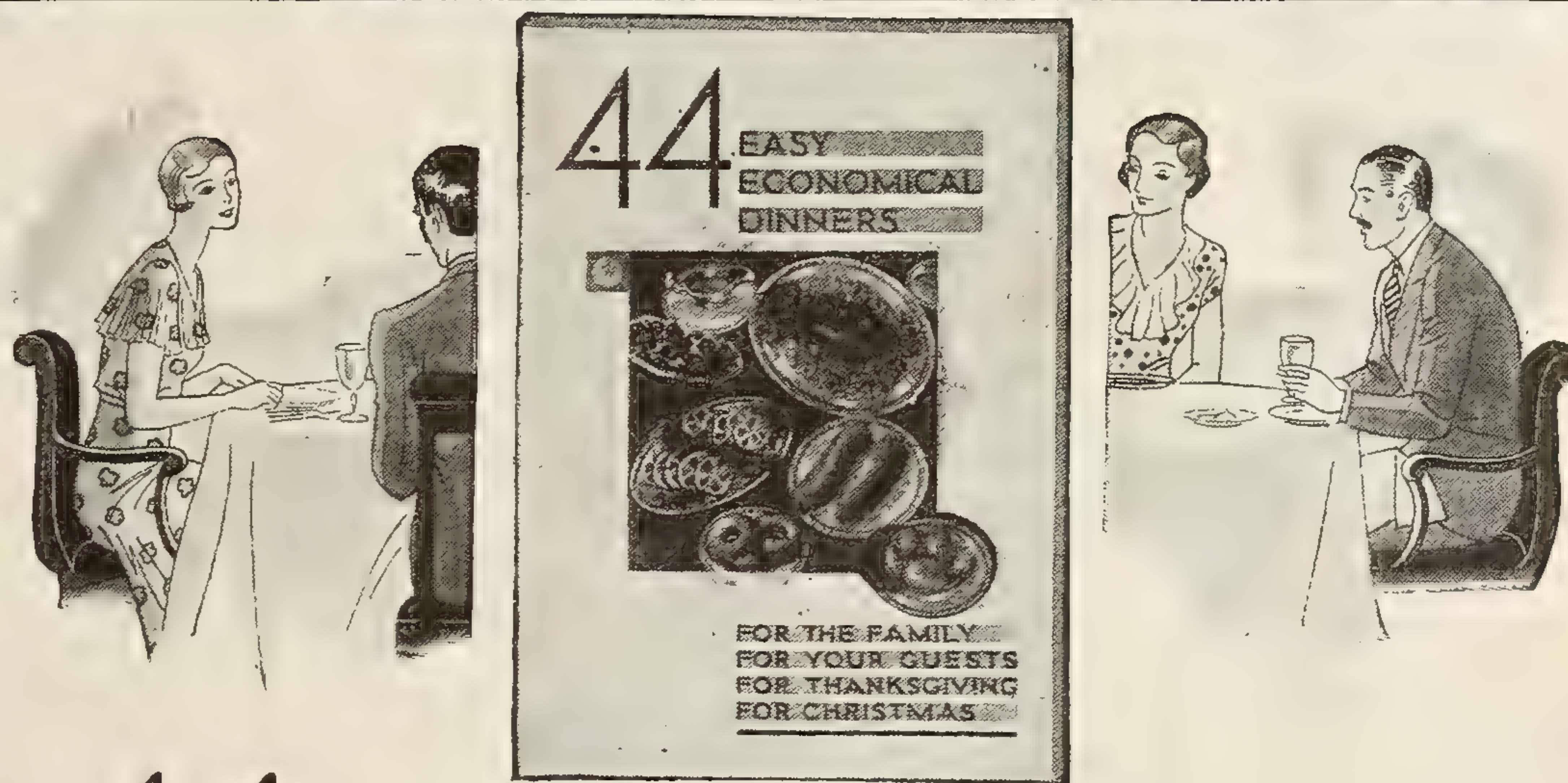
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Fame's Apron Strings

(Continued from page 23)

separation. She says she doesn't, and I believe her. It makes me unhappy to do a thing that hurts her, but I foresee that she would eventually be unhappier if I stuck around and lived on her earnings. She would lose respect for me—and how long can a woman love a man she does not respect?

I intend to succeed in the motion-picture business, or return to the New York stage, where I was fairly well established. I am sure I will have better opportunities, now that I am on my own. I honestly think that a principal reason I have not gone ahead has been other men's contempt for my position.

Being *Mr. Peggy Shannon* gradually became the nightmare of my life, twenty-four hours daily. Every time I appeared in public with my wife, I sensed eyes boring into me accusingly, and I seemed to hear scornful remarks. Perhaps I imagined things until they became momentous just in my mind, and not in reality. But now that I live apart from Peggy, at least I have the extreme satisfaction of opening my pocketbook without the thought that people are muttering:

"I wonder what allowance she gives him?"

By PEGGY SHANNON

I WILL gladly exchange the good fortune that has come to me for the happiness I knew before I came to Hollywood.

If it were possible, I would gladly become a housewife and let Alan take my place in motion pictures.

I realize that my lucky success has been a detriment to him. I have tried to arrange tests for Alan, and I have discovered that there is a peculiar psychology in Hollywood that works against the person who is trying particularly hard for fame and fortune.

I am positive that Alan will have new opportunities, now that he is on his own, and will go ahead. I hope he goes so far he will leave me far behind.

Perhaps people will ask this question: *Why do you not quit your picture job, if you were happier as Alan's wife?*

I can't quit. I have my mother and sister to support, for one reason. I hope to have children; don't I owe it to them to make every possible provision for their future? And how would Alan feel if he knew that I quit on his account?

If I believed our separation might become permanent, I would discontinue my career immediately and return to New York with my husband. It is because I am positive that Alan will succeed that I am equally sure our parting is temporary. I love Alan. I have loved him since first we met. I am allowing this separation with the absolute knowledge that we love each other, and that the parting is wise—and temporary.

I understand and sympathize with his position. It is not easy for a woman to be dependent upon a man; how much more difficult it must be for a man to be dependent upon a woman. At least the woman has heredity in her favor, for women have been dependent upon men for centuries.

I am not entirely unhappy that Alan has chosen to leave me. I am really happy, because I am proud of him. I

cannot help but compare him with certain spineless, unimportant men who are content to live on the earnings of their wives.

When my husband has succeeded and we are together again, we will both be the happier for the difficulties that we will then have met and that we will have conquered.

By JAMES M. FIDLER

LET me preface my remarks with the statement that I am very fond of Peggy and Alan. They are good fellows, from their hearts out.

When first they informed me of their separation, I was stunned, but not surprised. I had seen it coming. I had watched Alan's personal confidence and self-esteem drop to near zero. I had witnessed the gradual loss of his individualism. Because he is honest with himself, I knew it was only a question of time until he took the initiative. You see, the successful-wife-and-not-so-successful-husband situation is not entirely new to me. I watched the fading romances of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, and of Helen and Clark Twelvetees, her first husband, and she is now living happily with her second. More to the point, I saw my own married life wrecked; *I was Mr. Dorothy Lee.*

I experienced that "hunted dog" feeling when I was Dorothy's husband. I was often introduced as *Mr. Lee*. I nearly tore a door from its hinges getting at a new butler who called me—if ever so respectfully—*Mr. Lee*. Despite the fact that I had more money than my wife, I realized that few people knew it, and I was inwardly certain they sneered when they saw us in public. It was a terrible feeling, and my heart goes out to Alan. In separating from his wife, he has done exactly what any decent man would do under like circumstances.

But Alan, my friend, take this advice: Don't seek a divorce. Peggy is a fine, unselfish girl; you would have difficulty finding her equal. She is crazy about you, and has been for years.

Now that you are on your own, dig in with the old Davis grit. Show them what you can do.

As for you, Peggy Shannon, if you love Alan (and I am positive that you do), give him full leeway. He is on his own now; don't do anything to block his way. Your earnest efforts to help him are really hindrances, for they only call to mind the fact that he is your husband. I know it will be difficult for you not to try to help him, but you must not butt in, even with the kindest intentions.

It isn't your fault you have been luckier than Alan, and I know you well enough to know you mean it when you tell me you wish *he* had met up with your good luck, instead of you. So just remember that the best thing you can do is permit him to go about this business in his own way. You are helping him, silently, by being his inspiration.

Stick it out, Alan. You'll make good. Stick it out, Peggy. You'll be glad you did.

Stick it out, my friends. You're in love.

The Girl Nobody Knows

(Continued from page 56)

was as *Magnolia* in Ziegfeld's "Show-boat" that she scored her first big hit as an actress. Virtually an unknown, she played for seventy consecutive weeks on tour.

How the little girl wandering along the banks of the Ohio River, staring open-mouthed at the tawdry, but to her wonderful, glamour of those showboats, herself realized the ambition they instilled in her, is a story in itself. In the beginning it was too much even to dream about, and so she decided to become a school teacher. She got her teacher's diploma and everything, but then fate stepped in.

READING a newspaper one day, she saw that Ziegfeld was looking for a lead in a musical comedy. It was probably only a publicity story, because Ziegfeld had the lead already picked; but Irene Dunne didn't know anything about publicity stories then, and so she went blithely to the theatre to try out. Ziegfeld had to stand back of the story and give her a hearing, and so impressed was he that he gave her the part.

As *Sabra Cravat* in "Cimarron," Irene did exactly the same thing, only this time it was in a dramatic instead of a vocal way. They tested every possibility in Hollywood for that rôle, and then Irene got it. What she did with it the world already knows—but you can't tell Irene there isn't any Santa Claus.

From Louisville, where her family had lived for generations, Irene moved to St. Louis, where she was educated at a convent, and from there went to study at the Chicago Academy of Music. It was here that she almost became a school teacher, had not the newspaper clipping intervened. Her parents, although having no objection to the concert stage, nevertheless were opposed to the theatre; so Irene, to get her chance, had virtually to run away from home to New York.

SHE arrived on Broadway with one suitcase and an overwhelming fear, and she says that her first impulse upon seeing the "big town" was to run right back again. So scared and so unfamiliar with the city was she that she rode one whole day back and forth on the shuttle subway before daring to get off.

Then a taxi-driver took her to a hotel which, as she knows now, was not exactly the right one for a lady traveling alone. All that she found out later. It was in New York that she met and married her dentist husband, Dr. Francis D. Griffin, and that marriage is just another of the things about Irene Dunne that Hollywood doesn't understand.

Speaking of the present arrangement between her husband and herself, Irene says that it is ideal. He remains in New York to attend to his practice, going to Hollywood once or twice a year, while she makes trips back there between every picture. While she is working, she spends every Wednesday and every Saturday night sitting at home at the telephone, waiting for him to call her up. The call may come at seven in the evening or three the next morning—but it always comes.

"I couldn't advise others to try such

a long distance marriage," Miss Dunne told me, "but for us it works perfectly. We are three thousand miles apart, it is true, but the big thing is that we each have our careers without interference from the other. My husband can't leave his practice and I can't leave Hollywood, but neither of us has any thought of giving up either the career or each other. Some day we shall again live in our 'honeymoon' apartment—but in the meantime, for us, this is the best possible way."

The apartment of which she spoke was furnished for their marriage, and is occupied every time Irene goes to New York. While she is in Hollywood, however, the doctor lives with his wife's brother at his club. And Irene lives with her mother in her Beverly Hills home.

IRENE DUNNE is perhaps the one person in Hollywood who does exactly as she likes. She is positive in her desires, and carries them out without regard to anything or anybody.

Irene frankly admits that she does have a terrific "temper," which she has been trying to get under control all her life. This temper, she says, has got her into many a scrape; and in order to curb it she carries everlastingly with her a little book which she calls her "mad book."

The name of it is "Not a Word," and when Irene feels herself about to hit the ceiling, she hurriedly retires to a corner and reads furiously. Often, she says, it works beautifully, the psychology being the same as Napoleon's counting ten. But she couldn't be blamed for one outburst she had, and this time the book didn't work either.

While she was working on her last picture, the assistant director one day gave her an early call for the next morning, and then, when that set was cancelled, forgot to tell her. Consequently, Irene came to the studio and spent two hours on her make-up before she found out that she needn't have come. She says that she not only read her mad book, but counted up to a hundred on that occasion, and when she had done both, found that she was more riled than ever.

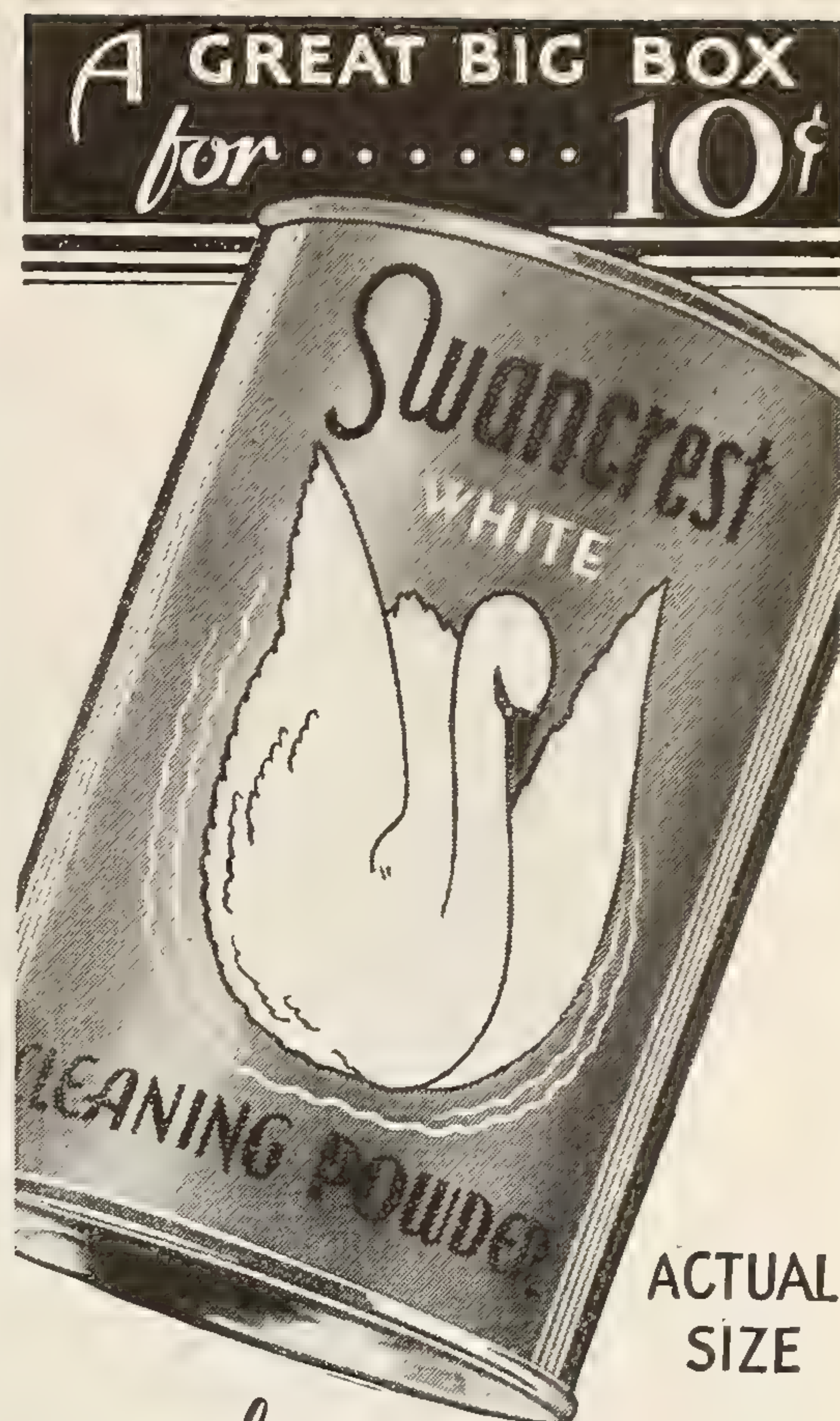
No, the assistant director didn't neglect to keep her calls straight after that.

ANOTHER thing that makes Irene inordinately mad, but about which she doesn't seem to be able to do anything, is missing shots at golf. She is proud of being a member of the Hole-in-One Club, sinking her qualifying stroke on the Pebble Beach course at Del Monte; but she's always buying clubs to replace the ones she breaks when things are not so good at Lake-side.

Just now, Irene is in open rebellion. In both "Cimarron" and "Back Street" she portrayed virtually the seven ages of woman, and she declares that she is all through growing old before her time. Beautiful old ladies are beautiful, she says, reminding you of your grandmother and everything, but they're still—old.

"One more silver thread among the gold," she said, "and I'll be tagged just as inevitably as a second-hand automobile. Instead of having a career, I'll

(Please turn to page 108)

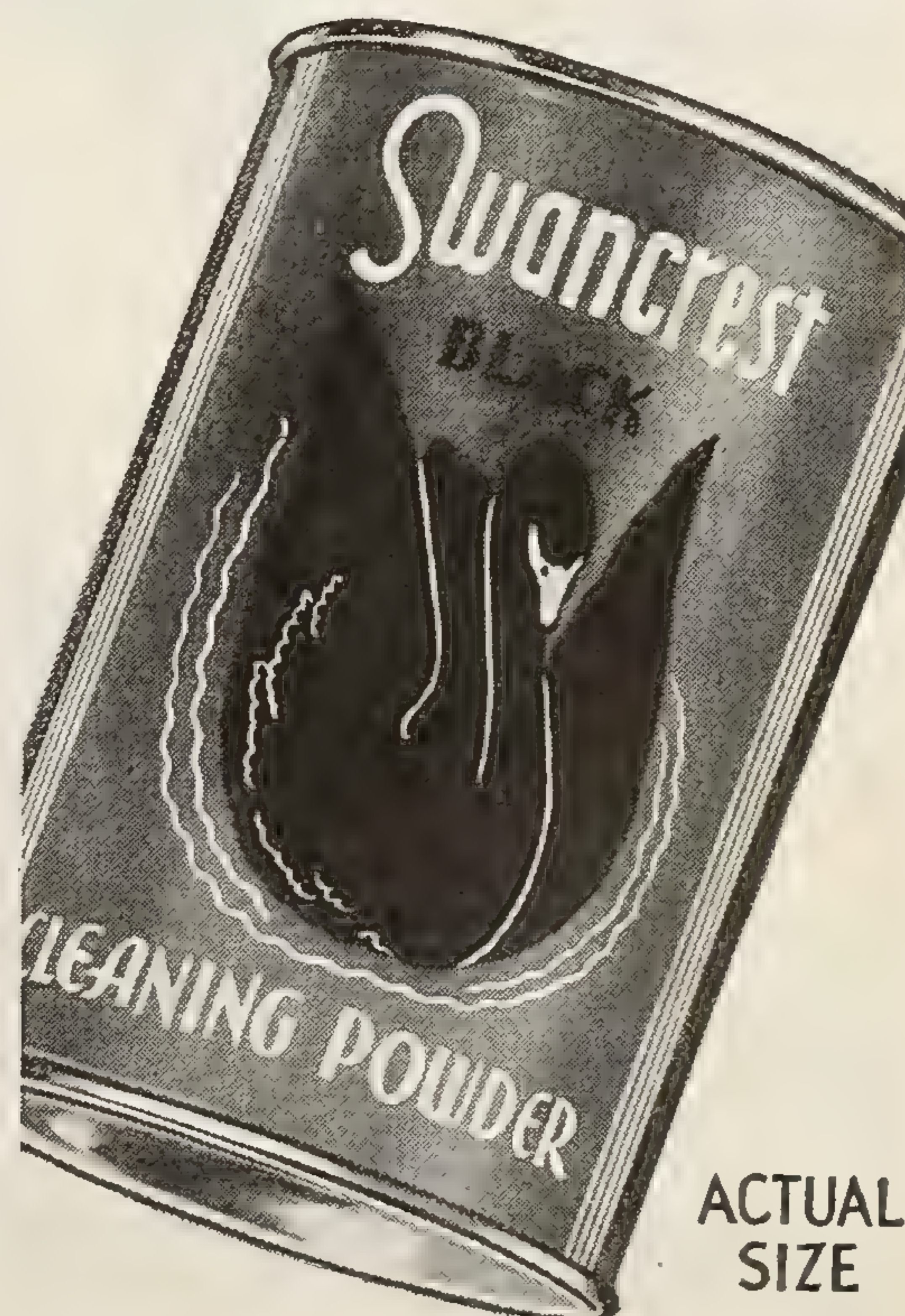


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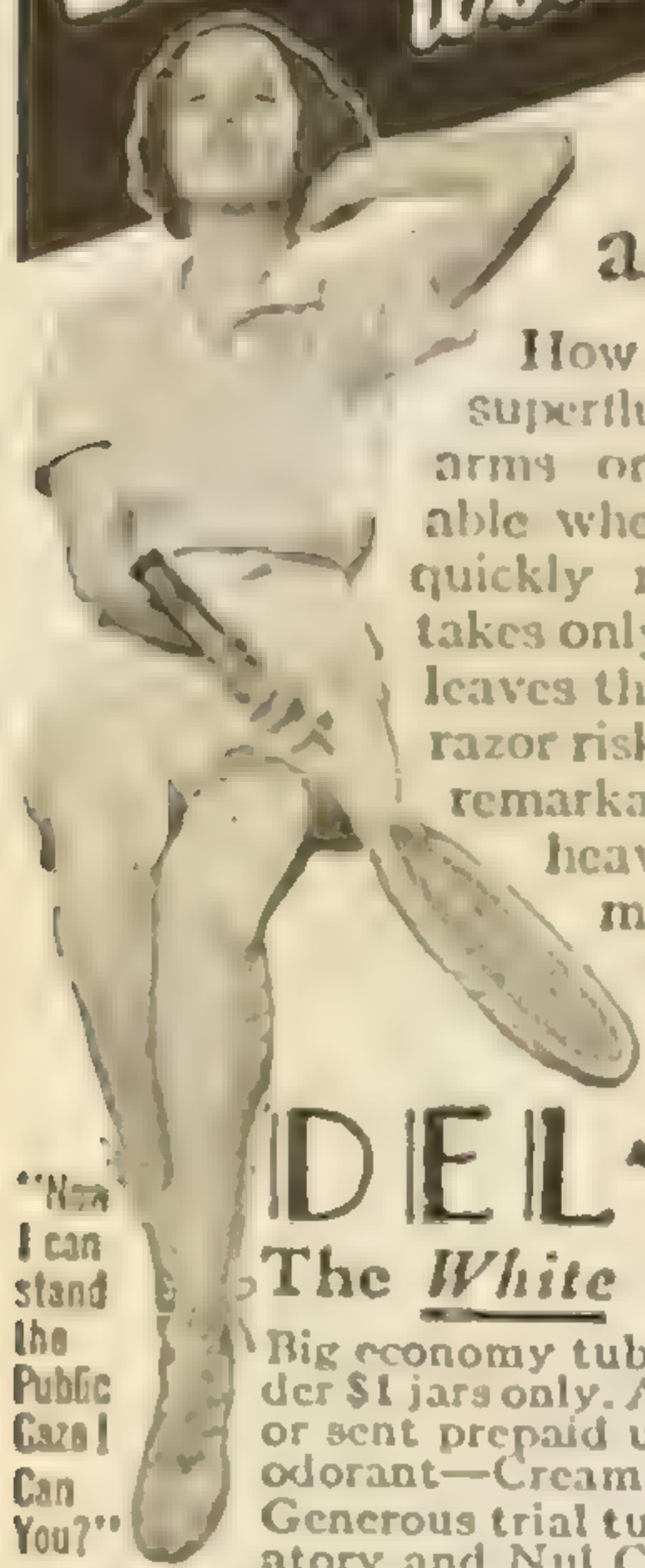
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The Girl Nobody Knows

(Continued from page 107)

get an honorary membership in the old ladies' home."

Unlike many actresses who have forsaken the footlights for the more lucrative fleshpots of the screen, Irene doesn't try to ritz Hollywood with her Broadway superiority. On the contrary, she prefers the screen to the stage, and expects to stay in pictures until she retires permanently.

"Here I play to a vastly greater audience," she declares, "to the world, in fact, instead of to a single house. Besides, each rôle is different, and constant repetition of even a rôle like 'Showboat' becomes monotonous to me."

Her dream, eventually, is to live in a little cottage just outside New York and presumably raise babies while her husband pulls teeth.

NETHER has Irene gone Hollywood. As a matter of fact, she has done just the reverse. She lives quietly, with only a couple of servants and a wire-haired terrier named Ruffy, besides her mother. She detests openings, and rarely goes to Hollywood parties. She would much rather jump into her roadster and drive three or four hundred miles to a golf course. She is afraid of airplanes and never travels in them.

She does love the beach, however, and her love for it once cost the studio several thousand dollars in suspended production. She owns no beach cottage, as most of the stars do, and so she took her nap in the sun. This particular time she slept too soundly, and when she woke up she could not move. Instead of the studio, she went to a hospital for sunburn.

NOTWITHSTANDING both her love for the movies—she is an ardent picture fan—and her success on the screen, Irene doesn't really like Hollywood. She belongs to no cliques and speaks no Hollywoodese. And, unfashionable hereabouts, she pulls down the shades when she switches on the lights.

Hollywood, though it doesn't pretend to understand her, nevertheless adores her. But the cinema folk can't be sure whether she really means the naïve

mask she wears, or is merely laughing behind it. As for Irene, she insists that she isn't sophisticated herself, and says that nobody else in Hollywood is, either.

"I like to work here," she asserts, "but I like to play in the East. I can only stay here so long before I begin to feel stagnated. Then I've got to go away until I resume a normal viewpoint."

Looking at her, you get very much the same sort of a sensation that you get when you look down into a well. On the surface everything is calm, placid, unruffled; but down below there are shadows, with nobody knows just what underneath. But at the bottom of the well there is a spring which cannot be repressed, and you get the feeling, somehow, that Irene is like that. It was just such a spring which burst out into that unforgettable performance in "Cimarron."

Hollywood has found that Irene can draw the line exactly halfway between being an ingenue and high-hat. She insists upon being herself, and that leaves Hollywood gasping. Nobody ever knows just what is going on behind those widely-spaced, grayish-brown eyes of hers, and behind that high, broad forehead; she is as mysterious as Cleopatra and at the same time as wholesomely refreshing as one of her own mint juleps. She is entirely different from any one Hollywood has ever known.

Hollywood is used to big stars who shoot this way and that on any or no provocation—to the Dietrichs and Negriss and Garbos and Bennetts, *et al.* But for a girl like Irene Dunne, going quietly along her own serene way, numbering her intimates upon the fingers of one hand and passing up the giddy, frivolous social life completely, there is no precedent at all. No marquises pay court to her; instead, she sits at home, alone, and waits for her telephone calls.

Hollywood gives it up. There's an old saying that still waters run deep. And that, perhaps, best describes Irene Dunne.

Hollywood Cook-Cooks

(Continued from page 43)

Stanley Rose book shop and bought 350 books just like that.

And it took a year and a half to collect a \$700 laundry bill from a prominent producer.

Gals who ape Garbo
Sometimes too far go.

Warner Brothers announce they are guarding secret production plans which will be sensational and surprising.

Probably going to have the girl sock Cagney.

WHEN Jean Harlow married Paul Bern he presented her with a deed to his \$60,000 canyon home. Bavarian architecture.

He's 42. She's 21.

BERN, born in Germany, is a kindly, sensitive, intellectual man who worked up from film laboratories to assistant producer at Metro.

Long ago he won a reputation as a "father confessor" for troubled movie stars.

When Jean moved into her new home she took nearly a truck load of perfumes—almost every known brand, arranged in specially built boudoir cabinets.

She goes to bed at nine-thirty every night when she is working—which is most of the time.

Washes her hair in blueing.

Hollywood Cook-Cooks

Trying to write a novel.

And has already written her epitaph, and handed it on to Homer Croy, Hollywood's official epitaffy collector. Here it is:

Of this quiet and peace
I'm very fond;
No more remarks—"She's a
Platinum Blond."

AND here's the epitaph Homer got from Mrs. Paul Whiteman (Margaret Livingston):

A Weight Off
My Mind.

"EVERYBODY," says Lupe Velez, "lak to 'ave a pretty gal aroun'." *Everybody, that is, except another pretty gal.*

There are very few things that are quite so emphatic
As a star in a pose she considers dramatic.

JUST about now, three Chinese girls and thirty-seven men are getting ready to shoot scenes on the top of the world for "Eskimo." They'll be gone a year and a half—working in two hours a day of sunlight. Incidentally, supplies included 20,000 cartons of cigarettes. Van Dyke, the director, attended dental school five days before sailing—so he could learn how to yank teeth.

Be that as it may, fourteen authors jumped to their feet when someone cried, "Author!" at a Hollywood preview.

Very smart—having so many authors. They keep going to see the picture again and again—thus insuring a long run.

But still, it's very clear that most stars ought
Not to be snapped while looking full of thought.

ACCORDING to the Associated Press, a marathon hiccougher received 6,000 letters and telegrams during his illness.

This should be a good publicity gag for a movie star whose fan mail is falling off.

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE

Do You Know Hollywood Like Hollywood Knows You?

1. What gossip writer has his or her key-hole eye insured for fifty grand?
2. Why can Jimmy Durante smoke a cigar while he takes a shower?
3. Who owes so many bills that he is considering a tour of personal disappearances?
4. Is Hollywood fuller of unemployed actors than it is of unemployed Hays' codes?
5. What female star has given up being aloof and mysterious because she found it wasn't making anyone mad?

If you can answer each and every question without a moment's

hesitation there is no reason to get excited about it.

There was a little girl and she took a little whirl
In a part that the censors thought horrid,
For when she was good, she was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was torrid.

Simile—

Rare as a golden wedding in 'Ollywood.

Notations found on a gossip writer's cuff:

Clara Bow had to make 115 pounds before they'd start shooting her comeback picture.

Lottie Pickford, on a liquid diet, has lost 22 pounds.

Bill Haines drinks cold pop in a hot bath.

Lionel Barrymore drives an old fivver.

Enrico Caruso, Jr., has his first picture chance in "Airmail."

Ray Griffith—remember his comedies?—now owns a drive-in market. So does Conrad Nagel.

Richard Talmadge and Grover Jones, scenarists, are partners in a flower shop. They have a Rolls-Royce delivery wagon.

The press agent lads we can humbly thank
For ten million pictures of faces quite blank.

ROBERT SHERWOOD, writing on Hollywood in the symposium, "America as Americans See It," for German consumption, says:

"Toilers in the movie vineyards are exceptionally pleasant people—even the prominent ones. They are the best of hosts. . . . They read books, they know what is going on in the world; the great majority take neither themselves nor their work with any great degree of seriousness. They are inclined to be self-consciously diffident rather than blatantly boastful, as their chroniclers so often represent them. The corporate intelligence of Hollywood is not nearly so comical as is supposed by satirists who have never been there."

And then there's the writer who took along a 1000-piece jig-saw puzzle when he went to keep an appointment with Irving Thalberg.

Among the things that make life somewhat tougher
Are photos of stars who are trying to suffer.

NATURALLY, when Warner Brothers decided to make "Cabin in the Cotton," a story of the old South, they selected a director who was born in the old south—of Europe. So, on the first day, when he called the cast he can be pardoned for his remarks. He told the players that he wanted them to realize that "Cabin in the Cotton" was a story—

"Of the old South, during the Civil War, when the South was fighting the East."

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Notice how complexion clears, eyes grow brighter and mind keener—you'll be delighted when your scales show how quickly excess fat is disappearing. Many folks hasten results by cutting down on fatty meats, pastries and potatoes.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Playtime with the Stars

(Continued from page 57)

ager had not lowered the curtain the last time but had slipped into Uncle Tom's dressing room, which was just behind him, grabbed the mask he wore for curtain calls as he removed his make-up during the first call, rushed on the stage and shot the manager.

The motive was a hopeless love for Eva, who spurned him. In a fit of insane jealousy he shot her husband, and there, children, is the mystery solved. Heigh-ho for the intellectual life!

NOT as taxing but great fun is a game introduced to Hollywood by Gloria Swanson. If you have plenty of pencils and paper, the rest is easy—provided your vocabulary is well developed. It is called Classifications, and Fay Wray and John Saunders find it great to entertain their friends.

"You name a five-letter word," Fay explained, "write it down letter under letter along the edge of your paper. Across the top of the paper you write five classifications. The easiest way is to sit around a table, one person chooses the word and the next five people in turn name the classifications. Your papers now look like this:

	P	S	A	L	C	
	10					ANIMALS
Pony						AUTOS
Pierce	9					COLORS
Pink		8				AUTHORS
Poe		10				GEMS
Pearl			6			SCORE
Total Score				43		

"The game is to fill in the squares with words belonging to the classifications named," Fay went on, "and beginning with the letter before it (see last line in diagram). You have just ten minutes to think of the 25 words and a wild scramble it is. High score wins."

"The scoring is quite tricky," John pointed out. "Each word counts ten if no one else uses it too. If one other player uses it, the word counts nine, if

two others use it, count eight, and so on. You put each word score in its square and when all are checked, add them up."

It is a great game, and I left Fay and John down on the floor, completely surrounded by dictionaries, encyclopedias, histories of creation, books of synonyms and antonyms and the latest joke book, trying to prove each side of their argument right as to whether the tomato is a fruit or a vegetable!

THE more I investigated this gaming complex, the more I learned about interesting games.

Marian Nixon has a dinner table game called "Who Is It?" This one is excellent to test your historical knowledge.

"We call the same game 'Shedding Light,'" David Manners told me, "and play it like this: I am a tall, lanky man of angular build.

"My hair is black and I wear a beard. My eyes are deep-set and dark. I was born in a log cabin and spent every spare moment reading what books I could get. My life was filled with failures, but I became one of the country's most beloved leaders. The future welfare of the country rested upon a decision that cost me mental peace and eventually my life. Some of my speeches are known by everyone and one of the country's most beautiful memorial buildings is erected in my name—who am I?"

That's right, it was Lincoln.

NOT as brain-busting an effort but a barrel of fun is a favorite game of Betty Compson's.

"To play it you write a question on a slip of paper. Any question about anything," she said. "Fold the slip and write on it any number that pops into your head. Slips are then put into a hat and everybody draws one. According to number, you unfold the paper, read the question aloud and then have to talk for one minute on that subject.

"You'll be surprised to find how much it takes to fill up a minute. Especially when you don't know anything about your subject, or find it a bit embarrassing," Betty chuckled. "If you fail to do it, you are 'yellow' and the game goes on."

Questions are about anything under the sun. I heard one about the whichness of wherefore—well, that tells the story.

Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey are just the types for a whispering game—another good dinner table diversion.

"You guiltily whisper very quietly to the person next you some remark which is in turn whispered, as thought heard, to the person next him at table," Bert Wheeler explained. "The last person whispered to repeats aloud what he thought he heard and the remark is compared with the original whisper. It is amazing how your original remark will be changed before it gets back."

At a recent dinner party, when the remark "Dogs have fleas, don't they?" got round to Bertrand he whispered to Bob, "Fleas do!" Well, pandemonium reigned!

GOING out to the Great Gleasons'—Lucille, James and Russell—for tea, I heard a murmur (like Jimmie's

Playtime with the Stars

bees) of "New York—Knoxville—Edinburgh—I challenge—it's a city in Scotland—"

What on earth could this be? "It's a swell game," Russ assured me. "It's called 'Cities' and you play it like that. Starting at the head of the table, a person names a city, the next person names another city beginning with the last letter of the city just named. If you don't believe there is such a place, you 'challenge' and the namer has to tell where the city is."

Well—it is a swell game—travel broadens one so—

Bill Powell and Carole Lombard, who are famed for their wit and humor, entertain their friends with a little different kind of game.

They get a new issue of some comic magazine, cut out the cartoons and number the pictures. When everyone is seated round the table and supplied with pencil and paper, the pictures are passed round one at a time. Each person can look at each picture only one minute. Then gets busy and writes a title for every picture he has looked at. When all have finished, the pictures are placed face up on the table and the various titles for them read aloud. Naturally, you don't have to be told how a sense of humor helps at these times.

"Games? Sure, we play 'em!" Johnny Mack Brown grinned. "The very ones we got such a kick out of as children. We call one 'Hot or Cold.' A person leaves the room and the rest of us select some object like the Eiffel Tower or the Graf Zeppelin or something. Then we yell 'Ready!' and the one that's 'it' comes back in the room and tries to guess the object. We give him ten minutes, and he asks us questions, to which we only answer Hot or Cold, as the case may be."

'Member when you played it? It's still good, brother, and will last a while yet.

NEIL HAMILTON is, perhaps, the most intrepid propounder of riddles in Hollywood. One of his best games hasn't any name, unless you might call it "Fallacies."

"You make up a story in which there is some error, then ask what is wrong with it," Neil said. "Here is an example.

"A man was digging in his garden one day. Soon he noticed something shiny in the earth. It was a curious old coin with some writing and the date 400 B.C. engraved upon it. The man hadn't much money, so he took the coin to a collector to see if it was valuable. The collector offered him \$2000 for the coin. What's the error or fallacy in the story?"

You thought deeply, but could only suggest that nobody has \$2000! "Do you give up?" "Uh-huh."

"Well," grinned Neil, it's the date.

Four hundred years before the birth of Christ they didn't know anything about Him, so how could they date the coin that way?"

Much chastened in spirit, you slunk away from there!

CONSTANCE BENNETT is another puzzle enthusiast. When her friends drop in, Connie sets them to work with puzzles she has cut out from papers or magazines, and they work until the wee sma' hours to solve them. Sometimes they vary the game by cutting out headlines from newspapers and pasting them on a sheet of paper to make up a story. This is another sure opportunity for the well-known sense of humor.

Eddie Quillan uses another version of this game by supplying his guests with pencils and paper and then commanding them to make up a story from song titles.

Ann Harding tests the brains of her guests with a spelling game of her own invention.

"I start by naming a letter—any letter—then the next one at table adds the next letter, and so on until the word is complete. If you complete a word of only three letters, it doesn't count. If you complete a word of more than five letters, you are penalized. If you complete more than four words of just five letters you are out of the game. If anyone doubts the word you have in mind, you can be challenged and must tell what the word is. Penalties can be whatever you want them to be to add to the fun, and are a test of ingenuity," Ann explained.

GETTING away from our tables and right down on the floor, I discovered one of the most unusual and hilarious games of them all.

Dolores Del Rio, the grave, the demure, the dignified, is the present champion. "You put an empty quart milk bottle on its side on the floor, sit down on it and then try to raise your feet off the floor without using your hands for support!" Dolores told me. "You cannot imagine just what this means until you try it, and if you want to liven a wobbling party, just get out the old milk bottles and start them at it!"

Now then, we have exposed the awful truth. This is Hollywood at its driest—with its wicked parties—its wild gaming and its grand sense of humor! But even that sense of humor doesn't keep Hollywood from taking seriously the star-reading and veil-piercing done at the table holding a deck of cards, supporting a pair of hands or a crystal ball by which some gifted friends can read the sacredly kept secret of your forty-second cousin's middle name. This is the greatest gaming table of them all in Hollywood, and wherever stars congregate.

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A Dizzy Day at the Brown Derby

(Continued from page 38)

the Brown Derby would be the ideal incubator for hatching future stars. Mr. Somborn, the big boss, realizes that. He knows that if he wanted to, he could have as waitresses the most beautiful girls from all over the world. But he doesn't wish to turn the Derby into a musical comedy cafe with a chorus of waitresses dancing from table to table, from booth to booth, with all their sex appeal turned on full force. From past experience he knows that waitresses last only as long as the first offer of a movie job. And still a better reason, he doesn't want beautiful waitresses giving competition to beautiful movie stars.

But then, you ask, aren't waiters possible leading men, future Clark Gables, new Valentinos, budding Jack Oakies? To which we answer that among the two dozen employed in Number Two there isn't one with real picture possibilities. Waiters with regular features, Barrymore profiles and Apollo physiques simply don't stand a chance of a job in the Vine Street Derby.

THE chef alone, of all the Derby employees, is a picture type—a potential star. And they keep him buried in the kitchen behind a lot of stoves and pots and pans! If a producer or director ever wanders back there, the Derby is going to have to look around for a new chef!

Harry Beckel is his name. He looks more like Leo Carrillo than Leo looks like himself. Black curly hair embraces a well-shaped head—dark, flashing eyes with a bit of the devil in them dominate a strong face, and added to these charms are sparkling teeth and a smile that spells box office.

The Derby brought him to Hollywood from the Ritz Carlton in New York. His salary is about two hundred a week, equaling that of the average Hollywood juvenile. And he gets his eats free and has no worry about options. No wonder he doesn't aspire to make faces at a camera. But I'm afraid some enterprising producer will get him yet.

AT eleven-thirty the first luncheon customer arrives. It is a stoutish, gaudily dressed woman of about thirty. With her is a little curly-haired girl who cannot be more than ten. Every day at the same hour she arrives with the child, and takes her regular place at one of the tables near the door, from where she can get a good view of the booths when they fill, for only the celebrities seem to occupy the booths.

She has the child all done up in frills, with a touch of paint on her sunken little cheeks and her small, round lips. The little girl seems so bored with having to come here every day and sit and nod and smile whenever mother says to; for you see, Mother is trying to get her into pictures, and is determined to show off her wares in the movie restaurant. Somehow she makes one think of *Stella Dallas* and poor little *Laurel*. Mother figures that the Derby is the finest casting office in town, and mother

is not so far from wrong.

Presently the producers, stars, directors, agents and columnists will be arriving in droves and the poor little girl will go through her whole routine all over again.

IT is interesting to watch the Brown Derby fill at the noon hour. At about twelve, four or five of the booths are already occupied, and there are a few tourists sitting at the tables in the center, gaping already for glimpses of the great. One can hear voices distinctly. The acoustics are good, and words come clearly through the air. Just the right kind of acoustics for eavesdropping, studio gossip and Hollywood scandal.

One of the lady tourists summons a waiter. Her voice booms.

"Who is that handsome man in the third booth?" she inquires with just the right tone of curiosity.

"That's Harry Bannister," the waiter tells her. "Ann Harding's ex-husband, you know."

"Oh yes!" the lady tourist beams. "And do you mind telling me who that charming young lady with him can be?"

The waiter looks puzzled. He goes and speaks to another waiter who usually has the lowdown on everybody. In a moment he returns with the information. I am sure Mr. Bannister and his lovely companion must know they are being talked about, for even a whisper, at this hour, woos the acoustics like a zealous lover.

"The charming young lady, Madame, is Miss Nancy Lyons," the waiter informs her.

"Miss Nancy Lyons?" she turns to her friend. "Why, I've never even heard of her, have you? She must be a new one."

In another fifteen minutes several more of the booths have filled, and many of the inside tables have been taken by newcomers. The Olympic games are under way. Many strange and foreign faces are in town. One can almost pick out some of the Olympic visitors at the various tables. Their continental accents mingle with the Hollywood lingo. The sound rises. Words become diffused—indistinct—faint and far-away. One must strain the ear to catch a phrase.

By one o'clock the sound has risen to a crescendo of a thousand voices all blending into one gigantic voice. A great mumble, like a huge buzz of a jungle of bees, envelops the place. Every one seems to be talking at once. Lips move, eyes strain out of their sockets, necks twist and turn, and waiters rush back and forth from the kitchen with orders, like so many mechanical men. A refined mad-house! An intellectual asylum! A place where vanity and curiosity wed to the tune of a beefsteak!

LATECOMERS continue to arrive. Nick genially shows them to their places. Douglas Fairbanks arrives with his party. Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! All over the place.

"Doesn't Ethel Barrymore look young! Why, my dear, she's almost sixty!"

A Dizzy Day at the Brown Derby

"Really! I wonder how old she and Chaplin and Doug are all together."
"Well, now you're going into telephone numbers."

The woman with the little girl nudges her.

"Darling, there's Mr. Chaplin. You must go over to his table and tell him you're so happy he has returned to Hollywood."

Gary Cooper enters with the Countess Frasso of Rome! Every one has heard of Gary's friendship with the wealthy Italian countess.

"Gary is being worn to a Frasso," some one wisecracks.

Gary and the Countess join the Fairbanks party. Doug inquires immediately for Toluca, Gary's pet ape, which he brought back from his adventurous trek through darkest Africa. Gary answers that the pet ape is at home nursing a cold.

News of their coming has spread to every booth and table by this time. News spreads in a peculiar and extraordinary fashion at Number Two. There is a phone connection in every booth. One has only to summon a waiter to have a phone brought to the table and plugged into a socket for a connection with any other booth in the place. The phone connects up with the girl at the switchboard, who, when informed of the number of the booth communication is desired with, simply plugs into the switchboard—and there you are!

Those who don't use the telephone resort to table-jumping. So between the two there is plenty of movement in the Derby.

The newspaper columnists gather here every noon to pick up the gossip. Most of these hot stories that you read over the coffee cups originated in the Derby.

LET'S see—what news can they pick up today. There's Russell Gleason and Marguerite Churchill sitting together at one of the tables, having a warm tête-à-tête, completely absorbed in each other. Russell's ex-flame, Mary Brian, is touring in vaudeville. What's this—a new romance?

There's Gilda Gray of the famous shake, talking on the phone to Mr. Ray Goetz, famous Broadway musical comedy producer and ex-husband of Irene Bordoni. They must be telling each other jokes, for Gilda's deep, throaty laugh rings out above all the noise.

In one of the booths Barry Norton, recently returned from a long vacation in the South Seas, is having lunch with Ginger Rogers. He and the little red-head have been friends for a long time. From her expression he must be telling her how they make love in Tahiti. But Hollywood knows that Ginger will soon march to the altar with pint-sized Mervyn Leroy, the little genius of the Warner lot.

And there's Estelle Taylor with the Beery brothers, Noah and Wally. She's safe. They can't engage her to both of them! And Nick Stuart is here alone. Sue Carol is at home nursing the newly-arrived blessed event!

And speaking of blessed events, beautiful June Collyer has just come

in. Even in a city of beautiful women, her fresh, flower-like beauty stands out, and many eyes feast upon her.

"She's going to entertain the stork," one brother producer whispers to the other.

THE platinum Jean Harlow enters to dazzle the tourists in her daring pajamas. All Hollywood has a new interest in Jean now since her phenomenal success as a red-haired woman. In addition, she has taken the matrimonial plunge with Hollywood's most eligible bachelor and little father confessor, Paul Bern, and the natives are still gasping, for Paul has been immune to the charms of the best of them. There is much talk as to her position on the new M.-G.-M. program since her marriage to the M.-G.-M. executive. They say Joan Crawford has a serious rival!

"She's going to do 'Lulu Belle' in a black wig," whispers a screen cutie to her agent.

The agent whispers to the supervisor in the next booth, "Jean Harlow is going to do 'Lulu Belle' in a black wig." The supervisor passes the news around—and from then on it travels faster than lightning. And it is the same with almost any story in the Derby. Something will start at one end as a mere little gossip rumor, but by the time it reaches the other end it has been exaggerated into a headline scandal!

The mother is nudging the little girl again.

"Dear, go over and tell Jean Harlow that she gave a superb performance in 'Red Headed Woman,'" the mother commands.

"But Mother, dear, I haven't even seen 'Red Headed Woman,'" the little girl protests.

"Now do as mother says and everything will be fine," the ambitious parent orders.

"Very well, mother," the little girl sighs.

"And remember, dear, use the word 'superb,'" the mother reminds her, and then proudly watches her go.

LUNCHEON lasts about two hours. Every one takes his time; half of it is wasted in neck-stretching. If there is any starch in the neck when you come in, there is certainly none left when you leave.

Every one eats his food in leisure—talking, gossiping, looking around. Whispers, side glances, innuendoes, all find paradise together.

Studio sets wait for players to return. Executives casually and noisily discuss studio politics or current productions. It is no unusual thing for a story conference to be held in one of the Derby booths.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., comes here to lunch almost every day. As does Phil Goldstone, King of the Independents. And often enough one finds Fox's big chief, Winfield Sheehan, and Jack Warner, of Warner Brothers.

People come and people go, constantly, and the cash register down front sings a song of prosperity, making one wonder where the depression (Please turn to page 114)



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A Dizzy Day at the Brown Derby

(Continued from page 113)

has gone. Depression! Yes, how has the depression affected the Brown Derby? It seems to have had its effect upon everything else in Hollywood, where the Boulevard is already lined on both sides with empty stores and bankrupt shops.

Nick confesses that business is better than ever . . . but, many, many checks, given by one-time prosperous stars, have bounced back with alarming rapidity. Banks have failed. Stars have been caught—and the Derby in many cases has been left to hold the bag. But, as Nick says, eventually all of these checks will be made good, for sooner or later all of their endorsers must go back to work. In all its existence, he declares, the Derby has lost only seventy-one dollars in bad checks. A remarkable record!

Nick tells us that Somborn will never forgive a person who knowingly gives a bad check. On the other hand, he has the deepest sympathy for any one who has been caught in the financial crash. For instance, there was a well-known player who lost her contract about six months ago because of overweight. She was well fixed, however, owning much property and having a heavy savings account in a Beverly Hills bank. The bank closed its doors, catching such people as Garbo, Robert Montgomery, Wally Beery, Jean Harlow, and many others in its financial trap. The aforementioned player was taken for every cash dime she had in the world, and hadn't the slightest idea what she was going to do for food without humiliating herself. So she came to Mr. Somborn with her problem. He left orders that she was to be given unlimited credit until she was back on her feet. She had been his patron when she had money. She could still be his patron without money. So you see there is loyalty in Hollywood.

ABOUT two-thirty the place begins to empty. Outside a large crowd has gathered. They line up on the sidewalk, on each side of the two doors that open into the Derby. It begins to look as if this were a Carhay Circle or a Grauman opening. But this is a daily occurrence here. And the stars love it! It does their hearts good to see the fans waiting with eager, admiring eyes, autograph books in hand, pencils all ready.

It is this very attention from the fans that has spelled success for the Derby and written the swan song of such swanky places as the now extinct Embassy Club.

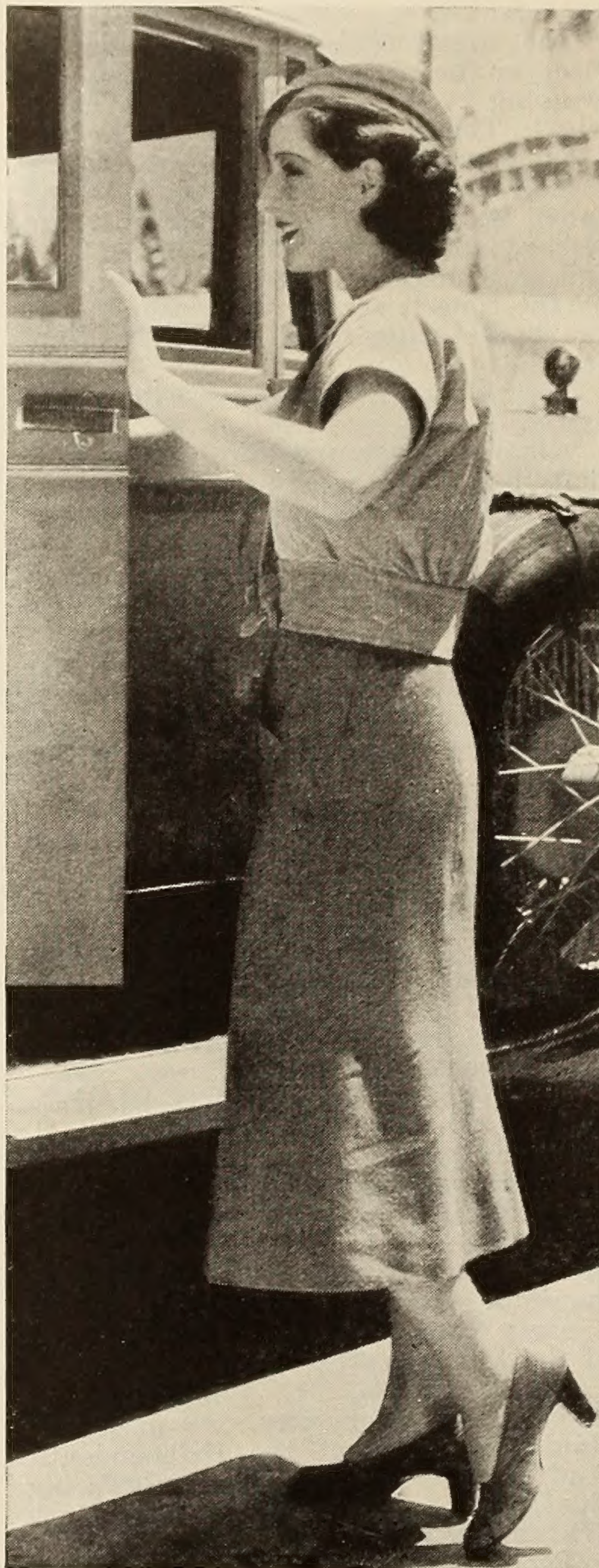
The Embassy Club, if you remember, was organized as an ultra and exclusive rendezvous for the bluebloods of the film colony. There were to be no tourists gaping at their idols from ringside tables, no autograph hounds, no movie fans with adoring eyes and fluttering lids. They were barred—simply not tolerated. The movie bluebloods and the Boston Cabots, my deah!

But did it last? No! It closed in a glory of debt. The stars got hungry for a little adoration—a little silent applause, a desire for that flattery upon which their vanity feeds for life. They wanted some one to admire their gowns and their looks and their off-stage acting. What was the sense of dressing up for each other? What

satisfaction was there in going to the Embassy where every one was bored and no one really interested in how one dressed or looked or acted? But those adoring fans! Those appreciative tourists!

AS the stars file out one by one, the autograph hounds besiege them.

George Raft, Hollywood's new sensation, having his first taste of popularity and fame, is one of the most obliging of the stars. He autographs for everybody, and gets a great kick out of it. That's because Georgie can remember when no one wanted his autograph. And not so many months ago at that. For three years he has been a regular, daily customer at the Vine Street Derby. During those three years he waited patiently for a chance to make good. By coming to the Derby every day he made his face familiar to every producer, director and supervisor in Hollywood. When gangster pictures became the vogue, they



Norma Shearer, homeward bound from work in "Smilin' Through," tarries a moment to pose for an informal picture for New Movie Magazine.

remembered that face—and now he has made screen history with his performance in "Scarface."

Ginger Rogers, Barry Norton, Lois Wilson, Zasu Pitts, Estelle Taylor, Juliette Compton, Polly Moran, Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe all depart at once. Swanky limousines wait at the curb. It has been said that more Rolls-Royces have waited at the curb in front of the Brown Derby than at any other place in the world. On a busy afternoon it does look like an automobile show.

BY three o'clock the place is deserted again. The dinner crowd comes between six and eight. Nothing very exciting. Most of the celebrities eat dinner at their homes. But toward midnight, after shows and previews are out, famous names gather together again in the booths.

On many a midnight Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay are seen here. Also Ann Dvorak and her new husband, Leslie Fenton.

At different booths will be many executives discussing the preview of some new picture—and arguments will be heard on all sides. A very familiar word is "lousy."

And so into the wee small hours of the morning.

WHY Hollywood's most famous restaurant was named after a hat only heaven knows. Somehow it is more like a racetrack—a Kentucky derby—a mad, crazy race to attract, to impress, to win! A place where the winning horses are of the clothes variety, where movie bets are made and broken, where gossip rides the fastest steed, and "attract attention" is the creed; where columnists stir up all the latest scandal and young lovers leave nothing in their tracks.

Here come the famous and the infamous, the meteors of yesterday and the stars of tomorrow, the great and the small, the wise and the foolish—and the army of the disillusioned. Here is the melting pot of hopes, ambitions, dreams and rainbows that bridge tomorrow. Every one pushing toward some unknown goal as uncertain as what lies beyond death. Every one desiring to show every one else that he is reaching that goal. Persistently, ruthlessly; with godless, indefatigable determination, pushing ahead. Only God knows where. Perhaps to oblivion? Which makes me wonder if Wilson Mizner was in the Brown Derby when he coined his now famous line on Hollywood: "The persistency of the uninspired."

THE next morning Miss Beach is busy at the switchboard taking the reservations for the lunch hour.

"Good morning . . . Brown Derby Number Two . . . Yes, Miss Tashman . . . A booth for six . . . Thank you . . . Good morning . . . Brown Derby Number Two . . ."

At eleven-thirty the woman with the little girl will arrive—and by one, the place will be swarming with big stars and little stars, with has-beens and will-bes . . . As Wilson Mizner said, "The persistency of the uninspired." Well, anyway, if it's the Brown Derby, it's the best show in town!



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